

Pause the clock

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by [Jokers_Wild](#)

Summary

Stiles can't help himself with how attracted he is to Peter; the Alpha is just too good-looking, and his behavior is spot on about what a confident hot werewolf should be. When a strange opportunity to stop time with a magical necklace comes about, he can't help but play around with time. The warning about misusing it, however, isn't heeded as it should have been, and time doesn't like being manipulated in the way Stiles uses it. Facing the repercussions of his actions, Stiles has to make a choice: stay and face what he's done, or run from the pack and live with the knowledge that it's all his fault.

Rape/Non-Con is between Stiles and Peter, where Stiles is the aggressor. Could totally skip that section and still enjoy the story, also, this one has a very happy ending, so there is that to look forward to.

Notes

This was entirely inspired by my kinktober story this year. I just couldn't let it go, and it spiraled into this story before I knew it. I hope you all enjoy this story because it truly has been a delight to write.

Also, we're right into the thick of things with the sexy times lol. As stated in the summary, I'll do my best to give a flag warning when we get to the non-con so people can skip over that part if they don't want to read that. It takes place in a few chapters, and you can totally skip it if it's not your cup of tea.

- Inspired by [Restricted Work] by [Jokers_Wild](#)

Chapter 1: The horrid truth

“Oh fuck! Oh Fuck, yes....Yes!” Stiles moaned loudly, ever thankful that his father was still at work as he thrust the vibrating dildo in and out of his cunt even as his other hand stroked his cock with great fervor. “YES! Yes, Jesus...Fuck.” He moaned as the thick phallus vibrated hard inside his trembling pussy. His walls clenching tight around the thick plastic that he wished was a real man, a certain man, if he was honest. One he shamefully called out for even now, despite knowing that the wolf in question wouldn’t be interested in him in such a fashion.

“Just like that.” He cried out as the sodden dildo squelched as it was thrust in and out of his dripping snatch. “Harder! Harder, oh god, oh, Peter.” Stiles cried out in great abandon as his hand stripped his cock for all the pleasure it could give him; it rivaled the sick sensation of his swollen cunt being plundered by the thick dildo. It was as big a device as he could fit in himself, and he’d truly stretched the limits of that. It pressed insistently at his walls, pushing him open forcefully and striking deep just how he liked it all the while buzzing a pleasant way to light up those vibrant nerve endings that quested for his release.

Stiles’ ears rang with the pleasurable moans of himself, of the sick squelching of his sodden cunts juices against the vibrating dildo and the dark delight of his cock leaking fervently into his palm as he stroked it with great abandon. “Fuck me...Fuck me...Oh, yes. Peter....Peter, ah, ah, ah. AH!” Stiles whined as he was on the precipice of release, his body going tight, tensing as his body prepared to tip over the edge from his frenzied motions. His hand tightened on the dildo as he thrust it hard, deep, grinding it into the darkest parts of him that he fantasized about having the handsome Alpha between his legs. Imagining that thick cock of the wolf plowing into him, fucking him so hard that he couldn’t see straight. Oh god.

Stiles screamed as he thrust the dildo as far into himself as possible, even as his hand tightened on his cock. “FUCK! AH, PETER!” He bucked wildly as his body was overcome with his release, his cock spilling into his hand, which continued to stroke his spilling length. Sharp jets of semen left his tensing rod to land on his belly as he cried out in his passion. His cunt quickened around the dildo, clenching tight around the offending object that had brought it so much pleasure, but that was also disappointing in its unforgiving nature.

Stiles trembled, his body shivering and shaking as he was overcome by his hard release. He groaned, his hand falling away from the dildo, which was even now still vibrating inside his trembling cunt. He panted for breath, desperate to cool down his super-heated body, which was shaken with the violence of his orgasm. His hand fell away from his cock as it softened, its task of pleasure complete.

Sighing, Stiles lay passively in his bed a moment, allowing his breathing to come down from its hastened pace as his heart beat wildly inside his chest. He groaned, his arm coming up to lay over his eyes. “Fuck.” How pathetic was he to be masturbating to the thoughts of the Alpha werewolf who would NEVER in a million years think of fucking him. He bit his lip as the vibrating dildo in his cunt saw his body shivering as it tantalized his eager cunt. Nope,

time to stop. Even he had a limit, and going another round in his already pounded cunt was not wise.

He reached down and pulled the vibrating device out of himself, ignoring how it dripped his lusty juices. He shut it off and sighed. He needed to get up and clean himself up. His eyes went down to his soiled belly, and then further to his moist thighs and shaved pussy. Yep, time to get clean. He took his dildo with him, intent on cleaning it before he stashed it in the best hiding place known to mankind. The drawer where his pads were was like fire and brimstone to his father, so it was safely stashed there. He snickered as he thought of that, of the bashful look his father always gave when he accidentally opened that drawer by mistake when they were in the bathroom at the same time.

He walked into the bathroom and quickly and methodically went about cleaning the device. He dried it off before opening the drawer that housed his pads, rifling through the drawer until he got to the very back of it where the thicker pads occluded any view of it. Safely stored, he shut the drawer and stood up he grimaced at the slick sensation of his overworked cunt spilling more of his aroused fluids. Dear god, he could make a mess. Shaking his head, he twisted and opened the shower door, turning on the shower, he muttered to himself. "Damn if it didn't feel good though." He gave a small smirk to himself before shaking his head. It was stupid of him to fantasize about the werewolf. Nothing would ever come of it; Peter surely wouldn't be interested in him.

Stiles was not hot, Peter was, dastardly so, enough that Stiles was ever thankful that the wolves chose to ignore arousal from those around them because it was so fucking obvious when someone was being a hormonal teenager. Or, rather, as Peter had put it one afternoon, it was pointless to get upset by being around hormonal teenagers when adults were just as bad, the scent, whatever it was, wasn't so noxious that the wolves even batted a second glance at it, and it was that saving grace that had saved him many an embarrassment, he was sure. Still, he did his best not to have lustful thoughts while in the werewolf's company; nothing good would come of Peter discovering just how often he suddenly got aroused while in the wolf's vicinity.

As he soaped up his body, his hands skirting down between his ample breasts, he moaned as he began to clean his belly and cock from the proof of his earlier orgasm. Even the simple act of washing himself was hard when he had Peter in his mind; it was all too easy for him to get hot and bothered again, and even though his body couldn't get hard just yet, it throbbed in desire for the wolf.

"Fuck." Stiles pulled his hand back from his throbbing dick. It was bad enough that he played with himself this way, but minutes after fucking himself? How pathetic was he? Groaning, he tried to keep his head clear of thoughts of the handsome Alpha, doing his best to clean himself of the proof of what he'd been doing earlier. He twisted about in the shower and let the hot water slide the soapy water off of his tits, belly, and then his nethers. Assured that he was as clean as he could be, given his previous activities, he shut off the water and stepped out, snagging a towel to start drying himself off.

His breasts gave a little bounce as he dried them off, his nipples pebbling up from the change in temperature. He bent over and dried off his legs, slowly sliding the towel upward until he

gently dried his cock, too afraid to grow aroused again to linger too long there. Once he was as dry as he could get without ending right back in the shower, thank you, teenage hormones, did he get dressed in some lounge wear.

A simple sports bra and a pair of boxers, he wasn't expecting anyone and didn't presently have plans to go anywhere, so why not be comfortable? His dad was used to seeing him walk around this way, so there was no harm in it. Exiting the bathroom, he wandered back to his bedroom feeling oddly refreshed now that he'd had a nice orgasm fantasizing over his secret crush and had showered away the evidence of it all.

Stiles flopped onto his bed on his back, sighing. He stared up at the ceiling before muttering to himself. "I bet sex with Peter is way better." God, how he longed to know how big the wolf's cock was. Could he take him? Stiles was pretty small, lithe, some would say. The dildo that he had was the biggest he could manage, and that was to say that it was pretty big. He liked the sensation of being stretched wide around something, feeling full. He'd had to work up slowly from a starter dildo, something smaller than his cunts narrow opening, but bit by bit he'd managed to escalate what he was capable of.

Now, his thick rod of a dildo stretched him pleasantly around it, filling him in the best ways...Still, he longed to know what it would be like to have a real flesh-and-blood cock pounding away in him. God, how he desperately wanted to know what it would feel like to have someone, no, Peter, railing him like an animal. He could imagine that a werewolf was quite a beast in bed; the wolves all had animal qualities, so he had the sick imagination that their sex lives were equally as wild.

Sighing to himself, Stiles muttered. "You'll never know, stupid. No way on this planet he'd ever touch you." Stiles huffed, a sad, depreciating thought, but sadly the truth. Everyone knew that Peter didn't really do commitment, at least, he didn't seem to based on what the rest of the pack said. They commonly whispered about how he smelled like some stranger, never the same person for long. Stiles couldn't blame him; if he was hot, he was sure he'd be banging everyone six ways to Sunday. Not surprisingly, nobody had taken a second glance at his way. He was too spastic, or so he believed, his ADHD was a real turn off to people, and he ran his mouth a lot. It was hard not to be vocal about everything when your brain was mush that fired off like electricity whenever something new and interesting happened. All those random tangents that he had to get out of his head really were a downer to those around him who thought he was a freak.

Funny that, here he was, human as can be running in a pack of fucking werewolves, and he was the odd one. He snorted at that, figures, that even in the world of supernatural chaos, he'd be the thing that stuck out. Rolling onto his side, he gave a great sigh. God, he was pathetic. Idly, he heard the front door open and close, but he didn't rise to go and greet his dad. He was feeling far too melloncally now to put on a fake smile. He did his best to hide how he felt around his dad; he surely didn't know about his infatuation with Peter.

Definitely didn't know that he had a dildo and fucked himself like a whore while he was at work. Nope, those were the lightest assaults he had; the pack secrets were pretty big nowadays, given what they faced, but he was sure he'd give his dad a heart attack if he admitted why he was feeling out of sorts. He heard him coming up the stairs and knew from

experience that he'd poke his head in to say hello, slowly rising from his flopped-over position. He sat on his bed and glanced at the doorway of his bedroom, prepared to offer up a less-than-sincere smile. He screamed instead. That was not his dad; that was the last person on earth he wanted to see him like this. He ripped his blanket off his covers and covered himself while screaming. "WHAT THE HELL!"

"I'm sorry!"

Stiles glared at the wolf, who now had their back to him. "GET OUT!" The wolf nodded and disappeared, racing down the stairs based on what he heard. Groaning, Stiles threw his blanket aside and rushed to get some clothes on. Dear god, he was mortified. Here he was lounging about in nothing but a sports bra and some boxers, and lo and behold, a werewolf walks in. The same werewolf that, not even half an hour ago, he'd been fucking himself on a dildo to. He got into a loose t-shirt and some jeans and took a few deep breaths. Okay, it wasn't the end of the world. He wasn't naked or anything; it was just wholly wrong what had just happened. Shaking his head, Stiles made his way out of his bedroom and down the stairs. He found said wolf looking very uncomfortable while his father, bless him, was asking the wolf what the screaming was about. "Dad." Stiles smiled, fake and insincere. "It was nothing, he startled me."

Noah scowled. "He startled you? That was a loud scream, Stiles."

Stiles nodded his head. "Yeah, werewolves are stealthy. I was anticipating you, not him." His eyes trailed to the very uncomfortable wolf before looking back at his dad. "It's fine, all good." Stiles waved at the wolf. "Upstairs...Talky upstairs. Go. Flee now." The wolf snorted but made a quick escape even as they were both under his father's scrutiny. Stiles continued to smile as he slowly made his escape, his father's eyes following him until he booked it up the stairs. Fuck me. He made it into his bedroom to find a clearly repentant wolf. Stiles didn't even get to open his mouth before the man stated.

"I'm sorry for the intrusion, I hadn't anticipated-."

Stiles smiled, he coughed a laugh, and interrupted the wolf. "Yeah...That was...Fun." The furrowed expression he got had him shrugging. "Not who I was anticipating to be at my door." Peter nodded in return. Stiles walked over to his bed, sitting down, he tilted his head and questioned. "So...Aside from that mortifying introduction to each other today, what's up?" Dear god, he needed them to move on from the proof that this hotter than hell werewolf had seen him in his underwear. A fucking wet dream for him if it hadn't been mortifying.

"I came to get my tome on deep folk."

"Ah." Stiles nodded and got up from his bed, wandering over to his desk. He sorted through the chaos, stating. "It was interesting, gotta admit there was a metaphorical shit ton of creatures in there that I never want to meet."

Peter huffed a small smile on his face as he watched the teen go about finding the book under the mess of his desk. His eyes lingered on the teen more than they should, far too entranced now that he'd gotten a peek of what lurked behind the teen's usually baggy clothing. He was quite entrancing, something he'd often wondered about but tried to deny. "Yes, well, there's a

low likelihood of any of those species dwelling here. We don't have a large enough body of water to entice them."

"Small mercies." Stiles muttered as he picked up the book from its tomb of papers. He twisted and held it out to the wolf. "Thanks for loaning it to me, though; it was fun to read."

Peter inclined his head. "Of course. Do you still intend to come over and go over the new tome on fairy folk?"

Stiles smiled, despite the awkwardness of what had happened, he said. "Yeah. I mean...You like got off so easy, dude. Scott barreled in here one time when I was buck ass naked and had an aneurysm." Peter snorted at the boy's rendition. "Trust me, the screaming was on a banshee level."

Peter chuckled at the retelling of what the pup had inadvertently stumbled upon. "I'm sure it was quite impressive given how you must have been startled."

Stiles huffed. "Startled does not cover that; he was my whipping boy for a month after that."

Peter shook his head in amusement as he headed for the teens' door. "All the same, I will knock next time."

Stiles smiled as the wolf left, calling out after him. "See that you do!" He sighed and walked over to sit heavily upon his bed. God, that was rough, he colored when he realized just how lucky he was that the wolf hadn't come over earlier when he'd been in the throes of fucking himself. He blushed vibrantly before burying his face in his hands. "OH GOD."

Stiles withheld the need to sigh when the pups, as they were commonly referred to by Peter, leaned over on the couch to whisper to him upon his arrival at the loft.

"Peter's got a new fling."

Stiles forced a smile at that little tidbit of news; the wolf in question was in a heated argument with Derek, and so was yet unaware that the pups were fascinated by his showing up smelling of a stranger. At first, he'd always questioned how they'd known that it was something more than just him being near someone, but apparently, much to Scott's embarrassment as he explained it...Scents changed for various things. The scent for sex, a dead ringer in a wolf's nose. Scott couldn't accurately describe to him what the scent was; he just said that it was clearly sex. So, there, seated on Derek's couch, he mourned the fact that he had yet more proof that the handsome Alpha was out on the town fucking whoever he wanted. He turned and smiled, faking his sincerity as he joked. "What about Derek?" They laughed; everyone knew that Derek was not interested in dating at the moment. Hard to want to get out there when your last girlfriend was a psycho. Stiles didn't blame him there, but he did tease him relentlessly for being a recluse and a celibate werewolf. Derek was far too hot to be single, but he also had a horrid track record for girlfriends, so Stiles tried to give him a tinsy bit of compassion.

Stiles huffed when he watched as both Derek and Peter growled simultaneously at each other, a rare occurrence as more often than not, Peter didn't growl. He was more for flashing his eyes or actually showing his werewolf features than making a vocal response. But damn if it wasn't hotter than hell to hear, he shifted in his seat, silently praying that his scent didn't give away that the werewolves were the reason why his body was getting aroused. He watched, thighs clenching together as the two Alphas glared at each other.

He wasn't sure what they were fighting about, but it was clear that neither Alpha wished to be the one to back down. Unable to handle it, his body getting far too heated for this, he reached up and stuck his fingers in his mouth and gave the loudest whistle he could. The groans of pain were real, he smirked as he pulled his fingers out of his mouth amid everyone's glares. "Down, boys, you're getting nowhere growling at each other like overgrown poodles." The glares, oh, how dark and hot they were. Stiles smiled. "So...What's eating you?"

"Don't do that again."

Stiles snorted at Derek's growled warning. "I can whistle louder, test me." He threw back with a challenging grin. "Or...You could just be a normal person for once and actually talk out whatever you two are arguing about." He shrugged. "Your choice."

Scott and the other pups snickered despite none of them wanting to undergo another sharp whistle like the one Stiles had performed earlier.

Peter huffed at the ultimatum that Stiles had given them. "It's all over territory, darling, nothing of merit...Though my nephew seems incapable of understanding that." He smirked back at Derek as the younger wolf growled at him once more for his snide remark.

Stiles fought tooth and nail to stay focused, but he swore he quivered anytime Peter called him darling, anytime the wolf used such terms of endearment towards him. He knew it wasn't solely directed at himself; it was just how the wolf talked, but hot damn did it ever affect him. Swallowing tightly, he dared to question through a parched throat. "What territory are we talking about here?"

"The park ranger service is attempting to give us a bid for a parcel of the preserve."

Stiles frowned. "For what?"

Peter huffed. "I believe they want to turn it into a hiking trail, something like that." He waved his hand errantly in the air in a dismissive gesture.

"And one of you is for and one is against?" Stiles wagered to guess, only to gain a glare from Derek and a bored expression from Peter, the latter of which answered him again.

"It's more whether the land is even worth our time, it's on the border of our territory, and the money they're proposing is generous. I don't see a fault in losing a parcel of land; we have over a thousand acres, losing one is nothing."

"It starts with one and ends in none."

Peter scoffed at his nephew's claims. "We're not losing our land by one land deal, Derek. Your mother oversaw countless transactions similar to this to expand the town."

Stiles hummed. He knew it wasn't any of his business; it wasn't his land after all, but he still chimed in. "Is the land attached to the town, or are they going to make a pathway through another section of your land to get to that chunk of land?"

Peter glanced at the curious teen and replied. "There's already a pathway, it was made by us eons ago from running. Their making use of it is not an issue as far as I am concerned."

"But they'd be walking through more of the preserve to use that piece of land, right?" Stiles hummed when Peter nodded. "I'm with Derek." Peter looked surprised to hear that, and admittedly, he was shocked that he had the strength of character to go against the wolf that inspired his nighttime activities. "If it were just attached to the town as is, then it wouldn't be a big deal. Like you said, it's just one acre or whatever, but them having to cut through another section of land is just asking for some pesky hiker to go off trail and wander in the preserve, and we all know how that ends." He gave a pointed look at Peter, and the wolf chuckled.

"I was insane."

"Excuses!" Stiles shouted.

Peter sighed at the shouting and at the challenging statement Stiles often gave when they tried to play innocent. "Very well." He glanced at his nephew. "It's true that it is a risk, but I truly don't think it will be an issue, nephew."

"No."

Stiles snorted at the caveman-like way that Derek chose to answer his uncle. "Wow, maybe use more words, Derek." That violent glare he got had him shrugging. "You sound like a caveman. He's just going to argue back if you can't give him a logical argument. Peter's like that."

"I am." Peter grinned at Stiles' defense of how he was when faced with opposition. "So, what is your argument, Derek?"

Derek growled at first, but eventually stated. "They'll wander, no matter what fucking sign they put up, people will wander, and then someday someone will wind up dead or discover us."

"Yeah, seems like a bad idea," Scott added in, despite no one asking him.

"I mean, don't people already do that now?" Isaac questioned the group. "That's how we wind up knowing when something fugly is in town."

Erica snorted. "Yeah, a real dinner bell for us to go into the woods."

Stiles snickered. "Yeah, more like a murder doorbell." The pups laughed at his joke, but neither Alpha seemed impressed. Well, screw them, that was funny. Folding his arms over his

chest, he returned. "Well, the pups and I have voted."

"Your votes don't count," Derek muttered dryly.

"They should," Stiles argued. "We're a part of this pack." And then, because he could, he pointed out. "And I'd remind you, we're on your side of this argument." That seemed to jog the wolf's memory, given how he blinked back at him. Stiles snorted and looked back at Peter, who was now scowling. "Sorry, Peter...It's a no from us...Besides, you guys do not need the cash."

Peter sighed, sadly. The teen was right in that. They were beyond wealthy when it came down to it. All that insurance money really stacked up when you lost an entire household to a fire. He looked back at his nephew and shrugged. "Fine. I'll concede on this."

Derek smirked and looked back at Stiles. "Your votes can count." He chuckled when the teen flipped him off.

"RUDE!" Stiles shouted back at the cocky Alpha. Huffing, he fell back on the couch with a pout at being mocked. "Next time I'm letting you two act like poodles instead of fixing this shit." Ah, the wonderful glares of Alpha werewolves. Way too hot to handle, but oh so thrilling to gain.

"I'll be right back!" Stiles jogged down the small hallway of Peter's apartment, entered the bathroom, and turned and closed the door behind him before twisting about, prepared to use the toilet, only to stall abruptly upon seeing something very unwanted. He frowned at first, but as he approached the item and lifted it up, pinched between his pointer and thumb did he scowl. The lacy bra was fancy, a nice size too, a clear indicator of just who Peter had last had in his apartment and, more importantly, what he favored. He tossed it back where it had been with a small sigh. He glanced down at his own chest. His bra was not fancy, nor was it sexy. He just wore what was comfortable, which admittedly now made him feel like some kind of leper.

Huffing, he went about doing his business, all the more upset with the proof of his inadequacies. He gave one last lingering stare at the lingerie before he left the bathroom and headed back to the main room of Peter's apartment. He forced a smile when he entered the living room; he didn't want to upset Peter with his mood change, nor explain what had caused it.

"I think I found it."

Ah, blissful research, how easy it was to distract oneself. Stiles walked over and leaned over the man's dining room table beside the wolf as he pointed to something in the text.

"Huh...Where the fuck do you find that?"

"A magic shop would be the most likely place," Peter stated as he stared down at the item that was needed for the special blessing that they wished to do over the nemeton. He glanced at the teen and stated. "I know of a place; it might have what we need."

Stiles smiled. "I'm game." He loved going to new places, especially places that had something to do with the supernatural. "When can we go?"

Peter chuckled at the teen's eagerness. "Tomorrow will have to be it, darling, I'm busy tonight."

Right. Most likely with the woman whom he needed to return a bra. Stiles returned his fake smile and nodded. "Sure. Pick me up in the morning?" He got a nod from the wolf. "Cool." He glanced back down at the text, reading it over once more, and he questioned. "Do you think it will work?"

"I think so. Magic such as this is pretty docile; it's powerful, of course, but it doesn't tend to lash out at those who fuck it up, so we should have nothing to worry about."

Stiles hummed, side glancing at the wolf. "We don't need Deaton, right?" The wolf's small smirk had him smiling; it was far too contagious.

"No," Peter stated in amusement at the teen's clear distrust of the druid. "We don't require his help."

Stiles snorted. "Help. Sure, that's a loose term if I've ever heard it. He told Scott the other day he should be fine to work the cat room, seeing as he healed. Those fuckers ripped him to hell and back."

Peter laughed at the delightful information of what had befallen the pup. "Oh? How unfortunate."

Stiles snorted at the less-than-sincere return. "Deaton did that on purpose, you know, he did." He pointed at the wolf. "Tell me I'm wrong."

Peter smirked. "I don't think you're wrong, Stiles, he's the sort to do something like that."

Stiles nodded firmly, pleased to know that Peter had his back in this. "He's sketchy as hell, and that's on a good day." The wolf seemed highly amused, which tickled him just fine; anything he could do to get Peter to smile at him that way was worth it in his book. God, he was pathetic, but fuck it, it was worth it. "I'd hate to see him on a bad day, like...Man with a white van dude."

Peter snorted. "I don't think he's a pedophile, Stiles."

"Maybe not." Stiles agreed. "But I bet he'd lure supernatural creatures into his creepy white van. You've seen all the weird creature parts he's got in jars and shit. That is someone who has way too much time on their hand and a weird fetish for dead things."

Peter laughed, shaking his head at the teen's amusing tirade. He returned. "He's a druid, Stiles, they're meant to keep the balance."

Stiles snorted. "Yeah, fuck all that's gone over well. How many druids have we dealt with who were keeping the balance as they said?" He made air quotations as he talked.

Peter sighed. "Quite a few."

Stiles nodded his head as his point was proved. "Exactly! I don't trust him."

Peter hummed. There was truth in the teen's statement; he wasn't just being dramatic. "I don't trust him solely either, he serviced my sister well, but his alliance to us is...Tenuous at best."

Stiles nodded firmly, relieved to know that Peter wasn't going to trust the druid without a second thought. "He never did anything that bothered her, did he?"

"Hm...No." Peter shook his head as he recalled their interactions before his pack had been murdered. "He was loyal to my sister."

Stiles huffed. "Yet, he can't be loyal to us now?"

Peter smiled gently at the upset teen. "Alliances change with time, Stiles. He's not against us."

Stiles gave a rather bored expression back at the Alpha. "Please, if he was against us, you'd throw his corpse in a ditch." The wolf's cunning smirk had him pointing a sharp finger at him. "Don't lie, I know it."

Peter chuckled. "I cannot speak of what I might do if he crossed us." The teen's snort had him scowling at the boy. "I'd deal with it however it needed to be dealt with. I'm very persuasive, Stiles; he'd come around to my way of thinking."

"Or die." Stiles muttered out with a smirk before pointing out. "You told us what it meant to be her left hand. I'm not stupid."

"Of course not." Peter agreed with a small grin. "I know you're very intelligent, but part of being smart and cunning is knowing when you'd be the first suspect."

Stiles hummed. That was true. "Well, hiring someone to kill him is a bad idea, trust me, that shit gets you nowhere, given all the idiots dad has busted."

Peter snorted. "Of course not, but there are other methods of dealing with people."

"I'll take your word for it." Stiles settled with a grin. "But if he goes missing, I'm totally telling you I told you so."

Peter smirked. "I'll be well prepared for it then."

Stiles nodded his head, pleased that they had come to this rather strange agreement that he'd secretly know it was Peter if Deaton up and got murdered. God, how did he end up entertaining such dark conversations with a hotter than hell werewolf and not find it gross? It was just a serious turn on to be so near Peter; it didn't matter what they talked about, it was all worth it if he got to spend a little more time with the Alpha. Looking away from the man's enchanting face, he stared down at the book and said. "Text me before you come over." He looked up with an impish grin. "So I know to get dressed." He laughed at the embarrassed

expression Peter wore upon hearing that, dear god, that was an amazing face. He shoved the wolf's shoulder. "I'm joking, I'll be dressed before you come over."

Peter sighed at the teens' teasing. "I did not mean to walk in on you like that."

Stiles nodded. "I know. Frankly, you're lucky dad didn't run up and see what happened; he still had his gun on him."

Peter snorted. "That wouldn't kill me."

"I mean, it still hurts," Stiles replied. "But no, it wouldn't kill you."

"Hm. True." Peter agreed. "Thankfully, he was misled by you."

Stiles smiled back at the wolf. "It wasn't totally your fault; Dad didn't think about it. He comes home all the time to me in my skivies."

"I suppose so, well, I'll be more careful in the future."

Stiles nodded. As much as he longed to have the wolf see him completely naked, he'd be mortified if it happened, as he knew nothing would come of it aside from embarrassment. Peter didn't want him; he wanted a busty woman like the woman who had left her bra behind. He didn't want some lanky teen who dressed like a tomboy most of the time. "Well, I should get going...I'll see you tomorrow morning?" He got a nod from the wolf, smiling, he walked over to his bag and picked it up before heading to the man's front door.

He let out a shaky breath once he was in the hallway of the apartment complex. Dear god, he'd teased Peter Hale about seeing him half-dressed. But god, the expression, he smiled openly, it had been so cute. Chuckling to himself, he made his way down towards his jeep, feeling at least a little bit better about the whole interaction. He did his best to keep the proof of Peter's flings out of his head; it wasn't good to compare himself to some busty lady...He was just jealous that they got to have Peter like he dreamed of. It just wasn't meant to be.

Chapter 2: A little experiment

Chapter Summary

Stiles goes to the magic shop with Peter and discovers a unique trinket, curious he goes home and does some research about it only to find that it's temptation is real.

“Don’t touch anything.” Peter impressed upon the teen with a firm expression. He glared when Stiles smiled and made an I promise gesture. Huffing, Peter made his way to the check stand to speak with the shop owner about the item they needed, leaving the teen to his own devices and secretly praying that he didn’t get into anything he shouldn’t.

Stiles watched Peter skulk off to talk with the shop owner, alone, at least for now. The teen wandered the shop, curious about all the oddities that it had. The towering stand of crystals had him snorting. He knew some actually had powers and properties, but the vast majority of them were just shiny rocks. Given the display, it was probably for tourists. He moved on from it, not fooled by their grand selection of rocks.

Their nook with tomes was impressive, though, he quickly got invested in reading the spines of various books. Quite a few of them looked interesting, but the price tags proved that they were far above his price range. He’d have to egg Peter into buying one; the wolf was always up for knowledge, and he had a hunch that there was at least one book here that might spark the wolf’s fancy. He searched for a moment, going from one subject to the next in search of something rare, something special that he might pry the wolf into purchasing.

He grinned quite ferally upon finding a book that he knew would just irritate the hell out of the wolf. He picked it up and, out of idle curiosity, flipped through it; he snickered here or there at the ‘knowledge’ that was inside it. It was clearly meant for those who didn’t believe in the supernatural. He wandered over to Peter, hiding the tome’s cover before saying. “I found a book you should buy.”

“Hm?” Peter glanced at the teen from where he’d been waiting for the shop owner to return with the item they needed. He accepted the book from Stiles and glanced down, only to scowl upon reading it. He looked back at the teen with a bored expression as Stiles burst out laughing. “Hilarious.” He shoved the book on werewolves back at the teen.

“But Peter...It says you howl at the moon.”

Peter snorted. “I’m sure it does.” He glared as the teen began to leaf through it. “Stiles, you know that’s full of bullshit.”

“I know!” Stiles cackled as he sorted through it. “Ah, ah, here’s one. You can lure a werewolf with fresh steak.”

Peter huffed. "It does not say that." He grunted when Stiles twisted the book about by its spine and flared the page before his eyes. His eyes traveled across the page before he growled. "You've got to be fucking kidding me." Stiles' laughter, although a bright and beautiful noise, was not appreciated. "Stiles!"

Stiles nodded, snapping the book shut, and he grinned impishly at the irritated Alpha. He patted him on the shoulder. "Don't worry, I won't tempt you with steak."

Peter huffed and snarky threw out. "You can't afford a steak that would tempt me."

Stiles scowled. "Rude." He wandered back to the books even as the wolf chuckled at his departure, replacing the werewolf book to its proper placement to be picked up by some ignorant traveler. He scoured the books for something that might yet improve the wolf's mood now that he'd insulted him. He hummed curiously when he came to a deep green book whose words were scratched off on the side of the book. He pulled it out, and thankfully, the cover was intact, so he could read that it was all about creatures that dwell in swamps. "Huh...Creature from the black lagoon, huh?" He flipped through it a moment, his eyes widening at some of the illustrations. "Oh fuck yeah, this is awesome." He ran over to Peter and held out a book, gaining a dark glower. "Dude! Swamp thing."

"Swamp thing? What?" Peter took the book and read the cover, humming. He flipped open the first few pages, reading over a few sections before nodding, Quite interesting. "Interesting."

"Right?" Stiles grinned. "Dude, could we get any of those in the swamp in the preserve?"

Peter wrinkled his nose and then appraised the book with more intent. "I think not pet, but...Caution is warranted." He set it on the checkout stand.

Stiles grinned at having seen the proof that the wolf was going to buy it, and more importantly, having earned that term of endearment from the wolf. He was such an attention whore, unrepentant for this fact, he left the wolf's side once more to continue exploring things. Peter had yet to bark at him for touching things, so it was safe to say that he hadn't yet delved into a section of the store that was "Off limits" by the werewolf.

He sorted through a few sections of the store that were clearly intended for more tourists, a few stands that held herbs and spices. Dried items that were claimed to be for powerful spells looked like basil to him. He smirked as he shook the little baggy of green debris. That or weed. Snorting, he left it behind and walked towards the back corner of the store.

He tilted his head curiously upon finding a small stand with jewelry. He walked closer and saw that the fancy items that were on display all had fancy tags on them. Magical jewelry. His eyes brightened, and he reached out to lift up a ring; it had a sapphire stone encased in silver. The tag read that it was a ring that would allow the wearer to know the deepest, darkest thoughts of those it was leveraged against. Stiles grimaced. That did not sound like a good idea. His inside thoughts were his own. He put it back down with a wary expression.

He found a necklace strewn on a bronze chain. It had a series of what looked like amber dewdrop stones that all led up to a single black stone surrounded in gold. The tag read that it

gave its wearer whatever their heart truly loved. Stiles frowned. What did it mean by that? He glanced over his shoulder at Peter. Was it a love spell? Humming, he twisted back around and read its details once more. Anything his heart truly loved. That seemed too broad, too untamable, and he'd seen how wayward magic could go. He set it carefully back down on its stand, and he reached out to another necklace amid hearing a pointed cough.

Shit.

He twisted with a grin upon receiving a stout glare from Peter. He waved sardonically at the glowering wolf, and he nodded his head when Peter flared his ruby eyes at him, a clear, silent warning to behave. The wolf was clearly about to say something, only to be waylaid by the shop owner. Sighing in relief to not be under that impressive stare any longer, he twisted around and used what precious time he had left to peruse the remaining jewelry. He picked up the necklace he'd been about to select, an amethyst was encased in a gold harness, a rather bulky teardrop that hung on a black chain. He lifted up the tag, his eyes widening upon seeing that it said that the necklace had the power to freeze time. "No way." He glanced at it, curious. Was it real? Humming, he dared to be so bold and so gutsy as to risk Peter's fury to run over to the check-out stand where Peter was in talks with the store owner. "Does this work?"

"Stiles put that down!"

Stiles huffed at the werewolf even as he waited for the now-amused shop owner to answer him. "Well?"

"Yes, it works."

"Is it cursed?"

"Stiles."

Stiles ignored the growled warning from the wolf as he stared curiously at the amethyst necklace.

"Oh, no, not cursed. It has limitations, though. It can only freeze time for two hours."

Stiles hummed, nodding along. He looked up and said. "What happens when time unfreezes?"

"Time continues on, those affected don't realize they've been frozen, as no true time is lost. It effectively creates a new span of time for its wearer to make use of. Once time resumes, it is as if it never paused." The shop owner replied factually. "Are you interested?"

"NO! No, he is not." Peter all but snarled as he flared his eyes at Stiles, the teen smiled sheepishly before gently setting the necklace onto the checkout stand. The teen made a show of holding his now-empty hands up, snorting, the wolf muttered. "You promised to behave."

Stiles smiled. "Yep...Yes, I did." The glower was real, and oh, god did it turn him on. He stayed silent, afraid he might blurt out such dark thoughts. He let the wolf finish his

conversation with the shop owner, his eyes gravitating towards the necklace that supposedly froze time. He was deeply curious about it, if it truly did work...If you could stop time for two hours. Well, the possibilities were endless, weren't they? He grunted when his arm was grasped in a firm handhold, and he was dragged towards the door. He smirked at the show of force. Yep, turned on. He stayed silent, but only because he feared what he might say. The wolf didn't release him until they got to Peter's car, and then Peter growled 'Get in'. Stiles snickered. Oh, what trouble he'd caused. He slid into the passenger side of the vehicle and accepted the small bag that housed the magical item they needed for the ritual and the book on swamp creatures. He glanced towards Peter to see the Alpha glowering at him. "What?" He played innocent. "It's not like I used it."

Peter glared harder at the stupid response. "Stiles. sweetheart, that is not a wise thing."

Stiles smirked. There was that sweet word. How could he be chastised if he called him sweetheart? "My bad." The huff that earned him was cute; he truly did know how to get under the wolf's skin. "Do you think it's real?" He questioned curiously.

Peter frowned a moment and then stated. "Magic is powerful, but freezing time is not an easy feat of magic. I doubt it's real."

"Then there was no problem with me touching it." Stiles grinned at how that earned him a dark growl from the wolf. "Not the point?" He wagered, gaining a firm nod. He nodded. "Right." He smiled, unrepentant for what he'd done, and given the deep sigh Peter gave, the wolf was aware of that fact. "Be interesting though, isn't it?"

Peter hummed as he started his car. "In theory."

"I mean, you could freeze time, waltz into anywhere with no one stopping you. Do you know how much that would save you and Derek from smoozing people?"

Peter laughed at the teen's belief that it would be beneficial for the pack. "I don't quite think we need that, darling, but an interesting notion."

"I mean, Derek would probably go for it. He hates having to suck up to people; the last chick touched him."

Peter snorted. "Yes, what a harrowing fate." The little snort laugh Stiles gave was rather endearing. "My nephew is only hurting himself by being celibate."

"I mean...Yeah, but also, he sucks at picking girlfriends."

Peter chuckled. "That he does."

"I mean...She who can't be named was epic on the scale of psychos." Peter's dry snort was quite fun. "And the next bitch tried to sacrifice people while playing coy."

"Yes, an unfortunate pastime of hers."

Stiles laughed. "Yeah, what a hobby. I mean, I loved the side effects of that bullshit." The glare and growl he got had him eeping and raising his hands. "I'm joking."

Peter snorted. "Do not joke about that. We nearly lost you to a kitsune."

Stiles smiled softly to himself. It was nice to hear the protective nature in Peter's voice. To hear his concern for him. "Yeah...Not a great time." Stiles thought a moment before stating. "Pretty bad that his ex caused all that."

Peter huffed. "Yes, and do not tell Derek that."

Stiles smiled at Peter's compassion for not laying the blame on Derek for what had happened after his ex-girlfriend sacrificed his dad, prompting him to open the door in himself that the nogitsune walked right in. "I won't. It wasn't his fault. She would have done that even if she never climbed into his bed."

"Yes, she would have."

"I think I know what to do!"

Peter smiled at the loud exclamation, despite how it made his ears ring a little, and he playfully questioned. "Due tell."

"We should vote on his girlfriends; the pack takes a majority vote."

Peter laughed loudly at the insane notion that they should get to vote whether or not his nephew got to date someone. "Darling, as humorous as that is, Derek will not consent to that." He spared a glance towards the smiling teen, quite pleased with the beautiful expression on the teen's face. "But a good idea nonetheless."

Stiles laughed. "Great idea, save us the trouble of killing whoever he dates later on."

"Sooner or later he'll find someone worthwhile...Well, if he ever decides not to be celibate anymore." Peter drawled in a bored tone. Honestly, he didn't understand his nephew's decision to stay celibate; there was so much fun in having a bed partner. He didn't need to stay loyal to one; he could have casual flings as Peter did, but Derek balked at the notion of that. Such a strange facet of his nephew, most wolves rallied at the chance of gaining a bedfellow for a night, but his nephew acted as if they were diseased if they didn't stick around. So peculiar.

He glanced towards Stiles to find the teen already reading the book on swamp creatures. He looked back ahead as he drove, a soft smile on his face for the beautiful interactions that Stiles always prompted; he was an interesting boy. Spontaneous, loud, and humorous, he never failed in making the werewolf laugh at least once in their meetings. He was rather one of his favorite people in the pack, though he dared not state such a thing. He was sure it would prompt another rather embarrassing conversation, such as his stumbling into Stiles' room while he was half-dressed.

What a sight that had been, startling, yes, but quite alluring at the same time. He hadn't been in frilly underwear or bras like all of Peter's conquests, no, rather a simple boxers and a sports bra, but it had suited him quite well. Showing off his toned physique, amplifying his perky breasts, and his narrow waist. Peter blinked, no. He shook his head; he could not go

down that road. Stiles was a packmate and quite younger than himself; he'd have no interest in an older wolf like him. He'd settle himself in tonight's conquest; his wolf was just eager for a bed partner and foolishly overlaying his vision of Stiles over a prospective bed fellow. His eyes shifted to the corner of his eyes to stare at the teen once more, a tempting vision, but one he could not have.

Research was his jam; he was good at it, exceedingly good at it. Stiles enjoyed it, that mystery that needed solving, that quest for knowledge that might yet help solve some issue the pack had. He'd used his sleuthing skills to the packs and his own advantage countless times, and this time was no different. Curiosity had him researching a rather unique topic, time travel, or more aptly, the ability to stop time.

That little trinket from the magic store had piqued his interest, and he wanted to know if there was any truth to such a thing. So, one Saturday morning, he sat down at his computer and began his hunt for knowledge. It had taken a long time, countless web pages on various myths and legends, for him to find different aspects of supposed time freezing. The various legends spoke of strange trinkets, bobbles, or jewelry that had the capacity to freeze time. Sadly, most were lost to time, and the rumors and myths fizzled out just as they were delving into the oddities of what that entailed. So, armed with new information that it was supposedly possible, Stiles did a brash and probably stupid thing. He went back to the magic shop, fully aware that Peter would have his hide if he knew what he was doing, but that was part of the thrill.

Pushing open the door to the magic shop, he ignored the other patrons, mostly exuberant teens marveling over the 'wiccan' stuff. He rolled his eyes as they congregated over the crystals, the supposed leader of the group lecturing the others on which crystals had power. He had to withhold the need to snort when the idiot was rambling about a crystal that Stiles knew for a fact did jack shit. He left them to their idiocy and headed for the back corner where he'd last seen the perplexing jewelry. The teen smiled upon finding it. He picked it up gently and stared at the amethyst stone that dangled at the center of the chain. It was quite captivating just on its own, but the prospect that it might truly have magical qualities saw him go to the check stand to try and pry more information out of the shop owner.

Setting the necklace down, he smiled at the older man and said. "Is it real, or is this some costume fake that you're using legends to sell junk for?" The man, surprisingly, didn't take offense; he just chuckled.

"It's not fake. It's just a rare find."

Stiles hummed. "Where'd you get it?"

"Time chooses who wields it; it came to me at times whim."

Stiles snorted. "Uh-huh, and time said for you to pawn it off?" The man shrugged. Okay, that was less than stellar. "Fine." He grumbled. "How does it work?"

The man gently reached out and picked up the necklace, indicating the stone. “Simply press the stone, and time would stop. Pressing it again resumes time.” He twisted the stone over and showed a strange dial on the back. “It shows how much time you have left that will be frozen.”

Stiles nodded his head. “How long does it freeze time for?” He couldn’t recall what the man had said.

“Two hours.”

Stiles wrinkled his nose. “Such a random span of time.”

“And yet so impactful, two hours can change the course of history.”

He supposed that was true; how many history books spoke of wars that were countered because of one move that took place. Nodding his head, Stiles said. “Alright, two hours and then time just goes back to normal. Does it stop time all across the globe or some shit?”

“Hm, I’m uncertain if it has that much power, but I’d wager that it would keep time frozen for quite a distance. Back when this was first crafted, in the old days, land was vast, and travel was hard. It would have to be used for its wearers benefit for their travel to far-off places. I think it would keep time frozen for quite a distance.”

Stiles tilted his head curiously as he stared at the necklace, as the shop owner gently placed it down on the checkout counter. He glanced back up at the man who was smiling back at him. He didn’t look skeezy, definitely not like Deaton. The man just seemed...Rather amused. Stiles wasn’t sure if that was a good thing or not, but he couldn’t help but state. “What’s your return policy if this thing does bubkis?”

The man chuckled once more. “Thirty days.”

Stiles sighed. Well, what did he have to lose? Sure, it was expensive, but the idea that he might freeze time was truly attractive to the teen. He reached back and dug out his wallet. If it didn’t work, he could return the hunk of junk, and if it did work, he was sure he could have all sorts of fun. He handed over his credit card, watching as the man went about ringing up his unique purchase. He accepted his card and a receipt back before the man brought out a small black box, gently placing the necklace inside before boxing it up to hand to him. Stiles accepted it and appraised the smiling man once more. “This better not be cursed.”

The man chuckled. “It’s not cursed, but it might not stay with you long. Time decides when and how someone takes hold of it. It grants great wishes, and punishes those who misuse it.”

Stiles hummed, not convinced by the man's magic voodoo talk. “Sure.” He turned and headed back out of the store, eager to get home and to experiment with the supposed magical necklace.

The drive home was rather distracting as he kept glancing over at the black box, curious as to what it might feel like to freeze time. How it might appear, what he could do with it. His mind twisted and turned at the prospect of freezing time for two hours. It seemed like a

random amount of time, but the shop owner hadn't been wrong; it could change a lot of things. Stiles didn't particularly have a reason to own it, nothing that he truly wished to do with it. He just thought it was cool and wanted to see if it was at all possible, as his research had said it might be.

He parked his car in the driveway of his house and, after snatching up the black box, made his way into the house. "Hey, Pops."

"Stiles."

Stiles smirked at his dad's rather simple greeting. He jogged his way upstairs and entered his room. He walked over to his desk and set the black box down, gently lifting its lid to see the beautiful jewelry inside. He stared at it a moment, lost in the simple beauty of it. The amethyst at the center of the necklace sparkled, glinting in the light like a fine diamond. Its purple hues magnificent to the eye.

Stiles reached out and lifted the necklace, gently drawing it over his head. He looked down and hummed at how it hung between his breasts. Reaching out, he lifted the jewel and muttered. "Here goes nothing." He pressed the jewel down, a small clicking noise took place, and then nothing. Stiles sighed at the rather lackluster response. "Gotta be fucking kidding me, I'm gonna ream that dude for this shit."

Storming out of his bedroom, intent on making the long drive yet again to yell at the shop owner who had duped him, he ran down the stairs and made to leave. He paused abruptly at the door, he frowned, and then turned expectantly. His dad hadn't asked where he was going, nor said his name again in a departure. Walking back to the living room, he asked. "Dad?" His father was watching TV, though now that he thought about it, it was quiet, and his dad didn't watch things on mute. He glanced at the TV to find the picture frozen, weird. Looking to his father, Stiles blinked. He was sitting there, stock still as he reclined in the recliner. His focus on the TV, but he hadn't turned his head to appraise Stiles. "Dad?" Stiles tried again, walking closer, a tad weirded out at this strange encounter. He waved his hand in front of his father's eyes, only to take a step back when he realized that his father was frozen. He glanced down at the necklace resting between his breasts.

"No way." A sly grin formed on his face, and he ran to the front door and opened it. He hummed upon seeing people who had been on walks, just frozen in place. Time stood still because he'd made it. He glanced back towards his dad. Well, this was rather fun. He shut the front door and, after razzing on his father's hair for fun, jogged his way back upstairs. He was smart enough to deduce that his father would freak if he was suddenly in the room with him when his father had seen him go upstairs. Back to the Future was a pretty good guide to this shit. Once he was safely ensconced in his room did he reached down and pressed the jewel once more. Taking a shaky breath, he poked his head out of his room and focused. He grinned upon hearing the noise of the TV. "Oh my god." He looked down at the dangling jewelry. "I am going to have so much fun with you."

Stiles entered the loft without knocking, a habit he'd gotten into after he'd gotten closer to Derek. He knew it annoyed the Alpha, but it was too much fun to rankle him to not do it.

Besides, more than half the time, the pack was already there when he arrived, so it was rare that it was just the two of them to where Derek could lecture him about being rude. He gave a wave to the pups and ignored the steely glare Derek gave him for not knocking. He walked straight to Peter and nonchalantly tossed a book into the wolf's lap.

"Oh?" Peter picked up the book and twisted it around to read its cover. He arched a brow at the unique subject matter. Looking up, he saw the rather cunning grin the teen wore. "Stiles, darling, no."

"Oh, come on!"

Peter smirked at the stout offense the teen took to his replying in the negative. "As interesting as this would no doubt be, the possible ramifications make it less than ideal."

Stiles huffed, throwing his arms across his chest. He ignored how he felt the time necklace shift between his breasts. It tickled, and he had to fight hard not to display that as he glowered back at the amused Alpha. "It could work."

"What could work?" Derek questioned as he watched his uncle say no to Stiles.

"Magical wards." Peter intoned. "They take a lot of magical focus, however, and getting a spark willing to do this would be quite hard."

"But they're awesome!"

Peter chuckled back at the teens' rather childish argument. "Pet, we couldn't find a spark alive that would be willing to expend their magic for such a large project." He handed the book towards the teen. "An interesting read, I'm sure, but not applicable to our present goals."

Stiles huffed once more as he snatched up the book he'd ordered off a secret website that wasn't supposed to exist but magically did. Magic shit was like that. Stiles glanced at Derek and waved the book; the younger Alpha snorted. "You guys suck." He pouted.

Peter chuckled when Stiles pouted upon getting another no from his nephew. "We will find another way to secure our lands. Derek and I patrolling the borders is enough for now."

Stiles snorted. "Says the wolf who had to decapitate a lizard monster the other week."

Peter scowled back at the teen for reminding him of what had taken place when an aggressive lizard shifter had invaded their territory. "Such things wouldn't be prevented by wards."

"Intention wards." Stiles chimed back with pride. He saw how that paused any argument that Peter was prepared to give; he pointed a sharp finger at the wolf. "HA! You can't argue against that."

Peter sighed, sadly. He couldn't. "We couldn't find a spark to do those wards, Stiles, none that we could empirically trust not to leave a back door to our lands."

Stiles grumbled at that but waved his book once more. "Fine. Blackmail Deaton."

Peter smirked at the rather amusing attempt the teen had at seeing his idea take hold. “Deaton couldn’t do those wards; he’s not powerful enough.”

Stiles snorted. “He and mystical voodoo shit fail us once again.” He heard the pups laugh upon hearing that, but he wasn’t joking. Deaton seemed to be both what they needed and not enough all at the same time. Stiles glanced down at the book and muttered. “But it would work.”

“Yes, if we had a spark capable of doing it,” Peter replied coolly. “Frankly, the cost of such a thing would be astounding; a spark doesn’t use their magic for free.”

Stiles hummed. That was true enough. He looked up at the older wolf, ruggishly handsome and far too tempting with how he wore that cunning smirk on himself. Sighing, Stiles forced himself to focus lest he embarrass himself. “Fine.” He stormed over to the pups and collapsed upon Derek’s couch with them. It was a tight fit with all of them, and it only worked because Erica was in Boyd’s lap, but it was oddly homely.

He glanced around to the wolves before settling his gaze once more on the handsome Alpha who was now speaking with his nephew about the ritual they were set to do for the nemeton. He sighed, god, he was pathetic, lusting after a werewolf who didn’t even want him. He glanced at Scott when his best friend ribbed him and asked for the book silently. He smiled and handed it over, watching as Scott leafed through it with a frown. He hated to admit it, but it was a bit above Scott’s pay grade. His friend was smart, but book smart? Not so much.

He left him to his own devices, assured that he’d be lost on the subject matter. His eyes trailed to Boyd and Erica, the blonde was grinning quite ferally as she teased Isaac about his latest crush. Her red lipstick glinted in the light and accentuated her beautiful smile. Boyd, for his part, just seemed amused, given his small smirk as he watched his girlfriend torment a fellow packmate. His hand gently rubbed Erica’s thigh, a touch that Stiles often wondered what it would feel like if done to himself.

His eyes traveled to Isaac to find the boy flush with embarrassment as he stammered out that his crush wasn’t serious and thus, Erica had no power over him. Stiles snorted. That was a crock of shit; it was clear the female wolf had all the power in this argument. His eyes lingered on Isaac’s shirt, which was new and pretty cool given how it accentuated the wolf’s small tits, lifting them in a pleasant manner. It was nothing like the revealing corsets that Erica wore, but it was pleasant to the eye, and not for the first time did Stiles wonder what it might be like to show off some skin. He didn’t have the confidence to do such a thing, but it looked interesting, and he’d seen how men flocked to seeing a good set of tits.

He glanced down at his t-shirt-covered breasts, and the time necklace sat gently between them, resting comfortably in the pocket of his bra. Yeah, he’d never look good in clothing like that; it just didn’t suit him. Sighing, he reclined on the couch and glanced at the pack. As nice as it was to be surrounded by the pack, to feel included, he still felt a little out of place. After all, he was human, and everyone around him was hot werewolves. He had nothing on them in all categories, well, except smarts. He was rather proud of his intelligence, seeing as it was his one defining feature that did him any good.

Peter appreciated his intelligence; his eyes drifted to the Alpha, who was grinning quite ferally as he argued with Derek. He smirked. How could he look so hot even in the midst of an argument? He shook his head; he couldn't focus on that, on Peter. All it did was lead him down a dangerous road that ended with him fucking himself on his dildo, crying out the wolf's name. He colored as he realized that. How embarrassing.

He stoutly looked away from the temptation of the wolf; the last thing he wanted was for someone like Erica to clue into his crush on Peter. She'd be mercelous, and he'd die if Peter ever found out. He smiled wanly when Scott frowned amid handing him the book back; it was clear his friend didn't grasp the subject, given his scowl. He tucked it against his hip on the other side of himself; he'd find a way to secure the pack's territory. He just had to find one that didn't include the usage of a spark, and more importantly, Deaton.

Approving of that plan, he rose to go and snag a beverage from Derek's kitchen, assured that he'd get a death glare for not asking first. He smirked as he passed Derek, yep, that was one heated and hot glare. Snickering to himself as he entered the wolf's kitchen, he rummaged through Derek's fridge and found a can of Coke. He pulled it out and shut the fridge. About to crack it open, he stopped. He twisted and frowned, did he dare? A small grin formed, he set the Coke down on the countertop and reached down, yanking the necklace up from the safety of his bra.

He stared at its gem only a moment, afraid that he'd get caught. He ran his thumb across its gem before he clicked it down. He stuffed the necklace back into his bra on the off chance that it failed him. Wandering back into the loft's living space, he grinned upon finding the pack frozen; nobody was talking, and their expressions seemed stagnant. He walked to Derek and waved his hand in front of the wolf's eyes, nothing. He looked at the others and grinned. Oh, this was just too good.

He had two hours to do whatever the fuck he wanted to do. He frowned. What did he want to do? He hummed to himself. This was a great opportunity to fuck with the pack, but he had to be cautious not to alert them to that it was him and that it had to do with a magical item. Peter and Derek were pretty damn good at sussing out that something was magical. He glanced at Derek and scowled. "Stop being good at being a bloodhound." He snickered at the insult he'd leveraged against the wolf. Derek would have bared his teeth at him for that, as he was, the wolf had no recognition of what he'd said.

Staring at the wolf, Stiles found himself curious. He reached out, tentative at first, but once his hand had settled on the wolf's face did he explored it a bit. He smirked at the handsome features of the wolf, at the feeling of his face. He embraced the wolf's cheek a moment, his fingers trailing towards the wolf's lips; he was curious, oh, so curious. His hand skirted downward, allowing himself the chance to feel the impressive physique the wolf had. He gave a soft moan at the hard muscles he felt. He'd seen Derek without a shirt on that boy had been an attractive sight.

He glanced over at Peter, then again, he'd seen Peter without his shirt on too, and that had resulted in a hasty session with his dildo. Humming, he wandered over to Peter, done with his perusal of Derek. Derek was hot, there was no doubt about that; he'd definitely sign up to climb him like a monkey, but there was something all the more attractive in Peter.

Maybe it was his cunning nature, his humor or intelligence, or maybe all of it, but whatever it was, Stiles was attracted to the older wolf in a way that he wasn't to the others he was aroused by. No, his arousal with Peter was something more carnal, more desire and lust than anything he'd felt before. Coming to the wolf's spot, he sat on the edge of the chair that Peter was in. It was a large love seat that the wolf had taken over, and afforded just enough space for Stiles to sit down on its edge beside the wolf. He reached out, all the more curious about what it would be like to touch Peter.

His hand met flesh, the beautiful face of the wolf cupped in his hand as he felt for himself what it was like to hold Peter Hale. His fingers danced across his flesh, trailing downward to the wolf's lips. Stiles swallowed as he stared at them. Peter was grinning, his smile a beautiful thing, but he was desperate in that moment to know what they might feel like on his own. Peter would never kiss him in a million years, but he had this opportunity, however depraved as it was. Swallowing tensely, he leaned forward and pressed their lips together. It was a little awkward with the wolf's smile, but he did get to feel the wolf's lips upon his own. He sighed upon pulling back a moment later, they were soft, but firm, a decadent pressing of their mouths together that he'd longed for forever.

"You're too fucking handsome, how the fuck was I supposed to resist doing that?" He let his hand come out to trail down the wolf's shirt, which was barely big enough not to pull tight across the wolf's toned muscles, but Stiles' hands got to feel for themselves the hills and valleys of the wolf's physique. He was a walking wet dream, and Stiles had no doubt that he'd come like a whore that afternoon when he went home to masturbate at the thought of Peter's lips upon his own. He stared at the wolf's handsome face for a time, lost in its adoring features.

How he longed to have Peter pay attention to him, and not in the way he was used to. No, he wanted the wolf to want him, but sadly, that wasn't going to happen. He rose from the love seat, staring rather petulantly at the wolf who was the feature of all of his dark fantasies. God, he was pathetic. Here he was with time frozen, and he used it to kiss Peter Hale. Huffing at the absurdity of that, he stormed his way back into the kitchen, his amusement with the device over now that he knew he'd be denied more with the wolf.

He pulled the necklace out and, with a heavy heart, pressed the gem. The noise of the loft returned, and he safely stored the necklace between his breasts. He snatched up the can of Coke and made his way back to the loft space to pretend, however feebly, that he hadn't just stopped time and kissed Peter.

Chapter 3: Just a peak

Chapter Summary

Stiles gives in to temptation.

Chapter Notes

The non/con starts in this chapter and continues into next chapter, it will be clearly marked so you can avoid those sections while still enjoying the rest of the story. This chapter it is oral non/con and a brief explanation will be in authors notes at the bottom.

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

“Fuck! Gods, yes...Fuck me...Fuck me!” Stiles cried out as he thrust his dildo into himself, its vibrations lighting up the pleasure in his cunt as his other hand stroked his cock in hurried movements. He needed to come so badly, the thoughts that were racing through his pleased brain were focused on one thing only. Peter. How it would feel to have the wolf between his legs, fucking him hard and deep just how he liked it. His cunt was a slurry of his juices, the fluids leaving a sickening squelching sound as the dildo was thrust in and out of himself, churning out the liquid from his eager hole.

“Yes...Yes...Just like that. Come on...Come on!” Stiles' body tensed in anticipation as he thought about the handsome wolf, of that dark kiss he'd imparted upon the frozen wolf. How it had felt to run his hands over the wolf's toned body. His cock wept openly as his hand pulled upon it, driving his pleasure higher and higher in his bid to see himself come to the thought of the wolf.

“Deeper!” Stiles cried out as he thrust the dildo as far into himself as he could; he felt the dark, thrilling sensation of it battering his cervix. The star bright fullness it left inside him at that depth before he pulled it back to thrust it deep once more. “Harder. Oh, Peter...Fuck me harder...Get deep, oh god.” He fucked himself hard upon the dildo, aware that he might be sore afterward for his hasty coupling with the device. He'd been so desperate for relief from the thoughts of the wolf, desperate to come at the notion of having even a sliver of the wolf to himself as he'd had in that kiss.

“I'm gonna come...I'm gonna come, fuck, Peter....Peter, keep going.” He moaned vibrantly as his passions soared, his frantic pace heating his body to a boiling point as his fingers wrapped around his cock and stroked it in hurried movements. His hand clenched tightly around the dildo as it vibrated deep inside his trembling walls, his cunt thick in its desire for release. Stiles' toes curled, kicking and pushing against his bed as he bucked into his own hands.

“FUCK! PETER!” Stiles cried out loudly, whining pitifully as his orgasm rushed through him. His cock erupted in his hand, sending spurt after spurt of his semen against his hand, which pistoned up and down it, eager for more pleasure even as his cock released its furious spend upon his belly. His cunt quickened around the dildo inside him; it was pressed deep against his cervix, its vibrations feeding into his body's dark reaction to such a deep penetration. It throbbed, pulsating and quivering around the invading object, clenching down as if it truly was the Alpha's cock.

Stiles groaned, panting heavily as the tide of his great release began to fade. His cock softening even as he stroked it through the last expenditure of his come. Sighing, the teen lay bare on his bed, his legs falling open as the vibrator continued to buzz in his pussy, leaving a pleasant tingling sensation in his overworked muscles. He caught his breath after a few moments, his racing heart slowing now that the furious motions of his coming were done. Humming, greedy, Stiles wrapped his fingers tight around his dildo and, gently mindful of being oversensitive, thrust it in small movements. He sighed, god that felt good. He let himself soak in the last of the pleasure his body could afford him, letting his body tell him when to stop.

It let him have his fun, his cunt clenching around the invading dildo, questing for more despite him having already come. Groaning when he realized it was unlikely he had the stamina to go again without a break, he stopped torturing himself and pulled the vibrating device out of himself. He shut it off and sat up, grimacing at the abundance of fluid between his sodden thighs. Fuck he'd gotten wet, but the dark thoughts of the wolf had truly driven him mad. Sighing, aware that he'd have to do laundry now as his bedding sported a telling wet spot, he climbed off his bed and made his way to his bathroom to begin the arduous task of getting clean before his dad came home. The great temptation of Peter had run its course in his powerful orgasm, at least, for now.

Stiles smiled as he watched all the candles whoosh out, their flames extinguished as the buzz of magic exploded around the pack. The nemeton seemed to resonate with the magic, given how the air vibrated, and then, just as quickly as it had started, it ended. Stiles nodded his head as Peter went about finishing the ritual. That should clear the air, as it were, help keep dark magics at bay, or so it was supposed to do. A means of protecting anyone messing with the nemeton while further cementing their placement in the magical food chain in Beacon Hills. Stiles helped the wolf gather the candles, pouring out the excess wax onto the ground so he wouldn't get burned by it. “Well, that went well.”

Peter smirked. “It went as it was supposed to.”

“A bit anticlimactic, don't you think?” Stiles argued even as he heard the rest of the pack helping Derek to gather the charms they'd hung around the area.

“Most magic is that way.” Peter counseled as he gathered another of the special candles they'd gathered for the ritual. “If something is taking long, you're doing it wrong.”

Stiles chuckled. “Magic sounds like a teenager locked in a closet that way.” The wolf laughed, which brought a smile to his face; he did so love to hear that. To make Peter laugh

was a beautiful thing to him.

“I suppose it’s something like that.” Peter chuckled.

Stiles gathered the last candle after pouring out its wax, walking over to the wolf, the teen stated. “Well, at least the nemeton didn’t explode or anything.” The dour expression the wolf wore had him smiling. “What? Stranger things have happened.”

Peter huffed as he turned and directed the teen out of the glen where the nemeton rested. “The fewer explosions, the better.”

“Amen to that.” Stiles grinned as they rejoined the rest of the pack. The charms had been gathered, so they were leaving the nemeton in peace. He glanced over his shoulder at the aged stump. He hummed, such a strange and wicked thing. He smiled when he felt Peter gently guide him forward. He’d lingered too long. It felt nice to feel the wolf touch him; those brief touches where the wolf directed him somewhere were a treasured thing to him. It was the only real affection he got from the wolf, proof that the wolf didn’t mind touching him. It was short-lived; once he’d started walking out of the glen, Peter released his back. Sighing at how pathetic he was, at how desperate he was for the wolf’s attentions, Stiles did his best to try and focus on something else, anything else.

Peter tilted his head curiously when he directed Stiles out of the glen, where he’d lingered too long. It was best they leave as soon as they were done, magic had a way of lashing out when it was intruded upon. The Nemeton had allowed their presence due to the ritual, but staying was ill-advised. Still, Stiles seemed almost disappointed by the whole thing. Then again, he’d said that it was over too fast, so maybe he was just enamored with the magic. Stiles was the curious sort, so it wasn’t so far-fetched to think that he’d been hoping to see more of it. The small sigh he’d given was a clear indicator that something had bothered him, but before he could pry, Erica loudly declared that they deserved milkshakes for having dealt with magic mojo, as she called it. Rolling his eyes, Peter muttered. “That magic is important.” He glared when she waved him off while talking to Boyd about milkshake flavors. Pups. His eyes drifted once more to Stiles to see the teen smirking now, clearly, Erica’s little tangent had lifted his mood. Leaving it alone, Peter questioned the teen. “Did you finish that book you bought?”

“Hm? The sigil book, yeah, a week ago.”

“Oh, no.” Peter shook his head. “Not that, that was a waste of time.” He teased, gaining a glower from the teen.

“Ha-Ha.”

Peter chuckled when his teasing prompted an irritated glower from the teen. “I meant the one about trolls.”

“Oh,” Stiles smirked at the wolf, remembering his latest acquisition. “Not yet, but dude, we do not want some of those fuckers around here.”

Peter scoffed. "Of course not, they're cumbersome beasts with little intelligence." He waved his hand in the air. "The Houston pack dealt with one back when my sister was alive; the destruction it wreaked was astounding."

"Hm, really?" He got a nod from Peter. "How'd they get rid of it?" The smirk the wolf gave him had him nodding. "Right, claws and teeth."

"And more intelligence." Peter drolled in amusement. "It would be an incalculable odd for us to ever come across one, but I'm curious about the book."

"I'll loan it to you when I'm done."

"I'll trade you, I got a book on Neirieds."

Stiles blinked, frowned, and then questioned. "What are those?"

Peter smiled and leaned over to whisper. "Mermaids are real."

Stiles' eyes widened, both because wow that was fucking cool and also because the wolf's warm breath on his ear was far too tantalizing for words. "N-No way." He managed to stammer out, thankfully, the wolf laughed and seemed to think his stammering was from awe and not what the wolf had inadvertently done.

"Yes, rare creatures, but very beautiful. Sirens, on the other hand, are quite an acquired taste."

Stiles frowned. "I thought they were gross looking, that's why their song enchanted people."

"Hm. True." Peter agreed with a nod. "But their song is enough for some to overlook their rather...Unique appearance."

"Isn't that proof of them being bewitched?" He got a shrug, humming, Stiles questioned. "But mermaids are real and friendly?"

"Yes, most," Peter replied coolly. "They travel in pods, much like dolphins."

"No shit." Stiles smiled, pleased to learn something new. "Have you met one?" Peter had traveled quite extensively while his pack was alive; he'd told Stiles this in passing during one of their research sessions. So he was quite curious to know if that had brought the wolf into the company of such a beautiful creature. The smile the wolf gave him told him everything. "You lucky bastard."

Peter laughed at the teen's jealousy for what he'd done when he was younger and traveling around for his sister's benefit of meeting new packs. "She was beautiful. I wasn't allowed to meet her pod, but she was beautiful all on her own."

Stiles nodded his head. He couldn't even imagine what a mermaid would really look like. Sure, Google images would give him the normal bullshit, but what did a real one look like? "Did you see her tail?"

“No.” Peter shook his head. “That’s far too personal for them. She didn’t trust me enough to wade into water for me, but she told me what color she was and where her people had hailed from.” He gently guided the teen around a tree, as Stiles hadn’t been paying attention due to their conversation. The teen stumbled a bit before giving him a sheepish look. “I’ll tell you more when you come over.”

Stiles gave a bright grin, going over to Peter’s apartment was a guilty pleasure of his. It normally inspired new fantasies, but it also gave him special time alone with the wolf for them to discuss anything and everything in the supernatural world. “Sure. I’ll try to finish the troll book tonight so I can trade it with you. I want to learn about mermaids.”

Peter nodded in return. “It’s a good book.” He praised the tome. “It goes into depth about the myths and legends of their kind. Whoever wrote it had to have known one of their kind, given all the truth about them in it. A fortunate retelling of what it was like to know a pod of them.”

Stiles was all the more eager to read the interesting book; he’d have to stay up late to finish the troll book, but he was adamant that he’d get to read that nereid book. They came back to the small dirt road where they’d left their vehicles. Stiles gave a soft, fleeting glance towards Peter as the wolf said goodnight and headed for his luxury car.

Sighing, Stiles went about giving a rather boisterous goodbye before running to his jeep. He slid into the driver’s side and started it up he looked into his rear view mirror and saw the others preparing to leave. He watched as Peter’s car passed them all and continued down the road. Shaking his head, Stiles pressed the gas and headed on his way home. It was going to be all he could do not to waste time tonight masturbating at the thought of the wolf; he had a book to finish so he might have a lengthy discussion with the wolf the following day. He could hold off for a night, he was sure of it...Even if he swore, he still felt the heat of the wolf’s hand upon his back.

***** START OF ORAL NON/CON

Stiles smiled as Peter answered his door. He held up the book. “I have come to deliver a good book.” The wolf smiled in return as he stepped back to let Stiles inside. The teen walked in and quickly went about getting comfortable in one of Peter’s amazing chairs. Two of them sat before a fireplace that he was sure was never used. Wolves ran too hot for the likes of that. He smiled when Peter went to his bookshelf and found a book, its purple covering quite luxurious as he came to offer it to him. Stiles exchanged the book with his book on trolls, his eyes eating up the golden filigree on the purple book. He opened it even as he heard Peter take a seat beside him in his own chair.

He read the introduction, the typical fanfare by an author to ensure that the readers knew that this wasn’t fiction but rather fact. He doubted any believed, none that were outside of the supernatural community, that is. Ignoring it, he flipped to the first page and delighted in the illustration; it was an old one. Greek or something close to it, depicting a beautiful mermaid sitting upon a rock. It definitely had the Little Mermaid vibes, despite being an older depiction of the creature.

His eyes traversed the opening paragraph, delighting in the words that promised a good read, new knowledge that he'd be steeped in soon enough. Stiles let himself spare a glance at Peter, the wolf was smirking as he read the book on trolls. He knew the wolf enjoyed learning new things just as much as Stiles did. His eyes swept over to the expansive bookshelf the wolf had, which was full of various tomes that held knowledge about magic and creatures the world over.

He'd always enjoyed coming over to Peter's place, sharing new things with him, after all, it was the closest he got to having an intimate relationship with him. Stiles pursed his lips at that thought, shaking his head, he glanced back at the wolf and did his best not to get lost in the handsome features of the Alpha. It was hard not to, more so as he watched Peter reach up to stroke his goatee. He smirked at the simple gesture the wolf entertained when he was being thoughtful while reading.

He looked back down at his book. It was stupid to get lost in his thoughts about the wolf. Nothing would ever come from it; the most he could ever hope for was this. Sharing time with the wolf and geeking out over knowledge, he'd never have those fantasies that saw him orgasming with such fury. He bit his lip. No, that was never going to be a possibility. He'd never know what it was like to have Peter in bed, to have the wolf kissing him with desire, or feel the wolf between his thighs. That was just as much a myth as the many books that they shared together.

"Care for something to drink?"

Stiles jerked awake from his inner musings. He glanced up and smiled. "Sure."

"I'll make some tea. Do you want raspberry again?"

"Yeah." Stiles nodded, watching as the wolf walked towards his kitchen. Biting his lip, prompted by those dark desires, he waited for the wolf to enter his kitchen before he dared to reach down and fish out the necklace of time. Did he dare? He wasn't sure what would come of it, but his desire for the wolf made him curious. He pressed the jewel, breathing a tad harder in anticipation. He just wanted to have a moment with Peter, just one, then he'd be content as he had been since he'd stolen that kiss.

He rose from his chair and wandered into the wolf's kitchen. He'd set the kettle onto the stove, but it had only just been turned on. The wolf was standing placid as he waited for it to boil. Stiles appraised his handsome features, his hand coming out to stroke the wolf's chest, feeling yet again what it was like to touch the wolf. "You're handsome...In so many ways, I'm sure your flings tell you that all the time." He snorted. He was sure whatever bimbo was fortunate enough to be picked by the wolf had gotten quite an eyeful of the wolf. They got to see all of Peter, to have him in a way that Stiles never would.

The teen frowned, a strange thought coming to mind. He glanced up at the wolf's frozen features. He'd never have him, but he could satiate his curiosity. It was wrong, despicable, most would say, but his curiosity had him reaching out once more to the wolf. His hand this time, going lower, down to the wolf's pants. He'd never get another opportunity such as this to satiate his curiosity about what the wolf truly looked like.

Peter would never entertain the idea of baring himself for Stiles' eyes. Stiles wasn't worthy of the wolf. Far too skinny, too lithe, his breasts weren't the sort that Peter would favor, and he wasn't beautiful like any of the runway models the wolf was sure to have taken to his bed. His hands fumbled a bit as he undid the wolf's jeans, feeling all the more nervous. He undid the button and then slowly slid the zipper of the wolf's pants down. He stared lustfully at the cloth that peeked out, the first hint of the last barrier between him and the wolf's cock.

Did he dare? It wasn't too late; he could turn back and stop this. He could just settle for the dark fantasies he had...But then he'd never know if his fantasies had a shred of truth to them. He let his hands come to the pants rim and gently, but firmly, drew them downward. He brought them to the wolf's mid thigh and stared longingly at the wolf's covered nethers. His hand reached out, shaking a bit as he felt what lurked below it. His eyes widened when he felt what he swore was the massive cock of the werewolf.

"No way." Stiles was swift in yanking the wolf's underwear down, gasping at the size of the flaccid phallus that Peter had hidden from him all these years. It wasn't even erect, and Stiles was sure that it would be near his limit, so massive in its girth and length. God, how it would stretch him, his legs clenched together at that decadent thought. He was sure that Peter's cock would stretch him wide, would fit him like a glove, and pound into him in the best of ways. The teen knew that would never happen, but the image of that was stuck in his mind.

His hand reached out, and shyly, he let his hand trail the wolf's warm flesh. It was a dream; there was no way this was real. That he was physically touching the wolf of his dreams cock. Stiles let his hand wrap around the flaccid length, marveling at its size and the silken sensation of the sensitive flesh. "You're so big." Stiles marveled as he gently stroked the flesh, wanting to get a feeling for it. His fingers could barely wrap around the whole thing, its thickness so wide that his narrow hand had trouble grasping it.

Still, he didn't let that stop him from stroking its length, in feeling for himself what it was like to hold a part of Peter. The sensation of that warm flesh, its silken touch in his palm, was defying all his expectations and dreams. This was so much more than he'd ever imagined. "You're beautiful...Gods, I'd ride you in a heartbeat." He blushed when he realized what he'd said. Sadly, it was the embarrassing truth. He wouldn't hesitate to take the wolf into himself; he'd relish it, cherish it.

He settled for stroking the wolf's cock, and after a few more strokes, his eyes widened as the wolf's dick pulsated in his hand, slowly growing hard. "No fucking way." He glanced up at Peter, but the wolf was frozen. He released the wolf in haste and dug out the necklace, fearing time was undoing itself. He sighed in relief when he saw that the necklace still showed the time on it. He had over an hour still, which brought about the curious notion that Peter could get hard despite being frozen.

He looked back at the wolf's cock, which had risen somewhat due to his pleasuring it. He bit his lip, did he dare? He shouldn't. It was wrong; he didn't have Peter's consent, nor did he think the wolf would ever entertain the idea of him servicing him regardless. Still, that deep, dark fantasy of his reared its ugly head once more. What was the harm? He wasn't hurting Peter; if anything, the wolf would enjoy it. He enjoyed it when his cock got hard, and Stiles liked to think that he knew how to manipulate a cock pretty well.

Settled, despite its depravity, he reached out once more and wrapped his hand around the wolf's interested cock. He smirked as he began to stroke it once more, enjoying how he felt it twitch in his palm. "You like that." Stiles let his hand twist upon the turgid length, its thickness nearly spreading his fingers too far to adequately service the wolf. His eyes widened when he saw the first dew drop of the wolf's precum. He watched it, entranced, a moment before he dared to reach up with his thumb and slide it away, its teardrop smearing across the wolf's crown and adding a bit of moisture to his movements.

It was just the first of many, Peter's cock responding in kind to his movements, more and more precum bubbling up as the wolf's cock became fully erect. Stiles swallowed tightly even as he continued to pleasure the wolf. Peter's cock was even bigger when it was erect. The massive rod would surely split him open, bigger than his dildo, or so it appeared. It was hard to tell, seeing as this was real flesh and blood and not plastic. Regardless, it was a beautiful cock, one that he'd love to get inside him. He'd yet to have real sex, or rather, sex with another human being, but he figured that something like this would make the whole experience far superior to the orgasms he got when he was playing with himself.

Continuing to stroke Peter, Stiles watched as more and more precum bubbled up from the man's tip. He smeared it with his thumb, using it as an aid in his efforts to please the wolf. It didn't seem that hard a task to please him, not with Stiles' knowledge of cocks. He knew how to do things just right, trailing the barest of fingers down the thick vein on the bottom of the wolf's cock, stroking him in firm, solid strokes, tantalizing the crown of his cock with gentle touches as he smeared the precum the wolf blossomed with.

Stiles' mouth watered as he watched Peter's cock react to everything he did, and then, that dark twisted thing inside him grew bolder. He stared at Peter's leaking cock a moment before daring a glance up at the wolf. He'd already crossed the invisible line that spoke of taking advantage of the wolf; he'd pleased him without his say-so. There was no telling if Peter could actually come like this, if his body was capable of orgasm...But if he was...Stiles wanted to see it, wanted to taste it.

He released Peter's turgid cock, leaving it to weep on its own a moment as he knelt before the wolf. "Don't worry, this is the one thing I've had practice in." He grasped the wolf's cock once more, gently bringing it to his mouth. He hesitated only a moment before he moaned upon settling it upon his tongue. Dear god. The taste, the sensation of that thick length heavy upon his tongue. He swallowed him, but damn if it didn't take effort. Peter was just so big, his mouth could barely contain him.

Stiles managed, careful in how he did it, as he wanted to bring nothing but pleasure to the wolf, and it would have been all too easy for his teeth to scrape the wolf by accident. He adjusted them a bit and then took Peter further into his mouth. Stiles moaned as that thick cock sank deeper into himself. His tongue pressed downward with the heft of it, the salty taste of the wolf's precum lying thickly upon his taste buds. He swallowed around the thick length, his throat bobbing eagerly as he breathed through his nose while beginning to bob his head. He might not be able to take the whole length into his mouth; Peter might have been too big and long for that, but he could still pleasure him.

Stiles quickly found his rhythm, the perfect way to taste and feel the wolf. His hand came up to brace himself on the wolf's hip, while the other wrapped around the other half of the wolf's cock that wasn't in his mouth. He began to stroke it, eager for more of the wolf's salty precome. It didn't take long; Peter eagerly responded to everything he did. The wolf's thick cock twitching upon his tongue and delivering a steady stream of precome as the wolf was pleased. His tongue latched at the wolf's cock, slathering it with his saliva as he suckled upon the moist tip of Peter's dick.

It was orgasmic, and if he wasn't already shamed, he might try to get himself off at the same time. Sadly, he needed both hands, and he had a feeling that arousal's scent changed after you came. The last thing he needed was Peter scenting that he'd come in his pants. So, resigned to only getting the pleasure of pleasing Peter, Stiles continued to service the wolf's cock to the best of his ability.

He bobbed his head back and forth, taking what he could of the wolf's impressive length. His hand stroked the remaining inches that weren't able to fit into his mouth and throat, desperate to please the wolf in any way possible. Stiles' eyes fell closed as he suckled upon that amazing cock. He could do this for hours, just nursing upon the wolf's dick, keeping Peter hard.

Stiles groaned around the wolf's cock and gave a startled hum when Peter's cock twitched fervently upon his tongue. Oh, so the wolf liked that. Stiles quickly began to hum and moan like a whore on a street corner. Doing everything he knew how and more to help make the wolf come, he hoped, he prayed that it was possible. That he might get to taste the wolf for real, but time would tell. His hand skirted back along the wolf's cock, teasingly embracing the wolf's ball sack.

It was heavy in his palm, weighted in what his dark imagination thought was a heavy load of semen. He massaged it gently, as if to silently urge it to spill its blessing upon his tongue. He groaned, dear god, he was depraved, but he wanted the wolf so badly. He dreamed of this, of having a piece of Peter, and here, now, he was able to have that.

It might not last, might only be for this short time, but it was everything he could have hoped for. He ramped up the bobbing of his head, sucking upon the man's thick length and swallowing down the steady stream of precome that budded up from his ministrations. His hand navigated back to the wolf's cock and stroked him in time with Stiles' bobbing motions, desperate to see if it was at all possible to make the wolf come. God, what would he taste like? The other men he'd sucked off had been pretty good, definitely not bad; he'd enjoyed it. He longed to know if Peter might taste different, if there might be something else to the beautiful taste of the wolf's come.

Did being a wolf change things? Stiles knew nothing of this, but he prayed there was something even more special about the wolf in that moment. His tongue latched at the underside of Peter's cock, trailing that thick vein that pulsed with life at the wolf's arousal. It was thick, splendid upon his tongue as it matched the heavy weight of the large cock in his mouth. He'd never taken someone this large, and all at once, he wondered if it was some wolf trait or if Peter was just large because he was Peter. Either way, he thoroughly enjoyed it and when he suckled upon the man's crown, tasting that salty precome, he swore he knew that

Peter was enjoying this too. His body was at least, and Stiles felt that was good enough to continue.

The teen's hand continued to stroke the wolf's throbbing cock, teasing the length that Stiles couldn't quite fit in his mouth and throat. The teen's eyes widened, he gave a choked off noise rather suddenly as he was forced to swallow in haste when Peter's cock pulsed thickly, and the wolf's cock erupted in its splendor of Peter's orgasm. Stiles swallowed hastily, his mouth filled instantly with the heavy cream of the wolf's orgasm. It layered his tongue like the best of things, and he had to swallow fast as the next great tiding of it was soon upon him.

Stiles swallowed continuously as his hand worked the wolf's cock, hoping to pleasure the wolf more throughout his orgasm. He wanted to make it as good as he could for the wolf, which didn't seem that hard of a task now that he was swallowing mouthful after mouthful of come. His eyes furrowed when he realized just how much he was taking in. Mouthfuls. No human alive came this much; it had to be a werewolf trait. He smiled around the heavy cock that was trembling against his tongue as it spilled its salty essence into his mouth. He swallowed, uninhibited at the task set before him. He'd take everything Peter had to offer him, and like it.

Oh, how he liked it, his thighs pressed tightly together at the moisture of his cunt, and the throbbing of his own cock radiated throughout his body. He swallowed a heavy mouthful of semen as the wolf's cock pulsed with life of the wolf's orgasm. The thick propulsion of seed that spilled into his mouth was amazing, and sure to inspire quite a few sessions in his own bed. He drank down what felt like gallons of semen, more and more, on and on it went. The wolf's cock never tiring as it spilled its great release into the teen's mouth.

Stiles groaned around the heavy cock in his mouth, savoring its dark delights. He bobbed his head a bit, savoring the taste and sensation of the throbbing length spilling itself inside his mouth. It lasted minutes, MINUTES. He lost count of how many, enough, or so it seemed, as his mouth filled again and again with the heavy burden of the wolves come. It lasted far longer than any man had any right to, and it boggled his mind to what kind of pleasure this must feel like for the wolf.

Stiles gave a small moan of want, of pure desire, as the wolf's cock throbbed inside his mouth. Its great pulses of seed began to slow much to his dismay, he suckled heavily upon it as if it was a teat he was in need of nourishment from. It's hard jettison of come dwindled bit by bit, swallow by swallow, until at long last the last trickle of the wolf's semen entered his mouth. Stiles swallowed it all without complaint, even went so far as to continue stroking the wolf, nursing upon him just a few minutes more before he pulled back with a sharp popping noise.

He licked his lips and wiped at them with the back of his hand for how much saliva had leaked out of his mouth while it had been engorged with Peter's cock. "Fuck me." His voice sounded hoarse, but that was to be expected given how long he'd entertained Peter's cock in his throat. He looked up at the wolf, impassive as ever, but he'd like to imagine that the wolf was pleased with what he'd done. "You're amazing. I could do that for hours, I would do that for hours." Stiles told the wolf candidly.

Sighing, aware that time might be dwindling down, he stood up and prepared to put the wolf back into his pants. His eyes widened at a startling find. Peter was still hard, still fully erect. "Oh my god." He glanced up at the wolf and exclaimed excitedly. "You can go again?!" There was no answer, but the proof was right before his eyes. Peter was hard as nails as he wrapped his hand around his moist cock. Perfectly ready to continue, and damn if that didn't just make his underwear a tad moister.

Shaking his head, Stiles knew he had to finish up. Which brought about a startling dilemma. "You're going to smell that." He grimaced. Would he be able to smell Stiles' saliva on his cock? Shit. Stiles ran from the kitchen, hastily making his way to the wolf's bathroom, where he rummaged around in many drawers to find the wet wipes the wolf always had in case of some unforeseen issues with a fight. He liked to clean himself up easily rather than later; thankfully, they were scentless, a boon to his present issue.

He ran back to the kitchen and, with thorough movements, cleaned the wolf's cock of any proof of what had happened. He stuffed the wet wipe into the back of his pants, assured that it would be safe for disposal later. From there, he went about the hard and awkward task of getting Peter's massive hard-on back into his confining pants. He was smiling the whole time, though, those dark delectable thoughts ripe with the knowledge that he'd caused this. He'd made Peter come, made him hard, left him hard.

He buttoned the wolf's pants and fashioned his fly before staring up at the wolf. "I'd do that to you for real if you'd give me the chance." Sadly, he knew that would never be the case, so with a resigned, yet still uplifted heart, he twisted and turned the stove back on. He waited for it to start to boil before he ran back to the living room. Whew, he pulled the necklace out and looked at its little timer device on the back. Fifteen minutes to go. Smirking, he pressed the button to end time and sat back.

Stiles jerked upright, eyes wide when he heard an unearthly bellow from the kitchen. One that was caught between a passionate cry and a snarl of utter deviousness. Stiles smirked, pride climbing his spine as he realized that Peter got to feel the full effects of the orgasm he'd wrung out of him. Proud of himself, proud of that pleasure he'd left behind in his wake, he played ignorant and called out. "You okay?"

"F-F-Fine!"

Stiles had to hide his laughter at the pained return of that statement. He was not fine; that wolf was overcome with that orgasm, and Stiles knew it. He returned to perusing the Nereid book as if nothing had disturbed him. It took minutes, countless minutes, before Peter came into the room. The wolf was stiff-limbed if his glance under his lashes was any proof. No doubt his hard-on made walking uncomfortable while crammed into his pants. He smiled and accepted the cup of tea. "Thanks." The wolf gave a brisk nod before stating.

"Excuse me."

Stiles hummed as he took a sip of his tea. He watched as the wolf walked, or rather shuffled, down his hallway towards his bedroom. Stiles smiled to himself when the door shut with more force than the wolf probably wanted to use. Proud of himself, he leaned back in the comfortable chair and resumed reading. He wasn't sure how long it would take Peter to

return, what the wolf was even doing in his bedroom...Though the notion that he might be masturbating was a nice thought.

He glanced down the hallway; regardless, he'd inspired all of that. That beautiful cry of passion, of release, and pleasure. That was all him. He forced himself to focus on the book when, fifteen minutes later, Peter returned. He couldn't wait to go home and masturbate to the thought of what he'd done, at the deep dark knowledge that he knew what Peter looked like, what he felt like, and better yet, what he tasted like. He licked his lips as if he could taste the wolf again; he couldn't, but it was a debauched thought. Tonight he'd get to replay one of his dearest fantasies and know that for once, it had been real.

Chapter End Notes

Basically, Stiles uses the necklace as a means to gaze upon Peter, then his curiosity gets the better of him and he decides to take a peak at what Peter is packing down below. He's awestruck by how large the wolf is, and through his curiosity starts to stroke him only to be shocked to find that the wolf can grow aroused despite being frozen in time. One thing leads to another and he winds up giving Peter a blow job all while the wolf is frozen and ignorant of what's going on.

Chapter 4: Planning ahead

Chapter Summary

Non-con chapter, but clearly marked sections.

Chapter Notes

This has the BIG Non/con section at the end of the chapter which is clearly marked so you can enjoy the rest of the chapter without having to read that section if you don't like that stuff. A brief summary will be at the bottom.

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

It was probably stupid, but he couldn't have waited, and he knew for certain he wouldn't have been able to silence himself. He'd used the time necklace to freeze time so he could masturbate that night while his dad was home. He was loud! But damn if it wasn't the best orgasm he'd had in a long time. That dark fantasy of having Peter was more than enough to get his body hot and bothered, and when he shoved his dildo in deep and imagined it was Peter's large cock he came like it was his first time coming.

He'd made an absolute mess of himself and his bedding. He'd been forced to take a shower after putting time back, all while not letting his dad see his walk of shame to the shower. Still, when he curled up in his clean bed after his trials were over, clutching the nereid book to himself did he smile. He wondered what Peter had thought of all of that. What did he think of that massive orgasm he'd had in the middle of his kitchen for no reason? He had to be confused, but the remembrance of that loud shout of pleasure, of that dark snarl of the Alpha as he came.

He shivered and reminded himself that he'd already come that night to the thoughts of that. Still, his body quivered with the knowledge that he'd made Peter come with such ferocity that his wolf had come out to play. He sighed and looked down at the book he was clutching so tightly, it was compressing his breasts with how tightly he held it.

Humming, he released it and set it aside before looking down once more at his breasts. He reached up and felt himself through the small tank top he was wearing. His lack of a bra let him feel the weight of them with ease and how they jiggled when he cradled them. He huffed. He wasn't a horrible size, probably perfect for his frame, but he couldn't help but compare himself to someone like Erica. Her breasts were bountiful, nice and perky, and voluptuous. Stiles wasn't voluptuous; his breasts felt heavy in his palm, but they were surely nothing like Erica's. Hell, Isaac's tits were larger than his, and Isaac wasn't too much bigger than he was.

Huffing at his body's inadequacies, he released his breast and twisted onto his side, mood soured as he noted just how far off the beaten path he was to being an adequate partner for Peter. He gathered up the Nereid book and opened it. Well, if he couldn't live in his fantasy, he might as well learn something.

Stiles wasn't ashamed to admit it; he used the time necklace for various things. He played pranks on those who bothered him at school, namely Jackson. Going so far as to find the jerk and flatten all four of his fancy car's tires. The douche was in for a nasty surprise when he got out of that luncheon with his mom.

He'd snooped into his dad's office at the precinct and caught him cheating on his diet. He'd poured an alarming amount of pepper onto that burger and left his dad to deal with the unfortunate repercussions of biting into that. He'd snooped into the latest files the police had, intrigued and unrepentant for using his newfound ability to walk around unseen while time was frozen.

Stiles had even used it to go into an old bookstore and freeze time so he could read books, admittedly not a nice thing, but some books were fucking expensive. He'd promised to make up for it by buying an expensive one when he had the cash. His ultimate revenge, however, had been when he'd gone with Scott to the vet clinic and, after rudely being told not to touch anything, had frozen time and gone around touching EVERYTHING. He'd returned time and placidly smiled at the ignorant Druid who kept giving him distrustful looks throughout their time with him. He found it rather funny that the supposed witch doctor of their town had no fucking clue that he'd been frozen in time.

So, was he using it well, fuck no, was he having fun, YES. He liked to think that most of what he was doing was pretty harmless, well, most. Stiles would have been lying if he said that sucking Peter off wasn't wrong; it was, but his lust for the wolf was so paramount to his desires that he forwent the shame that accompanied such an act. The fact that he'd broken down and given in to temptation to suck the wolf off not once but twice more need not be addressed; those howls of passion lived in his dreams and, more importantly, helped with his nighttime activities. Sadly, the dark thrill, the deep satisfaction he got for servicing the wolf in the best ways he knew, didn't last. His curiosity was just too rampant, and sooner rather than later, a deep, dark thought crawled into his mind once more.

Stiles smiled as he entered Peter's apartment, his backpack slung over his shoulder as he proudly crowed. "I think we have a troll."

Peter laughed. "We do not."

"Well, that fucker was squished," Stiles argued with a grin to the laughing wolf, god, how he'd die to hear that more.

"Many things can constrict their prey." Peter counseled the teen. "He wasn't squished, Stiles, he was constricted."

“Still think it's a troll.” The patient but perturbed expression he got was far too hot to have any true power over him. “Fine.” For argument's sake, he questioned. “What do you think it is?”

“Reptilian.”

“FUCK NO!”

Peter laughed at the teen's automatic reaction to something of the reptilian variety. “I know what you're going to say.”

“We have already fucked around with a Kanima, and that stupid spitting thing last month, I am not doing lizards again!”

Peter snorted. “It's not up to you, Stiles, whatever has come to town is what's here.”

“We need to post no lizard signs.”

Peter chuckled at the rather stupid idea. “I fear nothing would take heed to that, it ignored Derek, and I's scent on the trails.”

Stiles huffed. That was true. “Is there reptile repellent? We should ask Deaton.”

Peter smiled patiently at the teen. “I do not think that exists.”

“Well, it should,” Stiles grumbled. “Fine, what kind of reptile?”

“That is the question.” Peter waved the teen over to his dining room table, pulling out a wooden chair. He sat down and pushed a book towards the teen who had taken the seat opposite him. “Take a look at that.”

Stiles hummed as he began to read the page about an ancient species of lizard creature. “Okay...Gross.” He nodded along to what he was reading. “Plausible...Also, gross.”

Peter smirked as the teen went through a checklist of what he was reading. It was always a curious thing to see how Stiles' mind worked. He was so intelligent, so funny, and bright. Peter shook his head; he couldn't get caught up in his attraction for the unique teen. “Well?” He prompted, hoping that the conversation would lead him towards a brighter path than his wolf's lust for the teen that he could not have. He'd find another bed partner to suit his lust that night; he could tide himself with the knowledge that he'd soothe his wolf then.

Stiles hummed. He glanced up at the wolf and said. “Doable...But the method of death doesn't totally ring true, says they eat their prey alive after constricting them to break their bones.”

“And?”

“Dude was dead dead when he was squished, Peter, I saw the coroner's report.”

Peter hummed. Well, that was distressing. “Alright, so that is not our culprit.”

Stiles shook his head. "No. He was also eviscerated before death." He saw how the wolf frowned and tilted his head at the same time, he pointed a sharp finger. "You know what did that."

Peter smirked at the teen picking up his subliminal cue of recognizing something. "A thought...Just a moment." He rose from the table and wandered to his bookshelf. Using the organization he was proud of, he quickly found the book he wanted. Drawing himself back to the table, he leafed through it to the appropriate page before setting it on the table and pushing it towards the teen.

Stiles accepted the book, very curious to know what had triggered that look on Peter's face. His eyes roved over the page, curious, astounded, grossed out. "Oh fuck me."

Peter chuckled at the teen's response to reading about the creature. "Fits though, doesn't it?"

Stiles looked up and muttered. "I kinda wish we had a troll." The wolf laughed, that bright, beautiful noise that sparked the deepest of lusts in him. He looked back down at the book to try and hide his shameful thoughts from the wolf. "Alright, so...One of these jackasses is rocking around our town. Think it's just passing through?"

"A possibility, they are nomadic." Peter retained his seat at the table, watching curiously as Stiles continued to read about the creature they were talking about. He did so love to watch the teen's mind work, the cute little frowns he adopted when he was thinking hard on things. The way his tongue would peak out when he was reading a particularly challenging section, most noticeably the ones in Latin. It was far too delectable, and he had to tear his gaze away from the teen, staring at the newest acquisition he'd gotten. It wasn't lit, but the candle bled its scent into the room regardless of that fact, at least, to him. It smelled quite good and was meant to help heal one's wolf, something for which he still struggled. Hearing Stiles hum, he glanced back at the teen in time to see Stiles look up at him. "Well?"

"Dude, if this is it...If you're right, killing that asshole isn't easy."

"No." Peter agreed with a nod. "They're hard to kill, quite resilient to a great many things...Minus one."

Stiles smiled a bit sadly. "Yeah, the same kryptonite you and Derek have." The wolf huffed at his little joke. "Me and pups cou-"

"No," Peter growled at once. "We are not leaving you to sort this on your own just because we have...Issues with the killing method."

"Fire. You have issues with fire." Stiles reinforced. "And lobbing a Molotov at it won't put us in danger."

"What if you miss?" Peter challenged at once with a growl.

"I mean, no offense, but I lit your ass on fire, and you were pretty gung ho to kill us all." Stiles grinned when the wolf gave him a rather dour expression for the pride in that statement.

“How funny.” Peter drolled. “Be serious, Stiles, if you miss this creature has the ability to kill one of you before the others could act. What if it uses its tail to ensnare one of you? You can’t light each other on fire to be rid of it.”

Stiles hummed. That was true, so, as he often did to annoy the wolf, he shrugged and said. “We’d figure it out.” The glare was supreme, and dear god was it a turn on. The slow rumbling growl the Alpha gave that was meant to enforce his irritation just seeped into him in the worst ways.

“Stiles.”

Oh, sweet mother of god, hearing his name growled like that. Perfection. Stiles smiled. He forced a smile because dear lord, if Peter couldn’t smell his arousal yet, he was bound to.

“Yes, Peter?”

“We’re not leaving you alone with that creature, Derek and I can deal with...The method of attack.”

“Fire.” He saw how the wolf’s features tightened. “The word can’t actually hurt you.” Stiles pointed out gently. “And truthfully, I should be the one in charge of the fire. The rest of you lot aren’t really stable with it...I mean, I’m sure Scott would give a good effort, but he’d probably be freaked out by the nasty creature to actually hit it. My grossed-out super power is to kill it.”

Peter huffed, his earlier irritation falling aside. “That’s your super power?”

“I mean...Yeah?” Stiles nodded. “I don’t really blink at the notion of lighting shit on fire or shooting it, whatever needs to be done is whatever.” He shrugged in a lax manner. “That and research, I’m good at research.”

“I know you are,” Peter stated with a smile. “I can trust you to get things right.”

Stiles smiled, quite proud to hear that the wolf trusted him with something so important. “Thanks.” He looked shyly back down at the book, feeling his cheeks had colored a bit for the praise the wolf had given him. He stared at the ugly depiction of the creature they were no doubt about to set on fire to be rid of. Trying to keep his thoughts on the project at hand and not on how hot Peter was, Stiles questioned. “Do you think you can find it before it kills again?” He looked up in time to see the wolf’s features tighten. Stiles nodded, aware that the wolf was doubtful of such a thing now. “Need more of a scent trail.” The wolf nodded, sighing. Stiles muttered. “And thus we become the murder capital of the world yet again.”

Peter huffed. “We don’t hold that title, Stiles.”

“Feels like we should, I mean, it’s not bad enough that people get murdered here all the time, but they die in really shitty ways, Peter.” He looked up and told the wolf empirically. “Like some of those deaths are just brutal.” He tapped the book. “Evisceration and then constriction? That is suffering before death.”

“It is.” Peter agreed with a somber nod. “But some creatures are just more violent than others.”

Stiles knew that was true, but it didn’t lessen the fact that they saw the dark side of what the supernatural had to offer the world. Sighing, he muttered. “Dad’s already asking me about this, so I had to tell him that we were going over it today to get him to settle down. He’s already fearing a body count.”

“If we have our way, it will be low.” Peter attempted to soothe the teen. “Derek, I, and the other pups just need a bit more to go on to narrow down where it’s denning itself.”

Stiles gave a brisk nod; he knew he couldn’t ask for more. The wolves had been on the prowl since the first body popped up as soon as he’d alerted them to the suspicious death. He looked over at the wolf and muttered. “Be nice if that ritual worked on keeping assholes out of our turf, right?”

Peter smirked. “Yes, that would be amazing.” He pointed at the book and said. “Flip to the last chapter.”

Stiles frowned but did as ordered, flipping through the book until he got to the final chapter on reptilian species. He blinked as he read the interesting blurb about the strange species. He looked up to see Peter smiling. “It adopts things?” The wolf nodded. “Like full on adopts things and raises it?”

“Yes, anything. They have the unfortunate fate of being labeled monsters because they would commonly take children to raise.”

“Right...Snatching up kids will get you pitchforks and torches.” Peter hummed. “But all it wants is to care for things?”

“Yes.” Peter inclined his head. “Nowadays, they’re more civilized; they’re aware that they can’t just adopt human children when they see fit to do so. I know of one that lives in Canada, who owns a petting zoo.”

Stiles burst out laughing. “A petting zoo?”

Peter smiled. “It can adopt all the animals it wants.”

Stiles hummed. That was true. “Weird...But cool.” He grinned back at the wolf, who had found this strange little facet of a species that he probably otherwise would have feared. He looked down at the picture of it; it was a disgusting illustration. “Do they look like this?”

“No.” Peter scoffed. “That’s just the course of humans twisting things into monsters.”

Stiles nodded his head. Yeah, humans did that a lot. “Well, shame we couldn’t just have a lizard monster that wanted to steal kids.” He looked up with a grin, but Peter's expression proved he wasn’t amused. “Dad would die if that happened.”

Peter huffed. “Yes, informing the sheriff that missing children were being stolen to be raised by a shifter would surely give him heart palpitations.”

“I mean, it might.” Stiles leaned back in his chair and said. “I caught him cheating on his diet again, so while his back was turned, I dumped a shit ton of chilli flakes into his food.” Peter laughed boldly upon hearing that. Stiles grinned. “Surprisingly, he’s been behaving himself.”

“A surprise, I’m sure.” Peter chuckled at the teen’s rather mean attempt to ensure his father continued to stick to the healthier diet his heart condition required.

Stiles grinned, quite pleased with himself. “I made him meatloaf to make up for it so he’s not mad.” The wolf chuckled once more at his little plea bargain to assuage his father’s anger at ruining his fast food.

Granted, his father hadn’t known it was him who had tampered with his food; that was all due to the time necklace, but it had still brought his father home in a sour mood, which had made him feel guilty. The meatloaf had cheered him up, though, so he felt a little better for that. He’d been doing all sorts of little things with the necklace as of late, most of which were helpful and good.

Some were mischievous, naughty, some would say. And then there was Peter. Stiles looked down at the book, avoiding the wolf’s handsome face as he thought about what he’d done with the time necklace, what he still had plans for it for. It was shameful, wrong, twisted, and sick, but Stiles’ feelings for the wolf clouded his mind on just how far he could push the envelope. Seeing Peter react to the pleasure he could give him just reinforced that he had done something right, even if it had been accomplished in a sick fashion.

He chewed the inside of his cheek. Was he going to go through with it? He’d...He’d had ulterior motives for coming over. Sure, it had been about the attack, but also, he knew they’d be left alone, which meant he’d have an opportunity to do the one thing in this world that he knew he shouldn’t do. How fucked up in the head was he? He glanced up to see that Peter was staring off at something, not paying attention to him at the moment. He wanted the wolf, just once, just so he’d know if all of his fantasies were true or not. He’d never touch him again, he’d promised himself that, he just...Needed this, just once. Clearing his throat a bit, he said. “I should get going, I’ll pass on the word though.”

“Of course.”

Stiles waved the wolf off when he made to rise to escort him out. “I’ll see you later.” He picked up his bag as if he was intending to leave and headed for the door. He glanced over his shoulder to find that the wolf had pulled the book to himself and was still seated at the table. With Peter momentarily distracted by something, he reached up between his breast, his fingers found the jewel resting underneath his shirt, and with a small movement, he clicked the jewel. He swallowed and questioned. “Peter?” The wolf stayed as he was.

Time was frozen yet again.

***** START OF NON/CON

Stiles left the door he was supposed to leave through and approached the table once more. He set his hand upon the wolf’s shoulder and shook him, nothing. Nodding to himself, aware that he only had two hours to accomplish his sick fantasy, Stiles threw his bag onto the table and

began to rifle through it. He'd brought everything he thought he could possibly need for this. He'd planned it out extensively; if this was the only chance he got, he wanted to make sure it went off without a hitch. Peter didn't need to know about it, and once it was done, Stiles could move on as if nothing had happened. He'd know for himself what it was like to have Peter; he could content himself with the memory of this day, or so he told himself.

Stiles pulled out the various supplies he'd brought with him, staring at the proof of what his plan was. He licked his lips and glanced at Peter. "This will feel good...Or, at least I think it will." He frowned a moment in doubt before shaking his head. "You liked me sucking your cock, so yeah, yeah, this will feel good." Stiles gently maneuvered around the wolf and, with much struggle and nearly falling over with the wolf a few times, managed to get Peter's pants and underwear down around the wolf's knees. Assured that the cloth would be safely out of the way, Stiles took in the beautiful sight of the wolf's flaccid length.

He glanced up at Peter and said. "I'm going to make you feel so good." He reached down and, with a mindful touch, began to stroke the wolf's cock. He knew just how to entice the wolf to respond now. He'd done this three times, and he was a quick study. He knelt before the wolf's prostrate form and leaned over, breathing hard against the thick cock that was just now starting to take notice of his hand movements on it. His hot breath saw it plumping further, its tip moistened as Stiles let his hot breath tease it a moment before he swallowed the wolf whole.

He moaned at the taste of the wolf; it was seductive, addictive, and he craved it all the more despite having done this three times now. The teen fluidly bobbed his head back and forth along the thick length, his hand coming up to stroke the parts of the wolf's shaft that he couldn't take into his mouth and throat. The cock rose swiftly in his touch, his hot mouth and skilled fingers more than enough to have the wolf's body responding to the teen's actions.

Stiles savored this, relished it, enjoying every moment he had with Peter, but more importantly, loving his cock. The salty tang of his precome was a dark delight to him now, something that he looked forward to as he knew what it led up to. That overabundance of come the wolf could produce. His tongue roved over the massive shaft in his mouth, his saliva coating it as he worked it over with deep strokes of his mouth and throat.

He groaned when he felt it reach the peak of its hardness, fully erect and ready to go to work. He pulled off, sucking back saliva as he swallowed. The wolf's cock was fully erect, standing tall and aroused, flushed with blood as it eagerly awaited relief from the torment Stiles had put it through. Stiles stroked it a few more times with his hand, just wanting to savor this moment with the behemoth of a cock he was loving on.

Rising, he wasted no time. He kicked off his shoes and went about stripping himself out of his pants and underwear. He paused as he stood half naked before the wolf. He felt out of place for a moment before his eyes fell to that illustrious dick. Nodding to himself, he twisted and rummaged through his supplies. He took out one of the magnum condoms he'd bought, because he was smarter than hell and there was no way he was doing this without protection. Plus, it would help with cleanup, so with easy movements, he set about getting the wolf's cock contained in the massive condom. It was a snug fit given how thick the wolf was, but it worked.

He stroked the wolf's cock a few times over the plastic sheeting that would protect him from accidentally getting knocked up by the wolf. He turned and grabbed another condom, a much smaller one, as it was meant to fit him. He knew he was going to come like a fire hose by the time this was through, and cleanup was going to be a massive priority when this was done and over with. So, with practiced ease, he fit the condom over himself after stroking himself to hardness; that wasn't hard, he was already aroused for having serviced Peter thus far. His cunt was quite moist as well, but he wasn't stupid; he knew what it meant to take such a behemoth into himself. He'd prepared himself for this.

Stiles reached between his thighs and, with a small grimace, struggled with the large plug he'd purchased, the largest that he'd dared to use. It had been one hell of a snug fit, and even now it was harder to remove. "Come on...Fuck." Stiles groaned in relief when he managed to pull the blasted thing out of himself. He set it on the table, stoutly ignoring how covered in his juices it was. Feeling far too empty now, Stiles swallowed and anxiously grabbed the lube. He was not undertaking Peter's cock with just his natural lubrication; that would be stupid. So, he used a LIBERAL amount of lube to cover the wolf's covered cock. He stroked it through the fluidity of the lube and then, after he'd cleaned his hands off, once everything was set, moved to do the thing that would surely see him burning in hell, if such a place existed.

He climbed into the wolf's lap, his hands coming to the wolf's shoulders to help steady himself as he found his placement straddling the wolf's lap. Biting his lip, he moaned when he positioned himself above the wolf's erect dick. Feeling it trail between his thighs for the first time was a wet dream, its slicked surface probing the lips of his pussy and teasing him for what was to come. "Fuck...Fuck you're so big." Just feeling him pressed against himself made it all the more real; he was going to take Peter Hales cock.

He reached down with one hand, gently but firmly holding the wolf's cock in place as he adjusted himself minutely before, with a shallow breath, dared to do the unthinkable. He struggled, at first, getting the wolf's girthy cock into his narrower opening wasn't easy, but the aid of the plug and a firm stretching at home had done the trick, and with a bit of gentle rocking, he managed to get the wolf's cock to pierce him. He grunted at the tight fit. Dear lord, he was being stretched far wider than he'd ever imagined. The plug had been nigh impossible, and now, through careful manipulation, he had gotten the broad head of Peter's cock into himself. "It'll get easier." He told himself, as he grimaced while shifting about on the wolf, that he was sure he just needed to find the right angle to make this more doable. He groaned as he sank a little further on the wolf's cock, its large form pushing the sodden walls of the teen out of its way with impressive force.

"Fuck...Fuck, you're so big." Stiles whined at the tightness of his cunt being stretched so fully, god he wanted to be full of this cock. To feel Peter all the way in his throat with how deep he could go, but it took time. Time and patience, bit by bit, one centimeter at a time, he worked his way down the thick rod that was penetrating him with its turgid length. It was unforgiving in how it spread Stiles's cunt, stretched him wide around its girth, and pushed at the sensitive walls of his cunt, demanding to be let in further.

Stiles moaned at the stretch, at the cloying sensation of being filled. It was so much better than his dildo, so much...More. He slowly worked his way down, down, down, until finally

he came to rest in the wolf's lap. Stiles panted for the work of it all; he groaned, dear god, he was full. Peter was fully encased in his body; he'd taken the wolf's massive dick. He smiled tiredly at that achievement, for the barest of moments he'd feared it wasn't possible, that Peter was just too large for him, but here he was...Peter hard as nails buried deep inside his quivering pussy. It felt as if the wolf was pressing every bit of himself out of the way, as if to carve its path into him regardless of Stiles' body's feelings on the subject.

Looking down, Stiles swallowed; his narrow hips and firm belly showed easily the discrepancy in their sizes. Their joining was sordid; his pussy stretched wide around the thick shaft, which backed up the sensations his cunt was giving him. He swallowed upon seeing a gentle protrusion in his belly, a swelling that hadn't been there before he'd taken Peter inside himself. He reached down and felt his belly. He frowned. It was debauched, but he'd thought it might be Peter's cock, but he couldn't feel the wolf's cock under his hand. Just the fullness. Humming, he looked up at the wolf and told him empirically. "You're so deep in me, Peter, filling me so full, I've never been this full before." He rather liked it, but he was kinda a size queen anyway.

It had been a delightful surprise to find how hung Peter was, and now, he thoroughly enjoyed it. Aware that he had limited time on his hands, he laid his hands upon the wolf's shoulders to help ground himself and then, with the use of his legs, thighs, and hands, lifted himself slowly. He groaned at the sordid sensation of Peter's cock withdrawing from him, how hollowed out he felt without the wolf's cock buried so deep inside him. He quivered atop the wolf as he withdrew it to its tip, groaning his body trembled in need, and quicker than he should, he pushed himself back upon the wolf's cock.

He groaned, a sharp, bitten-off whine leaving him as he pressed down. down. down. and was filled with the wolf's impressive girth. Stiles panted for the labors of taking the wolf's cock, undeterred by the struggle, by the work it took to endure the wolf's length, he slowly rose himself up once more. He'd find a rhythm, he was sure of that. It was no different than learning how to use a dildo; it was just flesh and blood and way bigger.

The stretch didn't truly get easier; he felt abundantly full, cloyingly full, but dear god did he love every second of it. The sensation of being wrapped around that thick rod was something he would dream about the rest of his life, and so, he took advantage of enjoying every sensation it could give him. He rose, disjointedly, up and down, trying to find a rhythm that would suit his needs. He was going to feel for himself all the lovely sensations one could get from fucking a wolf.

He groaned, his head hanging low towards his breasts as he took the wolf into himself once more. It was getting easier, but it was taking time. He knew he didn't have forever, though, and so he did his best to adapt on the fly, his movements growing more hurried as he desperately searched for the pleasure this coupling would grant him. His cock was firm against his belly, his cunt clenching tight against the thickness invading it, his arousal through the roof for having taken the wolf into himself. He just needed more if he was going to come.

He could feel how the wolf's cock throbbed inside him; they were so tightly put together that he could feel the sensations through the condom of the wolf's cock responding to him. It was a joyous thing to him to know that Peter's body was enjoying this, enjoying him. He rose and

fell upon the wolf, his movements slowly gaining traction, his body steadily adapting to taking such a large object into himself. The impervious nature of the wolf's cock gave no leeway in how it penetrated him. It was up to Stiles' body to accommodate it, and dear lord, he wanted to accommodate it. He was doing pretty good a job of it if he was honest, his movements were smoother, and he was gaining more pleasure from the act of it. He groaned as he sank fully upon the cock that he'd dreamed of. "Fuck...God taking you is amazing." That fullness, that sensation of being stretched to his limits. He whined as he rose up off the wolf's cock, nearly torn free of him, before he pushed himself down upon the turgid length, his cunt swallowing it down like a hungry mouth. Spreading itself wide upon its length and allowing it to sink deep within the smaller human.

Stiles bit his lip to try and stave off crying out as he sank down harder upon that thick cock, it struck deep, his deepest parts. He felt its condom-covered tip stroke his cervix and trembled with the sensation of being so stuffed full. "Fuck...Fuck, Peter." He moaned as he rose himself up once more and went about the process of pulling that delectable length nearly free of himself before thrusting himself downward. He groaned at how it filled him once more, desperate for more.

He took more, taking all Peter had to offer him with exhilaration to their coupling. He knew it would have been better if the wolf were participating in his wild imagination was sure the wolf would be quite powerful in bed, but that wasn't possible, so he contented himself with a desirable outcome instead. His body rose and fell with every staccato breath he took, admitting the wolf's thick member into his depths with practiced ease as his body was learning to adapt to the turgid length that forced it to bend to that cocks will.

Stiles moaned, a deep throaty noise breaching his lips as he slammed himself down upon that thick cock once more. Its desirable length, its thickness that stretched him in all the right ways...It was just too perfect. Stiles continued to moan, groan, and cry out in pleasure as he fucked himself on the wolf. Slowly, bit by bit, his passion rose; his frantic movements became animalistic in his fervor for release. His hand left Peter's shoulder to reach between them and begin fisting his condom covered dick. He moaned lasciviously at the pleasure that took hold of him, his cunt clenching hard around the wolf's thick rod in response to the new heights of pleasure he was feeling.

"Peter." He moaned. "Oh god...Peter, more...Give it to me." He cried out loudly in the wolf's apartment, unafraid of another hearing his loud cries, as it was just him and the frozen werewolf. "Oh god...Oh god. Yes. Yes. Fuck me!" Stiles bounced upon the wolf's thick cock, feeling it plunder his deepest parts as his hand worked furiously upon his throbbing dick. It wasn't going to be much longer before he came, and he desperately wanted the proof that Peter was enjoying himself. He wanted to bring the wolf to completion, to see him fill the condom wrapped snugly around the wolf's cock. He wanted to step outside the wolf's apartment, unfreeze time, and hear that arousing cry of passion the wolf gave as he felt for himself the tiding of pleasure their coupling brought him.

Stiles tilted his head back in pleasure, his mouth falling open as he thrust himself up and down the wolf's dick. Short grunts left him as it slammed into the very depths of his cunt, the cloying pressure, fullness of taking such a large cock tingling the nerve endings in his cunt and giving him a pleasant sensation in the back of his head. He was doing this, and it was

glorious. He cried out for the wolf, aware that his cries wouldn't be answered, but needing to say them regardless. "Almost...Peter, I'm almost there...Gods, I'm going to come so hard. You're so big, so deep." The teen moaned as he bounced himself upon the thick meat between his thighs. "I'm gonna come!" Stiles cried out as if to warn the wolf of such an event, never mind that Peter was ignorant of anything going on.

Stiles thrust deep down upon the wolf's cock, his hand tightening on his cock, and with one short grind, he came. Stiles cried out with abandon. "FUCK, PETER!" His body sang of its bright conclusion even as he continued to bounce himself upon the wolf's cock as his own spilled its passions into the condom wrapped around it. Stiles groaned as he felt his cunt clench tightly around the wolf, trying desperately to milk its companion during its passion.

Stiles gasped when, upon slamming himself down and deep once more upon Peter, he felt the wolf's cock throb, a dark pulsating sensation that tickled his cunt in the best of ways. Then, much to his shock, a new fullness arose; he continued to grind them together, assured that he was just feeling the expansion of the condom as Peter came. His eyes fell at half mast as he ground himself up on the wolf, pleased to know that he'd brought Peter to his own end.

His eyes flared open, he gasped in shock when he felt a sharp snapping sensation, as if a rubber band had snapped inside his cunt, a sharp lancing sting, and then, oh then, he felt warm flesh pulsating inside him and the thick jettisons of hot seed entering him.

"FUCK...Oh god. Oh god, you're coming in me." Stiles glanced down between them even as he couldn't help but continue to bounce and grind himself upon the spilling length. "Oh god...It's so warm, so deep. Dear god, you're coming so much." It was filling him, great jets of come entering his tight cunt, pressing deeper and deeper as he ground himself upon the spilling length. It felt orgasmic to feel the heady sensation of the wolf's warm semen entering him, a dark thrill, a deep dark fantasy that he'd dared not cross but had accidentally happened.

Stiles didn't quite know why the condom had broken, but then again, the amount of come that was being shoved into his clenching cunt might have been the reason. He groaned as he gave small grinds of his hips, desperate to feel more of it, to take all Peter had to offer him despite knowing that he shouldn't have entertained this. It was dangerous, he knew this plainly, but the dark thrill of being filled with Peter's come overrode that sensibility at the moment. No, he let himself savor the sensation of being filled, the wolf's cock pulsating inside him, its great propulsion of come bathing his cunt in its heated spend.

Just as he'd learned before when servicing the wolf with his mouth, Peter came a lot. A LOT. Stiles moaned at the cloying fullness he was beginning to feel, his cunt only so big when filled so entirely with cock, and now, the wolf's semen was filling up the rest. Stiles moaned as he rocked back and forth on the wolf's spilling length. He never entertained the idea of pulling back, of removing the wolf's spilling length from himself, despite his body sending signals that it was growing fuller than it should.

He panted with the dark thrill of it all, his body eager for it, his cunt rabid in how it undulated around the spill cock, begging it for more. Stiles rode Peter throughout the wolf's long orgasm, taking pulse after pulse of come into himself, feeling himself grow fuller than he'd ever thought possible. He let his eyes go downward, sure that he could grow no fuller despite

the wolf continuing to come. His eyes widened when he saw a telling swell to his belly. Dear god. Peter was filling him so deeply, so thoroughly, that it was showing.

He reached down and moaned when he felt the warmth of his flesh; it was firmer, a force that was not of his own body distending him. The wolf's bountiful spend was filling his womb with ease, with how the wolf's cock was pressed so firmly against his cervix. Stiles ground them together at that dark thought, the notion that his womb was bathed in the wolf's seed and swelling with it. He gave a soft groan as the feeling of being full grew.

"Gods. Peter...I'm so full, you're filling me...I'm not sure I can take you." He moaned as he ground himself upon that spilling length, his cunt throbbing wantonly for the wolf's attention. Stiles bit his lip as he let his body ride out the delectable sensation of being filled by Peter, his gentle rocking more than enough to keep his cunt well enticed to service the wolf. "Fuck...Fuck I'm going to be leaking your come for hours." And wasn't that just a dark delight? The very notion that he'd have the proof of this for hours after tickled him quite well. "Gods...There's so much, I never imagined it'd be like this." He mourned all at once that he'd intended to deny himself this luxury.

The condom breaking wasn't a good thing, but now that it had happened, he didn't truly regret it. Sure, he'd have to make sure to get the morning-after pill, but that was a small price to pay to enjoy this. Stiles couldn't help but moan when he felt the great pulses of the wolf's release begin to taper off. No longer was he feeling the hard pushes of fluid being thrust into him by the wolf's ejaculation. Slowly, it dimmed, and he mourned it all the more as he slowly ended his grinding to let the wolf finish without his input.

Sighing, heart slowing after the great workout of their coupling, Stiles stared at the wolf who was frozen in time. He reached up and stroked the wolf's face. "Thank you. I never thought it would be like this, that...That sex could be this." He blushed a bit; it felt stupid to be bashful given he was buried so thickly upon Peter dick, but he felt it anyway. "It's more than I thought possible, and I'm not sure if that's because it's you or if sex is just like this...But thank you." He leaned forward and chastely kissed the wolf, savoring the brief touch of their lips before he pulled back. The wolf's cock was still erect deep inside his pussy, ready for another round despite having just finished its heavy ejaculations.

Stiles hummed. Now, he had to clean things up. He'd hoped to contain things in the condoms, but that wasn't possible now. He glanced down and, with practiced ease, went about removing his own condom. It was easy, and relatively clean, though his cock was moist with its own spend. He twisted after tying off the condom. He knew what he had to do; there was no way he could make a quick escape from Peter's place without dripping the wolf's come everywhere, and that would be a nightmare to clean up.

He reached back across the table, snagging up the plug that he'd used to help prepare himself with the wolf. Blowing out a tight breath, he slowly stood, groaning at the sick sensation of losing the enticing cock of the wolf. The moment it was free of him, he felt moisture sliding down. He hastily shoved the plug into himself, wincing at his haste as it was a bit rough for his overused muscles. Sighing, relieved to have staved off making a mess of things, he climbed off the wolf entirely and hummed. The condom he'd intended to use for Peter was

rolled down, pushed into a roll around the base of the wolf's head. It had done him no favors, and the wolf's cock was shiny with the proof of their tryst.

It was moistened with Stiles' arousal and the thick cream of the wolf's essence. He twisted all at once, digging through the supplies he grabbed the scentless wet wipes he'd brought with him. He grimaced as he took off the ruined condom; it was sodden with their juices and wrecked in how it had split apart. He was quick in putting it into the ziploc bag he'd brought for the condoms, sealing his own inside along with it. Once they were safely tucked into his bag, their cloying perfume cut off from the air did he went about cleaning Peter's cock of the proof of their coupling. It was relatively easy, given the wolf's cock was standing firm and ready for more. "God, I'd fuck you again in a heartbeat." It didn't matter that his pussy was radiating its complaint for their fucking, for taking such a large cock into himself with such fervor. He would easily have subjected himself to another round if he'd had the time for it.

As it was, he felt pleasantly satiated, though his belly felt full in a way he'd never felt before. He spared a glance downward and smiled; the small curvature of his expanded womb proved just where all that semen had gone. "Gods that hot." He shook his head. Now wasn't the time to fawn over the proof of what he'd done. He finished tidying up Peter's cock, drying it off with the small towel he'd brought with him. He tended to himself next, wiping his thighs and pussy free of the proof of their fucking. He threw the wet wipes into another baggie and sealed it before donning his clothing once more. Once he was dressed, he went about the horrid task of getting Peter back into his pants.

Again, a super thick cock like Peter's, fully erect, was not easy to tame; still, Stiles managed it as he had all the other times he'd played with the wolf. He was sure it wouldn't be comfortable for Peter to stay seated like that, but the pleasure he'd feel when Stiles unfroze time should make up for that. He shoved all his supplies back into his bag before digging out the air freshener. It was odorless and shouldn't offend Peter's nose, but hopefully would rid the air of any proof of the scent of sex. He sprayed it liberally before throwing it back into his bag.

Done, Stiles appraised the wolf once more and smiled. "That was amazing, I just wish you could have been a part of it...I mean, as if you'd wanted me." He bit his lip a moment as he thought of that for a brief moment. "But having you just once was all I needed." He'd content himself with the fantasies of this day, he told himself; he'd committed the worst act possible, but he told himself that the wolf finding pleasure in it made up for it somehow.

He turned and left the wolf's apartment, shutting the door behind himself. He took a shuddering breath and reached down. Lifting the necklace out of his shirt, he grasped it firmly and hit the jewel. He closed his eyes and smiled when he heard the inhuman roar, the bellow of pleasure that Peter let out as he was overcome with the pleasure of his orgasm. Stiles opened his eyes and left the wolf to deal with the proof of their coupling.

Stiles uses the time necklace to freeze time, coming prepared he uses a condom on Peter but due to the wolfs virile nature it breaks. Their time ends and after cleaning up all the evidence of what he'd done Stiles leaves Peter's apartment and relishes the pained pleasure howl he heard Peter issue once he restarts time.

Chapter 5: Taking precautions

Chapter Summary

Stiles plans ahead after the condom breaks.

Stiles glanced around, but after assuring himself that no one was around, he fished out the time necklace and froze time. He walked to the pharmacy and smiled. “So yeah...I had unprotected sex with a werewolf, so I need something.” He joked to the frozen girl at the counter. Snorting to himself, he hopped over the counter and wandered through their shelves before he found the little box that housed the medication he needed to avoid the serious ramifications of that condom breaking. He reached around the clerk at the cash register and rang it up, totaling out the sale as the cash register opened. He put in the money for the medication and shut it. He was a lot of things, but a thief wasn’t one of them.

He hopped over the counter once more and smiled at the girl. “Thanks, you’ve been a lot of help.” He wandered back to where he’d been when time froze, shoving the packet in his back pocket before he unfroze time and walked out of the store with ease. He smiled to himself, after he took this magic little pill, there’d be nothing but his memories to remind him of what happened.

He climbed into his faithful jeep and headed for home, assured that he’d been responsible in the face of that stupid condom breaking. He didn’t know the odds of pregnancy for a single fucking, but he wasn’t going to become a statistic because he felt like rolling the dice. Given how much Peter came, it wouldn’t be hard odds for the wolf to knock him up if he was stupid to play around with that chance.

Stiles popped the pill into his mouth and chugged back a few swallows of his Gatorade. He swallowed and stared down at the little box the pill had come in. Well, that had been easy enough. Assured that the ordeal was done and over with, the teen stoutly buried the box in the garbage can in his room, keeping it well out of view of his father's eyes until he took out the trash that night.

He lay down on his bed and looked down; his billowing t-shirt hid his narrow form, but curiosity and the sick satisfaction of it all had him lifting it. He swallowed at the sight of how swollen with Peter’s come he was. “Fuck that’s hot.” He’d taken all the supernatural wolf could offer him, and it was quite a lot; he was all the more jealous of the wolf's flings now that he’d experienced the wolf for himself.

He let his hand come down to embrace the swelling of his abdomen gently, his womb overburdened with the excess of semen the wolf had given him. Groaning, he shoved his shirt

down to avoid turning himself on anymore; his cunt was tired as it was, he'd removed the plug and taken a VERY long shower to try and be rid of at least some of the wolf's come.

It had helped, but there had to be tons still left inside him to be bloated with it. He'd worn a pad in the hopes that it might absorb whatever else flowed out of him. As it was, he felt quite moist down there, so it had to be working somehow, as his pants weren't a mess just yet. If it wasn't for the supreme ache of his loins, he might have been tempted to use his dildo on himself to come to the delectable sight of himself being stuffed full of the wolf's come, but he had a feeling his body felt overworked enough for having taken what the wolf could dish out.

Sighing, Stiles muttered to himself. "It was nice...More than nice." He tacked on. "Shame I'll never have the real thing." Peter wouldn't want him in that capacity, and he sure as shit would hate him if he ever learned what Stiles had done. He frowned; he knew it was wrong, that it was vile what he'd done, but his heart ached so deeply for the wolf. His eyes traveled down his body; he was everything the wolf didn't want.

He wasn't busty, wasn't curvy enough; he was thin and narrow, and he had muscles rather than the softer body that Peter seemed to favor. He'd caught sight of two of his flings, just two, but it had been enough for him to know what sort Peter favored, and Stiles was not that sort. Sighing to himself, he sourly muttered as he looked up at the ceiling. "I got to have him...Nobody can take that away from me." He knew, in his heart, that it would be a great temptation not to do that again, to not use the time necklace against the wolf to have his wicked way with him.

Still, Stiles felt that now that he'd seen and felt for himself what sex was like, he could keep those dark thoughts under control. He had to, or so he told himself. It was bad enough that he'd sucked the wolf off three times, that he'd given into that temptation, but fucking him? That was so much worse; there was no excuse alive that could forgive that treachery...It was too late to take it back, and even if he could, Stiles wasn't sure he had the capacity to mourn what he'd done.

No, he loved Peter, and it might be sick and twisted, warped in some capacity that it allowed him to do what he did, but it was done with. His eyes trailed downward to the time necklace that even now was resting between his breasts under his t-shirt. The comforting weight of it reminded him of all the possibilities it allowed him. He needed to use it wisely; this dark fantasy he allowed to play out wasn't what this sort of magic was for, or so he assumed. Stiles was sure he could find a better use for it, one that might yet help the pack in some capacity.

Nodding to himself, determined to use the magic for the good of the pack rather than his selfish desires, Stiles twisted over and snuggled into his second pillow. He let out a soft breath as he closed his eyes. Tomorrow, he'd spend time with the pack and leave his dreams of Peter at home. He'd gotten to have the wolf, and he'd content himself with the knowledge that it had happened for real. Being near him as he'd always been was more than he could ask for. Stiles snuggled down, intent on taking a little nap before his dad got home, his body pleasantly satiated from his wild romp with the werewolf.

Stiles smiled as he bumped shoulders with Peter, doing his damndest not to show how the werewolf fighting the lizard monster had turned him on way too much. "Yay, for team fire." Peter snorted; he was not impressed with that. "I'd like to go on record that it was quite distasteful."

Stiles hummed. He could understand that. "But at least this time it wasn't you." The glower that caused had him grinning. "Relax, you're no longer clinically insane, and if anyone was going to light you on fire, it would probably come down to me." The glare intensified. "But it's cool, you're not a raving lunatic hell bent on revenge, more a bookworm than anything." Stiles grinned at the low growl he earned for continuing to tease the Alpha.

"Stiles."

Oh, how sweet it was to hear his name called in such a gruff tone. Stiles couldn't hide his smile, though he was sure the wolf was misconstruing what had caused it. It wasn't the impish delight in having irritated the werewolf, no, it was the dark thrill of hearing the growl in the werewolf's tone as he called his name. Totally masturbation inspiration. Assured that he'd have a lot of fun with that later, Stiles patted the irritable werewolf on the back, a small bid to enjoy touching the werewolf who was now and forever more off limits to himself. "Hey, it's not all bad, a lot of people don't like fire...Granted, like ninety-nine percent of the population haven't gone through what you did, but the fear is a real one. Personally, I'm way more scared of heights."

Peter frowned, distracted from his irritation with the teen's commentary to say. "Heights?"

Stiles smiled, a tad strained as they walked. "Yeah...Bad experience when I was younger." He shook his head as he recalled what it was like to be on the roof of the hospital with his mother when she had truly lost herself. He looked at the wolf and smiled. "You can put out a fire; most of the time it's pretty easy to do so...Heights aren't so easily dealt with."

Peter hummed. "You can climb down."

"Sometimes there's no way down...Well, there's always a way down, it's just unlikely that it will end well."

Peter scowled. "Where were you that you couldn't climb down?"

Stiles shook his head. This was not a conversation he had anticipated having with the wolf, but it was kinda on him for bringing it up. "It doesn't matter...I never want to feel that again, though, that feeling of being backed against the wall with only one way to go." Stiles took a shuddering breath. "Worst feeling in the world, feeling caged."

Peter hummed in agreement, quite perplexed by the teen's admission to such a feeling. They were drawing closer to their vehicles, and the night was going to tear them from each other's sides. Already, the pack's conversations were dwindling as they grew tired and eager to head home. Still, this conversation with Stiles had piqued his interest in the boy, more than his usual, that is. "Well, I'll remember not to have you climb something if we need bait."

Stiles snorted at the wolf's teasing. "Yeah, let's not."

Peter chuckled at the sour return he got. "Is it all heights or just a certain distance?"

Stiles hummed thoughtfully before saying. "I mean...Jumping off the springboard in the pool doesn't really bother me, the small one that is...The bigger one is iffy."

Peter nodded his head in acceptance of what the teen was telling him. "A far fall."

"Humans are rather squishy, you know."

Peter smirked at that statement. "I'm aware of how easily they can die."

Stiles blinked. Oh, he chuckled. "Yeah, right...Rampaging kujo."

Peter huffed. That was not what he had meant, though whatever he was about to say was cut off abruptly by Scott loudly saying goodbye to everyone. He sighed, and he smiled when Stiles turned towards him in preparation for saying goodbye for the night. "Good night, darling."

"Night." Stiles smiled. He did so love that term of endearment; it made him feel special. Granted, Peter used it on everyone; it wasn't just him, but his mind latched onto that in a desperate bid to show that just for a split second, Peter had been thinking of only him. A stupid notion, and one that often led him down darker thoughts about his self-worth. He turned and headed for his car, intent on going home now that the latest fugly had been dealt with. "Woulda been kinda cool if it had been a troll." He grinned to himself, then again, that lizard had been fucking ugly, and seeing it being set on fire was oddly entrancing.

Stiles frowned as he walked past the calendar on their fridge. That couldn't be right. He walked back to it and stared at the days date, was it really the twentieth already? He hummed, that was rather odd, he hadn't gotten his period yet...Well, there had been a lot of stress going on, what with the killer lizard and all. It wouldn't be the first time that stress got the better of his body and made him skip his period.

Unbothered, assured that such a thing was most likely the reason he continued onto what he'd been doing before he was waylaid but the calendar and its revelation of his body being stressed. Given what he was surrounded by on a day-to-day basis, it was a wonder that he had a period at all. He snorted. Wasn't that just an amusing thought?

Stiles winced as he put on his bra; his breasts were tender for some reason. He'd had that happen in the past, but that had normally taken place when he was on his period. He hummed. Maybe his late period was finally going to start? He glared down at the sensitive tissue of his bosom. He hoped so; they were bound to ache for a while if that was the case, and the sooner it could be over, the better.

Huffing, annoyed at his body's behaviors, the teen shrugged into a t-shirt just as he heard someone come running up the stairs. He smirked and chuckled when he heard a knock, a

telling trait that all the wolves had now adopted after Stiles had embarrassed Scott one afternoon about his walking in on him unannounced. He'd left Peter's screw up between him and the Alpha, mostly because, although he'd been shocked by that, he'd somewhat been pleased to know that the wolf had seen more of his body...Even if he didn't have the self-confidence to show it off on his own. "Come on in, Scotty." His best friend walked in with a grin.

"Dude, we have to go to the movies, that new axe murderer film came out."

Stiles chuckled. "Dude, we've dealt with real-life serial killers."

Scott shrugged. "I mean, it's less fun when it's real, but fake shit is fun."

Stiles kinda had to agree with him there. "Alright, let me grab my wallet. I don't have anything else planned, we'll leave a note for dad and go see how many people that axe murderer can kill before some knight in shining armor comes in to save everyone." Scott snickered at his assumption that some hero would swoop in to save everyone at the last minute. They jogged down the stairs and walked into the kitchen, where Stiles grabbed a notepad he jotted down a quick message. That he was going to the movies with Scott, and that he was omnipotent, and he knew that his father would cheat on his diet before he got home, and if he found evidence, he'd feed him spinach casserole to make up for it. Assured that his father would be curbed in disobeying his doctor's orders, he turned and nodded. "Let's go."

"Yes!" Scott ran ahead, Stiles chuckling as he went after the wolf.

Stiles locked up his house and jogged his way to his car, assured that they'd take his trusty vehicle so Scott didn't have to ride his bike the whole way there. They climbed in, and after two false starts, the vehicle started, and they were off on their adventure to the movies. Stiles had doubts about whether or not the movie would be worthwhile, but it wasn't like he'd had anything better to do that day. Watching a movie about a fake axe murderer was sure to be somewhat entertaining, given that he knew what the real thing was like.

Stiles was ever thankful when the breast tenderness eased, proof that his body was getting off its high horse. His period still hadn't reared its ugly head, which meant his body was just out of whack since he'd missed it. He was sure that his body would get back on track this month, though he'd have to wait until around the twentieth to find out if that held true. He spent his days with the pack, ragging on the wolves whenever able and casting side-long glances towards Peter when he was sure that the wolf wouldn't catch sight of him. He'd kept to his promise and not used the time necklace against the wolf for his own sick ventures, though he had used it a few times.

He'd wandered the town when time was frozen, just taking things in without being bothered by people, and most noticeably not at risk for his father being made aware of his every movement. Being the sheriff's kid could truly suck sometimes. He'd snuck into the sheriff's station to check on his dad more than once, and had only had to sabotage his lunch once in all

those times. Clearly, his dad had learned his lesson that some unknown force was punishing him for disobeying his doctor's orders.

He'd scoped out their case files and spent some time in their evidence locker just staring at the various things that had been collected. He made sure not to touch a thing; he knew how delicate investigations were, but he did enjoy seeing what was considered evidence. He may or may not have gone into the jail and punched the man in the nuts that his father had said had bitten a deputy he knew. He knew that once time unfroze, that poor bastard was in for some pain, and he wouldn't even know why his dick hurt, which was hilarious to the teenager.

Another day, he wandered through the comic book store, checking out various graphic novels to find ones that he truly thought were interesting that he might like to buy. He always paid for anything that he liked, ensuring that the store was aware that the item was gone, paid for, even if the people working there would have no memory of what he'd done.

He'd gone to the pharmacy to get some antacids as he kept having reflux for some fucking reason. The chalky tablets seemed to do the trick, so he figured it was some passing issue his body was having. He may have ensured that an elderly woman he knew, who was struggling with drugs, was paid for, a happy surprise for her and something that might yet give her relief from her struggles. It had been the one case of 'theft,' and he truly felt that it wasn't that, the pharmacy wouldn't miss those drugs, and the pharmaceutical company was raking in millions. A single bottle of a drug that meant the world to an old woman wouldn't be missed. Besides that one episode of tampering, he kept most of his exploits to stuff that was just amusing or oddly helpful.

He'd returned a wallet he found after tracking the man down; he'd never know his wallet was missing, which was nice. He'd contemplated making himself coffee at his favorite coffee shop, as their beans were the best and he wasn't yet done walking through time. His impromptu visit turned out to be a good thing, as a barista there had been seconds away from scalding themselves on boiling milk. He'd carefully shifted the woman's hand away from what was sure to be a nasty burn, then he'd made himself some coffee, paid for it, and gone back to his wandering.

All in all, he used the time necklace for petty things, boredom more often than naught. He helped out a few people along the way and pranked the pack a few times, leaving them befuddled about how things came about. He had broken down one afternoon while reading at Peters to stop time and just take the wolf in; he hadn't done anything but stare. Unafraid of being caught since the wolf was frozen, he'd enjoyed the quiet moment he could have with the wolf without being called into question.

Despite the temptation for more, he refused to cross that line, as the longer he'd had to think over things, the more he realized just how big a line he'd crossed. He knew there was no going back; he couldn't take time back, those actions back, but he was adamant that he wouldn't repeat those mistakes. So, he stared at him quietly, dreaming of more, but never taking it without permission. Stiles knew he'd never have it; more than once, the wolves had whispered about Peter smelling of another in an intimate fashion. A woman's perfume, a man's cologne, it was a stark reminder time and again that he wasn't the wolf's type.

It made the sordid memories of what he'd done all the more precious to him, even if he knew that it should ruin their effectiveness to know he'd taken it by force. He contained his lust to his own bedroom, masturbating with fervor to the thoughts of that night, of the times he'd sucked off the wolf and dark sin of feeling the wolf come inside him when the condom had broken. Stiles knew it would probably be a long time before he had sex again, and he wasn't sure if it would be the same as what he'd had with Peter. He wasn't really anyone's type; it probably stemmed from how he dressed like a boy all the time, but he never really felt feminine.

He never showed off his breasts as the others did; they weren't bad per se, but they were smaller than the vast majority of those around him. Only able to fill a handful, tight and firm, bouncy but not to the same degree as a bustier woman and men. Stiles felt his tomboyish nature suited him, seeing as he didn't feel he was attractive enough for someone's attention. It was different for his friends; they were hot werewolves with special abilities. Stiles was just...Human. A scrawny one at that, not somebody many would take notice of. So, he kept to his fantasies, assured that it would be a while before he got to have sex again, unsure that anyone could hold a candle to his time with Peter.

Stiles hurled, wrapped around the toilet seat as if it were a life preserver, as he lost his breakfast with such ferocity that he was sure he was going to puke up his stomach. He spat after the wave of nausea ran its course. Panting for breath, he grimaced at the putrid taste of bile in his throat. He spat again, but the sour tinge of sickness was still in his mouth. He leaned heavily upon the toilet seat, just breathing, just trying to quell the upset in his stomach. He wasn't sure what had offended it so greatly; all he'd had was some toast, a pretty benign breakfast if you asked him, and yet, his stomach was acting like he'd committed a war crime upon it. He heard a knock behind him and groaned.

"Feeling better?"

"No." He groaned back to his father.

"Sorry, kiddo, you must have gotten that flu that's going around."

Stiles groaned once more at the prospect of continuing to be sick because he'd caught something. Fuck his life. He'd helped save the town, and this is how his body repaid him? He spat once more as saliva filled his mouth. "Going to work?"

"Afraid I have to, don't like leaving you like this, but I can't just call in with such short notice."

Stiles waved at his dad, dismissing that. "I'm old enough to be sick at home, Dad." His dad chuckled in response.

"I know that, but I still don't like leaving you alone when you're ill."

Stiles hummed. He couldn't fault him for that; whenever his dad got sick, he hovered like a metaphorical buzzard. "I'll be fine." He promised his father, as it was, the urge to vomit was

rising, and he was desperately hoping to shoo his father away before he gave in to his tormented stomach. No such luck, he heaved violently into the toilet, his stomach spasming, twisting, and clenching as it tried its best to expel whatever had upset it. Stiles had nothing left in him to throw up; it was all just saliva and bile, but his body gave it all to do it anyway. He groaned when the wave of nausea gave way once more, and he was able to lean on his bicep as he clutched the toilet tightly. "Have a good day at work." His father snorted from behind him.

"Sure. Call me if this gets worse."

Stiles hummed. He doubted he'd do that, but he let his dad think he would. He heard his dad say goodbye and the distant sounds of him heading downstairs. Alone, miserable, the teen muttered. "Fuck, being human sucks balls." Not for the first time did he hate that all of his friends were werewolves and thus, immune to everything. He'd even gone so far as to threaten to put wolfsbane in Scott's coffee when he gloated about it the last time Stiles had a cold, which had shut his friend up, but also gotten him disapproving looks from both Alphas. Neither of them knew what it was like to be sick; well, they knew what wolfsbane sickness did to them, and trust him, he knew how vile that was. He'd seen it more than once now, and it was nasty, but easily solved, too. A cold or flu...Whatever the fuck this stomach bug was, not so easy to get rid of. It had to run its course, which meant that Stiles was just going to be miserable for however long his body took offense to that toast.

Chapter 6: A sour reprieve

Chapter Summary

The pack discover that Stiles is feeling ill, and Peter pays the teen a visit with something that might yet help his wayward stomach.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long pause between chapter there folks, got put on a new medication and it is throwing me for a loop. Hope to have another chapter up before Christmas, but we'll see. Enjoy!

“Where’s Stiles?” Derek questioned the pups when the teen hadn’t shown for their usual get-together.

“Oh, he’s sick,” Scott replied with a grimace as he recalled just how his best friend had been the last time he’d seen him. “He’s got some sort of stomach bug; he’s been throwing up like no tomorrow.” Both Alphas wrinkled their noses at that. “I went over to see if he needed a hand with anything; he could barely walk around. Something nasty is going around town, Mom’s seen it, but Stiles has got it bad.”

“That sucks,” Isaac muttered. “Stuff like that always sucked.” The others nodded in response to what he’d said.

“Yeah, just have to be sick and wait,” Erica muttered in a droll tone. “So much fun.” She lied.

“Bad to be throwing up all the time when there’s nothing left in you,” Boyd grumbled, gaining compassionate nods from the others.

Peter smirked at the pups who commiserated from their time of being humans. Truly, he did not know what it was like to have a cold, flu, or whatever Stiles now battled with. All of it sounded rather repulsive, and he’d seen Stiles sick before. A nasty thing to be so defenseless against something such as his own body. “I suppose rest is all he needs then.”

Scott nodded. “Yeah, I got him some Gatorade to stay hydrated since he keeps throwing up, his dad said he hasn’t kept much down in the last few days. He’s got it rough.”

Peter nodded his head in response to the information. “Then we’ll let him recover at his own speed. The town's quiet now, so he shouldn’t be needed for anything.” Not that he would

have allowed anyone to disturb the teen, not if he was as sick as Scott portrayed him to be. He'd have to pay the teen a visit, if he was so sick; there was a chance that something as soothing as one of his teas might quell the rage in Stiles' stomach. Natural remedies were quite effective when one knew how to use them properly. They'd doctored the human members of their pack quite well with such things, and he was sure he could find something to help alleviate some of the teens' woes.

Noah answered the door only to raise a brow upon seeing Peter Hale. "He's sick."

Peter smiled at the less-than-jovial introduction the sheriff gave him. "I'm aware." He held up a small box. "Something that might yet quell that raging stomach."

The sheriff sighed. "More power to you, nothing's helped." He waved the werewolf into his house. "Kettles in the kitchen."

"Of course." Peter made himself at home as he entered the Stilinskis' home, quickly rummaging through the cupboards to find the kettle before setting some water to boil. All was quiet in the house, well, mostly; he could hear the sheriff listening to TV, but otherwise it was quiet. There were no sounds of someone heaving, and it was his hope that with a bit of this tea that he might yet help Stiles to feel better in some capacity. He found a mug, old and stained from the sheriff drinking too much coffee in it, no doubt. He poured the hot water into the mug before settling a tea bag into it. He let it steep for a few minutes before rising and taking it upstairs. He paused at the corner of Stiles' bedroom, remembering his rather embarrassing stumble where he'd inadvertently caught a captivating view of the teen while he was nearly naked, and he knocked on the wall.

"Hello?"

Peter smirked at the confused hello. "Stiles, it's Peter."

"GUH, Do not come in here."

Peter blinked, a tad lost. "Are you dressed?"

"Yeah?"

The wolf sighed. "Then why do you not want me to come in and see you?"

"Dude, I have to reek to you."

Peter huffed and entered regardless of the fact that he might smell sickness on the teen. Stiles huffed upon seeing him, but didn't move from where he was lying in bed. Peter's eyes trailed downward to the pot that was obvious there in case Stiles got sick, how unpleasant. He walked over and set the tea on the teen's nightstand. "Let that cool a bit."

"You made me tea?" Stiles smiled at the random act of kindness. "Why?"

“It helps with upset stomachs, the pack favored it for our human pack mates, and Scott has been very clear in how sick you’ve been.”

Stiles nodded his head. He glanced at the tea and muttered. “A nice thought, but I doubt I’ll keep it down.”

“Try.” Peter took a seat at the teen's desk. He watched as Stiles sat up in bed and reached out for the cup. He blew on it a few times before taking a tentative sip of it. He smirked when the teen's brow furrowed before he swallowed and stared down at the tea in clear confusion.

“What’s wrong?”

“Is this lemon?”

“Yes.”

Stiles looked up at the wolf and questioned. “Lemon tea?” He got a nod. “Huh...Weird.” He glanced back down at the murky liquid; the tea bag was still in it, leaving wisps of the tea's splendor in the hot water. “Tastes alright though.”

“Good, drink it as you can.” Peter watched on as Stiles took another drink of it. He hummed thoughtfully when Stiles set the tea aside and looked rather torn. “Your stomach?”

Stiles nodded. He wasn’t in need of throwing up just yet, but he could tell that if he put anything more in him that he’d be losing that bet. “It’s been like this for the last two days.”

“Scott said that something was going around town; his mother has seen quite a few cases of it, apparently.”

Stiles nodded once more. “Not surprising, stuff like this shit spreads, lord knows where I caught it. I’m mostly around you guys, and you can’t transmit shit, so...Not sure where this came from.”

“It doesn’t matter, you’ll recover soon enough,” Peter replied in kind as he watched the teen a moment. Stiles reclined himself more in his bed, relaxing in the face of his upset stomach. “I take it that it just came on without warning?”

Stiles snorted. “I did the worst offense known to mankind, I tried to eat toast.” The wolf laughed at his joke, and that did admittedly make him feel a little better despite his upset stomach. He could wage war on his stomach if he got to be around Peter for a bit.

“Toast?”

Stiles nodded. “Yeah, I barely got one slice down before I was heaving it back up. Since then, everything’s been touch-and-go. Yesterday I kept some stuff down, but later in the night I lost most of the things I ate. Stomach is just not happy at the moment.” The wolf hummed in return for his statement, wanting not to dwell on it. He asked the wolf. “Anything interesting happening?”

“Hm...No.” Peter shook his head. “Things have been quiet, well, aside from Scott’s message that Deaton passed through him.”

Stiles huffed. “What all inspiring message did that creep have?”

Peter smirked at the teen's penchant for insulting the druid. “He said he saw signs of something ahead.”

“Wow, that’s helpful.” Stiles glared back at the wolf. “He should totally be a psychic.” The wolf chuckled, but he continued. “I mean, not like I can’t go to the mall and hear the same bullshit for five dollars. How the fuck is that supposed to help us?”

Peter smiled, quite amused at the teen who, despite his illness, still had the energy to wage war on Deaton’s helpfulness. “I do not know, though I agree with you that the vagueness does us no favors. He has been known to be right when he has hunches such as this.”

“And yet, said hunch has zero details.” Stiles threw out with a tart tone before reaching over to pick up the tea once more. His stomach had settled some, so he dared to take another sip of the hot beverage. He set it aside once he’d swallowed it and returned to his present task, insulting Deaton. “I mean, does he just expect us to scour the whole town? Interview people on whether or not they have world-dominating plans or some shit?”

Peter snorted. “I wouldn’t think that would do us any favors.”

Stiles gave a huff of laughter. “Might see dad called on us for harassment.” The wolf gave him an unimpressed glower, but he was undeterred. “I mean, bothering the townsfolk looking for evil is totally going to get us a gold star for protecting the town.”

“It won’t,” Peter muttered. “If something is coming, if Deaton is right, there will be signs.”

Stiles sighed as he shook his head. “Be nice if we had more intel, though. Waiting for someone to get murdered sucks.”

“Yes, it’s not the ideal situation when one wants answers, but sadly, we have no control over what comes our way.” Peter watched, pleased when Stiles took up the tea once more and began to take a sip of it. He wasn’t sure if it was working or if Stiles was just getting better on his own without realizing it; regardless, it helped ease some of his concern for the teen.

“Hm, again, we need no trespassing signs.” The bored expression the wolf gave him had him chuckling. “What?”

“We already have those, and yet Derek and I find wandering humans all the time in the preserve. He found you, after all.”

Stiles snorted at the wolf trying to shame him for how he’d met Derek all those years ago. “You can’t hold that over me forever. I have zero regrets.”

Peter smirked; he knew that the boy was being honest in that statement. “I’m aware. Derek did try numerous times to get you to back off, but you never listened.”

Stiles grinned. “And he was just a Beta then.” Peter laughed at that. “He sure as shit isn’t gonna get me to do anything just because he can growl more.”

“Hm, I’m sure he’s aware. Nothing seems to faze you much, to be honest, you’re not intimidated by wolves.”

Stiles shrugged. “I’ve been around you guys for so long now that I just...Don’t see the danger?” Peter glared at him. “I don’t know, I just know all the magical superpowers you have, and it just doesn’t cross my mind to think I’m in danger.”

“That doesn’t suit you; you’ve come across many a wolf who wasn’t friendly, Stiles.” Peter chastised the teen.

“True.” Stiles agreed with a nod as he cradled the cup of tea. “But, whenever they get all growly and shit, it just makes me want to laugh.”

Peter sighed. “Do not do that.”

Stiles smirked at the pained response the wolf gave. “I mean, I haven’t yet, but that last one really almost did the trick. I mean, snarling like that is really just hilarious to me. Like, totally overcompensating for something.” Peter laughed at his presumption that if a wolf was making such a racket that he had some shortcoming.

“I don’t think you’d find that to be true,” Peter smirked at the teen, how fearless he was. Running in a pack of wolves with only a baseball bat as his weapon, and yet, he didn’t flinch. He’d faced down quite a few obstacles that should have seen him in an early grave, yet time and again, the teen just continued the fight. Peter found that more than attractive, but he looked away from the teen to try and ward off such thoughts.

“The tea's pretty good.”

“Good, I’m glad you like it. Having no troubles then?”

“Hm, seems fine. Was kinda tecky to begin with, but now it seems fine.” Stiles took another drink of the lemon tea; it was an odd flavor, very different than the fruity blend he typically drank at Peter’s place. Still, it seemed to work on his stomach, so he was ever thankful to the wolf for thinking of this. “Thanks for bringing it.”

“I left a tin of it in the kitchen.”

Stiles smiled at the nice gesture. “Thanks. Hopefully, I can save it to just enjoy it rather than use it as a means to keep my stomach in check.” He stared out at the handsome Alpha, once more entranced by him and more than just for his looks. Peter was kind; he might not be to everyone, as he was a rather closed-off person to strangers, but to him and the rest of the pack, he was quite warm. He cared for them, and he fought for them whenever they were in danger. Everything about the wolf was attractive; it went so much farther than just his physical attributes.

Stiles looked down into the cup of tea; it was best he not think of such things. He’d had his time with Peter; he wasn’t so selfish as to think he could have more of him. The weight of the time necklace was still there, safely resting between his breast, but he’d found little use for it over the last few days...Mostly because of his sickness, but even his little pranks had

dwindled. He knew, or rather, understood more the weight of what stopping time was like. He'd frozen it one afternoon when he'd gone to a coffee shop, freezing it just before a man could hit a pedestrian. He knew how it confused everyone involved, but he'd managed to drag the woman out of the intersection before allowing time to resume. He'd saved her life, that had an impact, that meant something.

His selfish gains with Peter were behind him; he'd...He'd had his fun if that was what one wished to call it. Now, he was using it responsibly, using it for good as he'd sworn to do. He was half tempted to admit to Peter he had such a device, but a niggling part of him feared the wolf would grow irate with him for having purchased such a dangerous magical artifact. So, it stayed hidden between his breast while he secretly warred with whether or not he should keep it. He was jarred from his inner thoughts by Peter speaking.

"Once you're better, you will have to come over. I got a new book."

Stiles smiled; their shared love of knowledge was always a good medium to lengthy conversations. "What about?"

Peter grinned. "Fae folk."

Stiles' eyes widened. "You said they were pricks."

Peter snorted. "Finicky."

Stiles pointed a sharp finger at the wolf. "I asked if faeries were cool, and you said they were assholes." The wolf's face tensed a moment before the wolf sighed. Stiles chuckled. "You can't deny that, I have a good memory. You still wouldn't fess up to how you came to that conclusion, though."

Peter smiled. "No, I wouldn't tell you that story." The frown the teen wore had him adding. "Nor will I now." The pouted huff he got was quite attractive, and he did his best to press forward rather than dwell upon it. It was far too tantalizing an expression to see. "You will be fortunate if you never meet one of their kind. The book is quite intriguing, though. I'm sure I'll have it finished before you've mended yourself."

Stiles nodded his head. That was probably true, as there was no telling how long he might be sick. He pointed towards his bookshelf and said. "Your book on fire imps is in there, third row, fifth book."

Peter smirked at the teens' organization. He rose from the chair and easily found the book in question. He twisted and returned to the chair, laying the book passively on his lap. "Did you enjoy it?"

Stiles nodded his head. "Yeah, must suck to always light shit on fire though."

"I'm sure they're quite used to it, it would be no different than how me the others and deal with our attributes. It's simply a part of us."

Stiles nodded his head; he supposed that was true enough. “Yeah, probably right, but I mean...You guys don’t accidentally light shit on fire. The worst you do is growl.”

Peter scoffed. “You’ve seen what Derek did to the loft when he grew angry; that hole in the wall didn’t make itself.”

Stiles grimaced at the brutal reminder of what the younger Alpha had done when he’d grown too frustrated by something. “Yeah...That was not a good look on him.”

Peter smirked back at the droll statement. “He’s far better at controlling his temper now than he ever was before, but wolves are easily fueled by emotions.”

Stiles nodded; he knew this well. “I know. Why do you think I give Scott so much shit?”

“Because you’ve known him his whole life.”

“Well, yeah.” Stiles agreed with a nod. “But also it’s just fun to use those wolfy attributes against him sometimes.”

“For what?” Peter questioned curiously, sure that he would be greatly amused to hear whatever it was Stiles had done to the pup.

“Well, the number of times I’ve fooled him into smelling something that is very disgusting is mind-boggling; somehow, he still trusts me.”

Peter huffed. “An error on his part.” He frowned a moment before questioning. “Just what are you making him smell? He should sense something from a distance.”

Stiles smirked and replied. “Yeah...He doesn’t really get that just yet. I literally handed him a box full of moldy cheese, and he still smelled it when I asked him to.”

Peter sighed at the rather disappointing news of what the Beta had done. Why on earth had his insane self turned the boy? “I see.”

Stiles grinned upon hearing the lackluster response from the wolf, the clear indicator that Peter was not impressed with Scott’s ability to use his unique senses. “He didn’t smell his locker either.” The wolf gave him a displeased look. “I put air freshener trees in it.”

Peter chuckled. “How many?”

“Oh, pretty much everyone in the locker room could smell it, but he was just off in la la land until he opened it. He looked like he was gonna hurl.”

“I’m sure,” Peter smirked at the notion that the pup had been so foolish as to ignore his sense of smell until it was too late. “And is he aware that it was you who did that?”

Stiles grinned. “He knows.” His response was spoken with great pride, which must have amused Peter, seeing as the wolf chuckled once more upon hearing his words. “He still trusts me, which, I mean, I’ve never let him down when it has counted. So I think it’s fair that I

torment him a bit, more so when he comes over here and gloats about not getting sick anymore while I'm heaving up my guts."

Peter huffed. "A fair trade."

"Exactly." Stiles crowed before taking another sip of the tea. He swallowed before asking. "I mean, did you always have a handle on your wolfy side being a born wolf?"

"You learn as you grow." Peter counseled the teen. "But it wasn't easy, Stiles. We're surrounded by breakable humans who know nothing of what we are; it's far harder than you know to continue to blend in. More so when something triggers us, heavy emotions, a scent that is wrong or right." Peter shrugged his shoulders. "It was no different than what the pups go through now; you have to learn to be able to harness those gifts."

Stiles smiled. "Yeah, some of that didn't look like much fun, though, I did get to chuck lacrosse balls at Scott to test his anger management skills."

Peter sighed. "He shouldn't have allowed you to do that."

"It was my idea."

Sadly, that wasn't a surprise to him. Peter gave a bored expression at Stiles. "And if he'd lost his temper then?" He glared when Stiles shrugged his shoulders. "Not a good way to test a werewolf, Stiles."

"He was a pretty big fail wolf, to be honest. I mean, Derek had his issues, too, but Scott sucked at learning that shit to begin with."

Peter's lips twitched as he fought hard not to smile at the notion that Stiles had called Derek a fail wolf, a great insult the teen had leveraged against everyone sometime or another. The rest of the pack loathed the term, though Peter found it rather fitting when someone truly deserved such chastisement. He'd been rather fortunate in that Stiles had only bequeathed the title to him three times, two of which he still argued were unfair. "He was new to his wolf and didn't truly have an appropriate teacher. Derek was preoccupied with finding out it was me who was slaughtering people left and right."

Stiles gave a bland expression to the wolf. "Yeah, you were a massive fail wolf there."

Peter sighed and once more reminded the teen. "I was insane."

"No excuses!"

Peter smirked at the shouted rebuttal; it was one Stiles commonly gave when he felt unforgiving of someone's argument. "Well, it turned out all right in the end, didn't it? Scott has learned quite a lot about what it means to be a wolf."

Stiles huffed. "And you're no longer a raving lunatic hellbent on murdering half the town?" He enjoyed how Peter's face tensed a bit; he clearly did not like that being brought up.

"It wasn't half the town," Peter replied coolly.

“There were twelve bodies before Kate,” Stiles replied in a smarmy tone before taking a sip of his tea. He swallowed and then added. “And you would have killed more even after that bitch, don’t lie.”

Peter shrugged; he couldn’t account for where his head might have been after he’d sought revenge for his sisters’ pack. “I cannot say one way or another what I might have done once she was dead.”

Stiles hummed in an unconvinced manner. “World domination is my bet.” Peter laughed, but he held the wolf’s stare and muttered. “I wasn’t joking.”

Peter scoffed. “I had no plans to take over the world, Stiles.”

“This town, then.”

Peter rolled his eyes at the teen’s dramatics. “Nor this town.”

“Well, you were gonna do something heinous.”

“No doubt,” Peter replied in kind, not arguing that his more insane self might have wreaked havoc upon the town in his bloodlust. “That’s not an issue anymore, though.”

Stiles nodded his head, and thank god for that. He would have died a long time ago if he had wound up having the hots for a lunatic. He looked down at his tea, pointedly doing so to avoid the wolf’s gaze as he asked. “It didn’t really make it better, though, did it?”

“What did?”

“Killing them. I mean, Kate, I understand. Fuck that bitch, but the others...Did it matter?”

“Hm...At the time, it mattered greatly to me. Now, I see the distinction in how they were led astray by Kate. I cannot regret their deaths; they did play a part in my pack’s murder. Kate is another issue, one that we are both aware would not change.”

Stiles huffed and looked up to say. “I’d light her on fire,” Peter smirked back at him, clearly understanding that he was okay with such a heinous act because he’d been willing to do the same to Peter when he’d crossed the line.

“You don’t have to worry about that anymore, she’s long since dead.”

Stiles took another sip of his tea, savoring the strange, tangy taste of it as he swallowed. It had settled his stomach, or at least it appeared to have done so. He set the nearly empty cup aside and told the wolf. “Now if only her psycho dad was around.” Peter chuckled back at him. “Somehow I don’t think he’d stand still for us to torch him.”

“Hm, no, not likely.” Peter teased in return.

“Bastard hits hard, too.” Stiles muttered as he remembered what it was like to face off with the cretin who had held him hostage.

Peter growled a bit at being reminded that Stiles had at one point been at the mercy of the oldest Argent. “He won’t touch any of us again; he’s too much of a coward to return, not now that his precious daughter is dead.”

Stiles wasn’t so sure of that, but he kept quiet on it. “We’re more unified regardless, he wouldn’t have an easy time dealing with us. No hunter would.”

“No, we’re quite strong now.” Peter agreed. “If he ever did show his face again, he’d get to see his daughter again in hell.”

Stiles smirked at the wolf’s simple return. “Yeah, daddy dearest would do anything for his daughter. Lord knows how he’d probably chomp at the bit to murder you.”

Peter shrugged. “Our tally against each other runs far now. I’m not afraid of him, and he has far more to fear from me if I catch sight of him. I have nothing to lose by entering a conflict with him. I’m experienced; whatever weapons he has on him will only slow me down, not kill me.”

“A wolfsbane bullet to the heart would,” Stiles sourly reminded the wolf. “You’re not fucking Superman, Peter.”

“An Alpha is quite strong, Stiles, but no, a direct hit to my heart would kill me; anything besides that, however, would see me having the chance to kill him in return.”

“Yeah, how about we just kill the old geezer and let him be the one to die?”

“Fair enough, sweetheart,” Peter smirked at the teen's barter. “I don’t think we’ll see him again, at least, not for quite some time.”

Stiles gave a nod; he didn’t think so either. The bastard was supposedly dying, so who knew how that would go for him. If they were lucky, he’d just keel over, but people like Kate and Gerard had a tendency not to die...They were kinda like cockroaches that way. He smirked at the comparison he’d just given himself to appreciate. Stiles frowned when Peter tilted his head to the left. “What?” He huffed when he heard the creak in the middle of the staircase. “Right...You’re hearing shit I can’t.” The wolf smirked back at him, rolling his eyes. He smiled at his father when he peeked into the room. “Hey, pops.”

“How’s the stomach?”

“Better, I think Peter’s tea trick worked.”

Noah sighed. “That’s a relief, I was getting ready to drag you to the doctor if this didn’t start relenting.”

Stiles snorted. “I’m not going to the doctor over a stomach bug, Dad.”

“You weren’t keeping anything down.”

Stiles shrugged. “Eh, I’ve done this before.” He did so love how Peter looked, displeased by that, grossed out, most likely. The wolf didn’t grasp just quite grasp what it was like to be

sick.

“All the same, let’s try and keep stuff in you.”

Stiles nodded his head back at his dad. “Yeah, I like that idea too.”

“I left the rest of the tea bags in the kitchen; they should help with his stomach,” Peter advised the sheriff.

“Oh, good, thanks.” Noah nodded back at the werewolf. “Well, I have to head in. Do you need anything before I go?”

Stiles shook his head. “Nah, I’m just going to be taking it easy.”

“Good. I’ll see you later, kiddo. Hale.”

Peter inclined his head to the sheriff with a small smirk for the cool dismissal. He waited for the man to truly be gone before stating. “He’s never going to forgive that is he?”

Stiles snorted. “Because of you, he had to do three months of paperwork on all the dead people, so, no.” Stiles shook his head. “Unlikely he’s gonna forgive that just because you’re on our side now.”

Peter smirked back at the teen. “Surely he can grasp that they were degenerates.”

Stiles rolled his eyes. “That is not the issue, and you know it.” He pointed a sharp finger at the wolf. “He is against all murdering, that is literally his job to stop.”

Fair enough, the boy had him there. “All the same, I haven’t killed anyone in quite some time.”

Stiles frowned, then questioned. “Wasn’t Kate the last person you killed?” The wolf smiled back at him, his eyes widened at the clear telling response. “Who the fuck did you kill?! Why?!”

Peter chuckled at the teen's loud questions. “There’s nothing to get excitable about.”

“You murdered someone.” Stiles hissed. “That is something to be excited about. Who the fuck were they? Why’d you kill them?”

Peter smiled back at the teen, despite knowing Peter had murdered someone, he didn’t look disgusted by said actions. He was just curious; he was so accepting of people, even those who might not be so worthy of the teens' compassion. “Someone from my past.”

Stiles frowned. “Before the fire?” He got a nod. “And you killed them because?”

“They were a threat to our pack.”

“But they hadn’t done anything yet?”

“Hm...No.” Peter shook his head. “But being my sister's left hand, I knew when there was a weed in the garden, it wouldn't have taken much to see that man attempting to kill one of us. He was the sort to do such a thing for sport.”

“A hunter?”

“No.” Peter shook his head. “I don't consort with hunters. Just a rather...Flexible person who takes payment for a variety of things.”

Stiles scowled. “He's a mercenary.” The proud smirk the wolf gave him tickled him in all the best places. He loved solving puzzles, and solving them with or for Peter was the best sort.

“Alright, so you thought he was going to get paid to hurt us?”

“Eventually. He knew that Derek and I remained. I couldn't trust that he would keep his distance when people would be all too eager to finish what Kate started. Here, we're protected for the most part; it's our territory, but outsiders can come and blend in easily. They can stalk us without our knowing who the danger is. Him, however, I knew the face to. It was rather easy to find his trail, more so, after I'd heard the rumors afoot about us.”

“There are rumors about us?”

Peter nodded his head. “Word traveled fast, darling, we vanquished a Nogitsune.”

“Oh...Yeah, right, that makes sense.”

“Some are just in awe, others wish to take some prize through us.”

Stiles huffed at the wolf's statement. “Sure. Alright, so you killed him before he could stir up trouble...What'd you do with the body?”

“It's taken care of.”

Stiles smirked at the evasive answer. “You threw him in a fucking ditch, didn't you?”

Peter laughed at the teen's gleeful tone. “I did not.”

Stiles pouted. “Then what'd you do?”

“Pet, that is something you do not need to know. I can trust you to keep this between us; my nephew and the pups wouldn't be so accepting of the knowledge that I have protected us from a future threat.”

Stiles nodded his head; he understood that. In a lot of ways, he and Peter were quite alike. When he saw a threat, he wanted to deal with it; he wasn't like Scott, who wished to give everyone the benefit of the doubt. “But you're sure he's dead-dead?”

Peter grinned at the rather childish manner of asking such a thing. He reassured the teen. “Oh, very.”

Stiles nodded his head, taking the wolf at his word. “Well, that’s...Fine. OH!” Stiles’ eyes widened before he scowled at the wolf, pointing a sharp finger. “My dad better not find that corpse, Peter.” The wolf threw his head back and laughed. “PETER!” The wolf waved an errant hand at him as he calmed. Stiles threw his hands across his chest in a huff.

“No one is going to find him; he wasn’t even in the town’s city limits when I got to him.”

Oh, well, that did change things. Stiles nodded firmly. “Fine. He can be dead-dead elsewhere.” The wolf chuckled at his rather childish retort, but he didn’t feel guilty for it; his words were accurate. Whoever the man had been, he could rot; if Peter had thought him to be a true threat to them, then it was probably best that Peter do this behind everyone’s backs. He tilted his head in curiosity before questioning. “Was that the only person you’ve killed since Kate?” The wolf smiled gently at him. He hummed. “My point stands, keep it off of my dad’s case files.” The Alpha nodded his head, weird agreement aside, Stiles reached out to pick up the tea and drained the last of it. It had gone cold, but was still pleasant. He set aside the empty cup as he swallowed the last strange citrus blend of lemon sliding across his tongue. “Thanks for the tea. Seems to have helped quite a bit.”

“Good.” Peter was pleased to see that his little gift had done the teen some good. “Don’t make yourself sick on it, but it should help quell an upset stomach in moderation.”

Stiles nodded back at the wolf. Yeah, he knew from experience how overloading on one thing in particular could come back to bite you in the ass. “I’ll use it sparingly.” He was a tad disheartened when the wolf rose from the seat he’d taken at his desk, clearly intending to leave. It was stupid, but he’d wished the wolf would stay longer. He said nothing about it, too embarrassed to be that needy.

“I’ll see you once you’re better, sweetheart. The pups are eager to see you.”

Stiles smiled upon hearing that his friends wanted him well. “Yeah, I miss everyone too. I hope to be over this shit in a day or two, maybe sooner if this tea keeps working.”

“Good, I’ll see you later.”

Stiles nodded and watched the wolf leave his bedroom. He sighed once he was alone. It was sweet of the Alpha to bring something over to help soothe his stomach, but he’d cherished their conversation more than the tea. The knowledge that Peter had killed for the pack, that he’d gone to such lengths for them, just solidified in his mind that the Alpha was stronger than most. He knew to make the hard calls, to do whatever had to be done to secure their future, even if that meant that the others might disagree or be disgusted should they learn the truth.

They wouldn’t learn anything from him; he’d keep Peter’s secret, not just because he loved the wolf but because he didn’t disagree with him in how he’d taken action against a threat. He wasn’t like his best friend; he couldn’t give people the benefit of the doubt, too much had happened since he’d learned about the supernatural to have him having such a carefree heart. His battle with the Nogitsune had solidified in his mind that those around him hadn’t had the heart to do what had to be done. Granted, he was glad he was still alive and not the host of some supernatural douchebag, but he’d wished all the more they’d done something sooner. If

they had, Allison would still be alive. Sighing at the memory of all of that, he snuggled down in his blankets and did his best to focus on the pleasant conversation he'd had with the wolf rather than the dark memories that haunted him when his mind became too idle.

Chapter 7: Consequences

Chapter Summary

Stiles faces a horrifying truth, a stark repercussion of his time with Peter.

Chapter Notes

Merry Christmas to all who celebrate. I hope you all enjoy this chapter.

Stiles spritzed the body spray. He knew he had to be careful in what he bought because of the wolves, but he'd run out of the kind he usually used, and the store didn't have any. He sniffed the body spray and hummed, Pretty nice. It wasn't super strong, which meant it shouldn't upset the wolves' delicate noses, but it was pleasant in the air, so it would be a nice touch. Deciding it was the one for him, he walked to the checkout stand and walked around the clerk. He rang up the purchase and paid for it all without anyone knowing it. He knew it was stupid, but he'd always been a tad self-conscious to be 'girly'; he far more commonly identified as a man despite being like the other half of the world who were both sexes.

The very thought that someone might see him purchasing something like this just made him nervous, so using the time necklace to buy stuff wasn't that bad of a use in his eyes. He sprayed a bit and walked into it, he smelled himself and smiled, that was quite nice. Taking his purchase with him, he continued on his way. He was set to meet up with Scott later that afternoon, and they were going to have an epic gaming session because the newest addition to their gaming series had come out. They were going to buy a pizza, grab some soda, and pig out while getting lost in the video game. A childish but very enjoyable night if you asked Stiles.

Wandering the town, he stopped before the movie theater to appraise the coming soon posters. He hummed, a wry grin forming on his face when he saw that the dawning of Halloween was bringing with it a slew of horror films. Most noticeably, a werewolf film. "Oh, we have got to go see that." He could already imagine the dreary expressions both Peter and Derek would wear upon hearing of the film. The born wolves took great offense to humans making movies about their kind, the pups, however, still saw the humor in it. If they were lucky, they might somehow find a way to drag the Alpha's with them. Stiles desperately wanted to see the look on Peter's face when the supposed werewolf made its debut.

He wandered to the next poster only to snort upon finding that it was the latest in a series that he knew for certain were trash. "God, why do they keep making that shit?" Sadly, Isaac would demand that they go to it. For whatever reason, the boy truly enjoyed them, and he'd

manage to beg to get him and the others to go with him. Rolling his eyes, he progressed to the last poster to find it was some romcom; it looked boring as hell, but that was just because he wasn't into that type of movie. Leaving the theater, he continued down the street, glancing here or there at people to make sure that everyone was safe. It had somewhat become his task while time was frozen to ensure that those he encountered were going to be okay when he unfroze time. It was rare that he found something to intercede in, but the few times he had, it had been impactful.

He wandered his way into the police station, intent on checking on his dad under the radar. He walked past the front clerk. "Hey, Shirley." He entered the bullpen with ease and navigated past countless officers, weaving between the ones who had been in the process of walking places. He checked a few of their desks out to see if anything new and interesting was afoot, but all seemed quiet for the moment. He made his way to his dad's office and walked into it to find that his father was scowling at his computer.

"Hey, Pops." Stiles walked around to see what his dad was staring at. He hummed upon seeing the news bulletin from the local ranger service about a bear attack. "Yes, but is it really a bear?" Bear attacks were fucking rare, but supernatural attacks weren't, at least, not when you knew what was truly out there and how things were masked. It wasn't in their town, thank god, but it was close. IF it was a supernatural, he hoped they'd skip their town. It had been rather nice to have things quiet for a change. He patted his dad's shoulder and said. "I'll see you later, try not to work too hard." He twisted about and made his way out of the police station after being assured that his dad wasn't snacking on something unhealthy.

Stiles made his way home, and once he was safely inside did he reached down and lifted the time necklace up. He smirked at it and, with a small press of his thumb, allowed time to resume. He stuffed it back in his shirt and jogged upstairs. It would be a couple of hours before Scott came over, so he might as well find something to tide him over before their gaming marathon.

"You smell funny."

"Wow, okay, thanks." Stiles glared at his friend for the rather rude comment. He was used to the wolves commenting on what they smelled, but it was completely different when they were commenting on YOU. He did all he could to make sure he smelled good for that very reason, because BO for a werewolf was not pleasant. He did a pretty damn good job, seeing as nobody had complained about his scent.

Scott grimaced when he realized how that could be misconstrued. "Sorry, I didn't mean...It's not a bad smell."

"Okaaaay? What is it? Oh! Wait, I got a new body spray."

Scott grinned at the startling revelation. "That's probably it then. You smell like butterscotch."

“Butterscotch?” Stiles frowned at the rather random scent. His body spray sure as shit wasn’t butterscotch. “You’re sure that’s what you’re smelling?”

Scott hummed, leaning forward, he sniffed his friend once more and said. “Yeah, something that’s sweet but not overpowering. Like caramel or butterscotch.”

“Huh...Weird.” Stiles wasn’t sure what to make of that; his body spray wasn’t either of those smells, but perhaps his best friend's nose was too good for stuff like that. Maybe its scent changed for a werewolf, leaving it alone. He pointed at the television. “Ignore me smelling like candy, let’s go.” Scott grinned and took up the controller, just as eager to play the new game.

Still, the niggling thought of his scent randomly changing was rather strange and left him curious as to what could cause such a thing. As far as he knew, a person's scent didn’t change; it was just a stagnant smell that all people had. BO changed it, made you smell unclean, not unrepresented, but to hear he suddenly smelled like candy was rather perplexing. He made a mental note to ask Peter about it the next time he saw the werewolf; he was sure the born wolf would have a better handle on just what he smelled like and why it changed.

To his knowledge, he smelled like ink; his friends said it was because of all the books and comics he read, his skin covered in the dusting of old ink. They’d always told him that it was a nice smell, something that they thought fit him well. Stiles had to agree that if he had to smell like something, smelling like comic books was a good choice. He grinned upon beating his best friend, his mind turning away from those thoughts on scents and smells even as Scott complained. “That’s right, I’m awesome.”

“You suck!” Scott laughed as he shouted. “Rematch!”

Stiles swallowed as he stared at the date; it was the twenty-fifth, and his period was nowhere to be seen. He clung desperately that it was some fluke, but that deep dark part of him feared something else. He’d taken the morning-after pill, he’d done the responsible thing after the condom broke, so...This had to be a fluke. Some random chance that he’d skipped his period twice in a row. The smart part of him, however, wouldn’t rest. And so, one afternoon, after making that discovery found himself freezing time and walking into a store.

His throat was tight, dry, his footsteps heavy upon the linoleum as he found his way to the section that he was dreading. He stared at the options before snatching up three. He was hurried, ashamed, scared. Despite time being frozen, he didn’t want anyone to see this. He made his way to the checkout counter and paid for them all, ever thankful that he had cash, as even the notion of this being registered on his bank account was too much for him. He desperately clung to the hope that this was all just his stupid brain overreacting to a natural issue, such as stress or hormones. It was just...Yesterday, he’d gotten sick again. He’d thought it was the egg he’d eaten, but the nausea had struck him again this morning, and after he’d consulted the calendar, a part of him had broken.

He hastily made his way home, desperate to do this in the privacy of his own home. He clambered up the steps of his house, running for the bathroom and shutting the door as if time

being frozen wouldn't be enough to hide what he was doing. He took out each test, carefully reading each one to ensure he was doing it right. He'd never done something like this before, and he didn't want to fuck up something this important. He was all nerves, his hands shaking as he went about using the stupid pee sticks; he felt quite embarrassed to be doing this. He set them all on the counter and set a timer on his phone.

"This is just...Nothing is gonna happen. I took the fucking pill, this is just an upset stomach...I probably need Zantac." He rambled nonsensically to himself. "I cannot be pregnant." He swallowed upon even stating the word. He shifted anxiously upon his feet as he waited for the timer to tick down. "It's just not possible." He chuckled weakly to himself, shaking his head. "No, I'm being dramatic all over a stupid stomach ache...I missed my period cause...I don't know, but it's not this." He rambled to himself even as he watched the timer on his phone tick down.

His eyes avoided the tests themselves as he awaited news on when to look. His heart was at a frantic beat, rabbiting inside his chest, thumping against his breast in the worst of ways as he heard his blood rushing in his ears. He jumped when the timer went off, and he scrambled to shut it off. Taking the few extra seconds to store it in his back pocket, that last shred of a barrier before the truth sheltered him for a moment longer. Blowing out a long breath, he approached the counter and stared down at the three pregnancy tests. His eyes widened as one test after another spoke plainly.

"No. No. No." Stiles shook his head back and forth. "No, this is not happening." Stiles stared down at the proof of it. It was bright and clear, no faded lines, just a solid marking that depicted that his little attempt to avoid the repercussions of his fucking Peter had failed. How could it have failed?! "This can't be real!" Stiles' eyes welled up with tears as he stared down at the tests. "This can't be happening!" He cried, his eyes going murky, but still depicting the pink lines on the tests that shouted back at him that he couldn't avoid the truth. He was pregnant.

Stiles sobbed, What the fuck was he supposed to do? He collapsed, his body unable to hold him as he stumbled and then slumped to his knees, falling back on his heels as he cried brokenly against the cabinet. He was pregnant. "I can't...I can't be." He fought valiantly against the bare proof before his eyes. He gave a broken cry. "This can't be real!" But it was. His mind rallied against his pleas; he'd seen it, he had all the proof in the world. His hand slowly went down, lying over his slim belly. He remembered how it had been distended with the thick load of Peter's come, how full he'd been of the wolf's spendings. Peter had come with what felt like gallons of the wolf's semen; it wasn't surprising that it would knock someone up with ease. He just couldn't get past the fact that the morning-after pill had failed. That, somehow, the pill had been ineffective and hadn't stopped the werewolf's seed from taking root inside him.

He was pregnant with Peter's baby. His hand tightened into a fist in his t-shirt as he sobbed on the bathroom floor. He didn't know what to do; there was no way that he could have an abortion without his father knowing. There was no way to hide this. He'd have to tell his dad, he'd have to let him ask him questions that Stiles knew he couldn't answer. He couldn't say he'd slept with Peter; the wolf had no memory of fucking him. His dad would have shot the wolf on sight regardless.

No, this horror was of his own making, and now he was trapped. The repercussions of that dark fantasy were here to repay him for misusing the time necklace for his own pleasure. He sobbed, leaning heavily upon the cabinet as he came face to face with the repercussions of his own actions. He knew he couldn't tell Peter, the pack, no one would accept what he had done. He'd done the unforgivable; his own father wouldn't forgive what he'd done...Stiles didn't forgive himself for it either, but he knew he couldn't take it back.

Now, he had to deal with the fallout of that stupid mistake. He'd taken advantage of the werewolf, he'd used him for Stiles' own pleasure, and through an error, the condom had broken and allowed the wolf to come in him. The pill had failed him, and now, Stiles was faced with the fact that he was pregnant with the werewolf's baby. How was he supposed to deal with this? He'd have to tell his dad; there was no way to hide this for long. What would happen then? Would he get an abortion? As much as he was horrified, terrified, at the prospect of that dark sin of his turning into this baby, he didn't think he was capable of killing it.

Still, he was so young, so unprepared, there were so many uncertainties. He'd only just graduated high school, he'd planned to take a year or two before going to college...And now, he was going to have a baby? Would it be a werewolf? How the fuck was he supposed to keep that a secret from the pack? He couldn't. They'd ask questions, and what was he to tell them? He couldn't lie; they'd hear it, he couldn't avoid it, and it would have ramifications for the pack. Stiles sobbed brokenly as he thought of just how bad this was; it wasn't just that he was a teenager who had been stupid enough to get knocked up, it was the method, it was who with. It was EVERYTHING.

"I can't do this." Stiles warbled. He felt wholly unprepared for this, for telling his dad he was pregnant. For hiding it from the pack, but he knew that wouldn't last. He'd start to show, and then he'd have to face reality for real. If the baby were a werewolf, there would be no hiding that he slept with one, and the pack would have fears of whether its father would become involved with them. The shame of it all was all-consuming. Peter could never find out. The wolf would never forgive him, none of them would, NO! He was resolute; no matter what happened, Peter would never find out. He'd bury this; it would be his secret until he died. He sniffled, feeling a little bit better to know that although he couldn't lie to the pack about everything...He could always refuse to answer their questions.

The shame he felt wouldn't leave him; he was sure of that. He'd wear a cloak of shame and embarrassment, of that deep dark regret. Stiles tilted his head up towards the countertop where the pregnancy tests lay, bearing for all the results of his dalliance with Peter. How was he supposed to do this? He slowly, weakly, climbed to his feet. His eyes were murky with his tears, but he wiped angrily at his face to clear his vision.

He stared down at them, as if to silently hope that they had changed their minds, but they had not. He was pregnant. Stiles turned away from the proof; he wasn't sure what to do right now. He had to unfreeze time soon; his father would be getting off work soon. Could he tell him? He couldn't hide his pregnancy for long, with how thin he was, how lithe his frame he was sure he'd start to show. His hand went once more to his thin belly. What would that look like? How fast would the proof of this baby show upon his flesh? No, he was on borrowed time; he

just wasn't sure what was better. Wait until he was showing to tell his father or allow him to find out today.

He twisted back towards the tests. If he chose later, he'd have to dispose of those tests. Still, his throat felt so very tight, as if a phantom noose was wrapped around him waiting to strangle the life out of him. The horrifying revelation that he was pregnant with Peter's child throbbed angrily in his mind. He reached up to wipe at his crying eyes, and silent tears now trailed down his moist cheeks. Stiles felt weak, felt so very tired in the face of this.

He grabbed one of the tests off the countertop and slowly sat back down, trying to wrap his mind around it all. With his knees pulled up to his chest, he stared at the test that read a blatant result of pregnant. It was real. There was no avoiding it, no matter how much he'd wished that it was a lie. The tests were wrong, but certainly not all three could be wrong. No, this was real.

He sniffled as his nose got runny from all his crying. He didn't even register when time returned to the natural order of things; he was too set upon staring at the proof of his deep, dark shame. His eyes flit across the result over and over again, his mind a whirlwind of thoughts. It was all his fault. He'd caused this, and this was just his just punishment for tampering with time, for taking advantage of Peter. He buried his face in his knees as his hand clutched tightly to the test as he wrapped his arms around his legs and cried into himself.

Time itself seemed to freeze around him, or so it felt as he sat on the bathroom floor crying out his fears and regrets. He just needed time, but there was little to be had. Sooner rather than later, his body would betray him, the baby in his womb would grow, and then there would be no hiding it. Stiles gave an errant sob when he heard the front door open and shut, heard his father call out a hello to him. Dear god. What did he do now? He wasn't prepared for this; he wasn't ready for this.

His arms tightened around his legs as he heard the creak in the middle of the staircase. There was still time, he could hide the tests, he could...Try. But he was weary in the face of it all, secretly desperate for someone to comfort him in this great time of shame and regret. He gave a soft sob. What would his dad think? Would he think he was a slut? He was some irresponsible teenager, despite all his father's warnings; surely he'd be ashamed of him. Stiles sobbed louder. This was horrible; it was the worst thing imaginable. He heard a knock on the bathroom door and knew he was out of time, but he just needed more. He knew he couldn't freeze time again; the necklace had to rest before it was used again. There was no avoiding this.

"Stiles?"

Stiles clenched his eyes shut, burying his face harder into his legs as if that alone would shelter him. It did nothing in the end; he heard the door open, his words failing him to shout at his father to stay out. The noose was too tight; it was strangling him, his words lost before they could be spoken. He felt him. Heard him enter the small bathroom, it was silent a moment before he heard something moving. The pregnancy tests, his father was looking at them, no doubt. Stiles cried fitfully into his legs, oh, the shame, the embarrassment, how

horrid this great shame of his was. He'd never felt anything like this before; it was the worst thing he'd ever felt. Almost as bad as when he'd lost his mother, but a different sort of pain.

"Stiles."

Stiles tensed, afraid of what might come next. Shouting, disappointment, lectures, the possibilities were endless. He couldn't face this, he couldn't do this! He collapsed into his father's arms when his father wrapped them around him. This embrace spoke volumes, and he clung to his father as he sobbed out the intense emotions he was feeling.

"It's going to be okay."

But it wasn't. His father didn't know his shame. He could never tell him; he could tell no one what he'd done, how this baby had come about. It was a burden he'd bear, just as he would this baby. He clutched tightly to his father, his face smashed into his shoulder, soddening his work clothes as his body was wracked with minute shivers.

"It's okay, Stiles. We can get through this."

Stiles felt his father stroke the back of his head, embracing him in the best of ways in his great time of need. The noose was tight; it strangled his voice, but still, in a sorrowful warble, he said. "I-I'm sorry."

"You don't have to apologize, Stiles," Noah spoke softly to his father. "But it's going to be okay."

But it never would be; he was alone, despite his father being there for him. For him, seemingly accepting what was happening, he was alone in the face of this deep, dark shame. He was a child then, and he let his father hold him as he sobbed out the great emotions he was overcome with. Seeking shelter from the painful truth of what his actions had caused.

"Whose the father?" Noah gently coerced his son to answer the important question. He frowned when Stiles shook his head against him; the connotations that his son might not know did upset him. "You don't know?" How many people had his son slept with? He sighed when Stiles shook his head again. "You know?" A nod. Well, that was a relief. "Who?" He hummed when Stiles sobbed louder against him, clearly, whoever the father was, it held weight in his son's mind. "Did they take advantage of you?"

Stiles sobbed harder. Dear god, that question, how it burned like acid. How it scorched his very heart to hear the accusation in his father's tone. He shook his head, no, Peter had never taken advantage of him. He'd been nothing but kind to him, and he'd repaid him that kindness by being...This. Whatever he was, whatever that deep sin made him now, it was vile. He was a monster.

"Do you have a boyfriend I don't know about?" He nodded silently when Stiles shook his head, alright, so this was clearly an accident from some one-night stand. A mistake his son had foolishly made, but he knew that going down that route would do them no good. He was upset, yes, angry to a degree that his son would be so foolish. However, he knew showing such things to Stiles would do nothing for them but isolate them from each other. Stiles was

in pain, embarrassed, he would assume. This unplanned pregnancy wasn't what either of them wanted, but it was something they'd have to deal with.

Stiles was young; he'd just graduated from high school a few months ago, and he'd intended to take a gap year or two and then go and try to get into the FBI school in Quantico. Now, however, those dreams were most likely over. He ground his jaw at the notion that his son's future hung in the balance of how they reacted to this. "Stiles...You have options, son." He sighed, a soft smile on his face, when the boy shook his head. "Yes, you do. I know some of them might seem impossible or...Wrong, somehow, but you have options. If you're not too far along, we can see about an abortion, and if you can't handle that, we can always put the baby up for adoption." He didn't particularly like the idea of his grandchild being put up for adoption, but he knew Stiles needed to make this choice for himself. That it was his future on the line, and if he chose to keep the baby, his world would change. "Or, you can keep it. But I won't lie to you, son, if you choose to keep this baby...Your life is going to change in ways you don't yet understand, son. Going to college...Becoming an FBI agent is not going to be an easy path with a baby."

No. No, it wouldn't be. Still, the very notion of putting his and Peter's child up for adoption sickened him. There was no telling if the baby was a werewolf or not; if it was, then no adoptive parent on this planet would be fit to deal with that. He couldn't imagine what danger that would put the baby into when their wolfy attributes showed their head. No. Adoption wasn't an option in his eyes.

An Abortion? It felt wrong, dirty somehow, it tidied things up, it wiped the slate clean. It would solve all his problems; it would prevent anyone from finding out about this deep, dark sin of his. His shame would be his alone in the end; it wouldn't taint his father too much. It wouldn't affect the pack, it was perfect...Except it wasn't. Stiles clenched his jaw; he hated this. This war he had on his feelings, on what he wished to do. Risk ruining his life by taking responsibility for what his actions had caused, or try to sweep it under the rug and move on as quickly as he could. Holding tightly to his father, his sobbing ebbing, stuttering as he began to calm down in the face of his father's calm demeanor, Stiles fought the noose, his voice strangled but there. "I don't know what to do."

"That's fine." Noah soothed his son at once. "That is fine, Stiles, you can think about it. You don't have to decide right now, okay? We can talk about it more, you can think about what you want to do. The choice is yours, kiddo. I can't make this decision for you. I'll be here no matter what you choose, okay?"

Stiles nodded, dear god, he did not deserve a father like his. And he was all the more sickened to know that he didn't deserve this kindness, that his father would surely turn his back on him if he found out about his dark shame. No, he was a monster.

"Come on, let's get up off this floor. Why don't you get changed into something more comfortable, and we can just sit on the couch together. You don't have to talk if you don't want to, Stiles...But I do, really, really want to know who the father is."

Stiles swallowed, the noose tightened, it threatened him, it said '**don't you dare**'. Stiles shook his head. He heard the soft sigh his father gave, a proof that he was disappointed in

him. He felt that dark shame rise, that great embarrassment threaten to throw him over the edge, even as the noose didn't loosen despite his keeping its secret.

"Come on, let's get up." Noah gently but firmly guided his son up off the floor. He took the pregnancy test out of his son's lax grip and tossed it onto the counter with the others. Wrapping an arm around his crying son, he drew him out of the bathroom and towards his son's bedroom. "Get into some comfortable clothes, wear your pajamas, I don't care. But when you're dressed, come downstairs."

Stiles nodded his head numbly; his dad patted him on the back before leaving him to change. Stiles stood frozen for a moment, unable to move, before, with a small snuffle, he found his way to his dresser. He wasn't sure what comfortable clothes were meant to do for him, truly, he didn't think there was anything on this planet that would make this better. Being wrapped in his father's arms had helped, even if only a little, so he figured he had nothing to lose by curling up on the couch with his father.

He found some loose pajamas and set them on the top of his dresser as he reached down and pulled his shirt up and over his chest. His eyes went downward. His slim belly showed nothing; it was bare now before his eyes, but showed no hint of what dwelt beneath it. His hand shakily fell to the warm flesh; no, there was nothing there. Stiles shook his head, distraught at it all.

He snatched up the pajama top, a simple tank top that was willowy and soft. He shoved it over his bra before he reached back and undid his bra. He pulled it off and tossed it towards his hamper, his breasts free of their tight confines, rose and fell with his shaky breaths. The time necklace shifted alongside them, its weight a strange presence now that he'd been shown the error of his ways. Stiles undid his pants and shoved them off he grabbed the pajama bottoms and climbed into them. Adorned in the soft pajamas, Stiles stared down at his own body. There was no proof, no hint that he was pregnant. If it weren't for those stupid pregnancy tests, there would be nothing to show what he'd done, nothing to flaunt in his face the dark shame he felt.

Sighing, he reached up and wiped his face. His cheeks felt hot; they were sodden from how much he'd cried. Stiles shuffled his way out of his bedroom, down the stairs, past the creaky one, and into the living room to find that his father had gotten out of his work gear and was waiting on the couch. He said nothing; the noose wouldn't let him, it threatened him with the dark secrets he knew. He climbed onto the couch and snuggled up to his father. He felt the weight of the man's arm come around him and buried his face into the man's torso.

"It's okay, Stiles."

But it wasn't. It was anything but okay. He was a coward; he hid away in his father's chest as the man attempted to soothe him. He wasn't sure there was anything that could take away this shame, this embarrassment, and dark regret. No sweet words or comforting embrace could wipe that away. He sat there, being held, and mourned for the fact that all of this had come about because he was a monster. He couldn't avoid that fact; he couldn't shy away from the acts he'd performed, and what was worse was that he knew what monsters looked like. He knew humans and creatures alike that were monsters, but what sickened him the most, what

truly sickened him, was how his mind latched onto the dark truth that all of this...All of this made him like Kate Argent.

He bolted off of his dad before the man could even stutter out a word, rushing into the downstairs bathroom to violently heave. He purged all of his lunch, great heaving breaths inter-spaced with violent heaving. Dear god. What kind of monster was he? Something so apart from what he'd felt when he'd been possessed by the Nogtisine. Stiles continued to heave long past when there was nothing left to heave. He heard his father behind him, but couldn't say a word; he was too sick, and the noose was still there.

"I'll get you some water and some Sprite...Might help a bit."

Stiles cried into the toilet. Nothing could help this. There wasn't a cure-all for this; he'd still be a monster when his stomach had quelled itself. As it was, he'd purged all he could. His violent dry heaves were slowing, his body having run its course with those dark thoughts. He lay against the toilet for a time, ensuring that he was truly done being sick before he flushed the toilet and rose on shaky legs. He rinsed his mouth out at the sink before spitting the bile-laced water.

He stared at his reflection in the mirror. What stared back at him was horrifying. He twisted away; he was already overcome with it all, and he didn't need the proof of how this was strangling the life out of him. He made his way back to the couch and sat numbly beside his father, allowing him to pull him into his side. Stiles lay his head upon his father's chest once more and shook his head when his father said he should try some sprite. He was sure that it might help with some of the nausea, but at the moment, he didn't wish to test things.

"Have you been sick a lot?"

Stiles shook his head, no, he hadn't. "I've been nauseous," Stiles admitted with a broken throat, the noose loosening, allowing him to be truthful.

"Was that stomach bug you had...Do you think it was this?" He hummed when Stiles shrugged. "I-I know this is awkward and all, but how long has it been since you last missed your period?"

Stiles' cheeks flamed for having this conversation with his father. "Two months. I thought it was stress that I missed it. I have in the past, I-I didn't think anything of it." His father hummed. "B-But I was supposed to get it a few days ago, and nothing was happening. I kept getting nauseous and...I thought it was something else." Stiles rasped, Oh, how he'd hoped and prayed that he'd be proven wrong.

"Alright...Tomorrow we'll call and get you checked out, make sure that you're doing okay."

Stiles felt numb in the face of the truth of what his next steps were. His doctor would know his shame, not all of it, no, nobody would know all of it...But he'd know enough, and at the moment that was almost too much to bear. He closed his eyes as a new round of silent tears began to well in his eyes. He was bathed in that shame, soaking wet, drowning in it. The noose around his throat threatened to cut off his air if he dared to speak of it.

He didn't know how to tell his dad that he didn't want to go to the doctors; he knew it was foolish, stupid. It wasn't as if they wouldn't say the same thing the pregnancy tests already told him; it was just that he knew that it wouldn't be long before rumors spread of the sheriff's kid being knocked up. No matter how you tried to quell such things, they always got out. No, once he went to the doctors, once others saw him with that fragrant shame on his face, it would be over. "I don't want to go."

"Hm? Go where?"

Stiles swallowed passed the noose. "I don't want to go to the doctor." He felt as well as heard his father sigh.

"Stiles, you have to get checked out, son."

"Everyone will know."

Noah smiled softly upon hearing his son's fear. "Nobody but your doctor will know."

"The town talks, Dad." Stiles rasped past the noose, a tad upset that his father didn't see that.

"He's not going to say anything, and we're not going to go around advertising it. Nobody will know until you decide to tell them." Noah reassured his son, who was naturally embarrassed by his condition.

Stiles stayed quiet after that, soaking in his father's comforting presence as he battled with the dark thoughts that threatened to swallow him whole. That dark shame was like the worst of creatures, a monster that lurked in the recesses of his mind, not so unlike the nogitsune had. It coiled its way into his every thought, tangled his mind up, and threatened him with every word he spoke, **Don't say a word**, it said. **They'll know what you did**. Stiles couldn't have that; he couldn't survive that. No, the noose was tight, and he hated it, but oh, how he needed it. It would be his companion, his one true shield lest he bear his shame before all those he loved.

There was no coming back from that; if they found out, then it would be all over. He had to guard that secret with his life, bury it down, wrap it in the noose, and feed it to that monster in his mind. Nobody but he could know. He swallowed against the noose, his throat bobbing with the effort as he tried to calm himself in the face of all that had happened. When that didn't work, he twisted more into his father and buried his face into him as if smothering himself in his father's comforting presence, in the subtle scent of his cologne would be enough. He felt his father's hand stroke his back, he heard the comforting words, but it couldn't drown out the monster in his head that screamed, **'This is all your fault.'**

Chapter 8: A decision to make

Chapter Summary

Stiles has his first appointment with his doctor about his pregnancy. A strange murder takes place in town.

Chapter Notes

Not sure if I'll get another chapter out before new years, so if that's not the case, Happy new year.

Stiles glanced warily at his father as his name was called. His father smiled, that same compassionate smile that he'd given him earlier that morning.

"Come on, son." Noah gently guided his son towards the door that would lead them into the back of the doctor's office. He wasn't surprised that Stiles was resistant; his son hadn't wanted to come at all. The father in him wished he could shelter him from such things, but it was important that they make sure that he was healthy. Whether this pregnancy ended in an abortion or whether it was kept, Stiles' health mattered.

Stiles dragged his feet like a toddler, his eyes staring solidly at the doorway that would lead them into the back of the doctor's office. It would lead them to the aging man who had been his doctor since he was a child. A man who was kind, wore a bright smile, and always laughed at Stiles' jokes. And now, now he would know Stiles' shame.

Stiles ducked his head as they walked through the small barrier the waiting room offered him, a last shield before he was forced to face the first person aside from his father who would learn about his pregnancy. There were no jokes in that appointment, just sullen silence, a lot of information that he wished he'd never had to hear. A somber smile, a patient expression when he refused to speak, the noose just too tight to allow him words. He was grateful when it was all over, when he could be gently coerced out of the doctor's office by his father. His head down as silent tears traveled down his cheeks, his shame was a deep dark monster, it threw cold words at him, sharp barbs that wounded his heart as well as his mind. It fed on his silence, on the deep dark knowledge that his actions had brought this all about.

He climbed into his father's car, and he tensed minutely when his phone buzzed. He bit his lip a moment before he pulled it out of his pocket. It was a text from Scott, he stared at the innocuous words, a simple 'wanna play games'. He stared at those three little words, and it felt like the world was crumbling all around him.

“Stiles? Who is it?”

Stiles didn't say a word; he just handed his phone over to his father to let him see Scott's message. He took it back after his father had read it.

“Are you going to say something back?”

Stiles shook his head even as he stared down at the message, which was now going to leave his best friend on 'read'. He heard his father sigh, but could offer nothing in return.

“Put on your seat belt.”

Stiles nodded, reaching over, he grasped the safety device and buckled himself in as his father started his car. His eyes stayed on the message, on the three little words that were so casual, so easy. Yet, the noose stilled his fingers just as easily as it stilled his words. What was he supposed to say? He couldn't just play games with his best friend anymore; he was pregnant. Say no? Get asked why when he couldn't answer. Say yes and play pretend? He didn't think he could fake a smile at the moment, definitely didn't think he could joke around, laugh...No, he felt none of those were possible. He was being eaten alive by that monster in his head, the one that threw his shame back at him time and again. He clicked the button on the side of his phone to put it to sleep and laid it in his lap before he lifted his head to stare out the window as the town went by.

“I know this is hard, Stiles,” Noah told his son, who had remained steadfastly silent; he'd barely spoken two words to him that morning before they left for the doctor's office. He'd said all of three words to the doctor before just shaking his head and nodding to any questions, if not remaining silent. His son was struggling, and it wasn't any surprise; he knew Stiles wasn't prepared for something like this, no teen was. Still, he longed to say something, anything, that might yet reach his son in this fog of pain he was so deeply enshrouded in.

“But we're going to get through this. Dr. Hendreson said you've got another week at least to make up your mind.” It was a heavy decision to make; having an abortion wasn't a light affair. It was life-altering, and the ramifications of making that choice could have a very real impact on his son's mental health. They'd been warned both for and against the medical procedure. It was up to Stiles to make the decision now, but Noah wasn't certain his son had the strength to make a decision at all, at least, not at the present moment. “Just think about it, it's your choice.”

Stiles knew that. He'd listened, even if he hadn't said anything. He'd listened to all his doctor had to say, soaked it up like a sponge, word after horrible word. It fed the monster in his head, it fed the shame, and tightened the noose. The intelligent part of him had thousands of questions, desperately wanted knowledge, to fully understand everything...But the noose wouldn't loosen, and his heart hurt. The monster was too big for him to fight. He was too weak. And so, he'd stayed silent and let his father do the talking.

Hearing now, yet again, how it was his choice just echoed what the monster spoke to him. If he got an abortion, he was running from his actions, hiding away like a coward and sloughing off the responsibility his dark acts had brought about. It would tidy things up, clean the slate, and hide his dark shame...But he'd be murdering his and Peter's child.

If he kept it, his life would change; going to college would be a dream, not a reality. He'd have to find something to tell the pack, have to find some way to avoid all their probing questions, and somehow pray that the baby wasn't a werewolf. He didn't know the odds of werewolf pregnancies being human or not, but given his dark shame, the monster promised that he couldn't run. It would probably be a wolf, a further punishment for what he'd done. There was no running from this, not really; the shame ate at him no matter what choice he might make.

His father would always know what had happened, not all, but most. He'd always know, and the monster inside of him would constantly remind him. He'd feel all the more like a monster if he got rid of the baby to try and soothe himself of the responsibility for his actions. He swallowed tightly, desperate for the noose to loosen; he had so much to say, but his words were robbed from him. He wasn't used to being this quiet, but he was so weary, and the constant memory of what had brought him to this saw him shying away from voicing himself.

"Do you want something to eat?"

Stiles shook his head; he wasn't hungry. He wasn't nauseous, which was a surprise given all the stress he was under, but he didn't feel much like eating. He watched the rest of the town go by as they drew closer and closer to home. He glanced down when his phone buzzed again. He didn't open the message; the banner message said all of it. 'dude, you there?' No. Stiles wasn't there, he wasn't anywhere, he was lost.

He looked up when the car came to a stop. They were home. Sighing, he went about unbuckling himself and slid out of the car. He followed his dad into the house and headed for his room. He needed to be alone; he needed to...Well, he didn't know what he needed anymore. Nor what he could possibly do to make this better. He just needed time, he supposed. His hand came to his breast as he entered his room. He pulled it out and stared at the amethyst at the center. It glinted in the light, taunting him with its powers.

A buzz had him looking in his other hand, his eyes moistened as he read the banner message. 'You okay?' Stiles pressed the gem, time froze, and he collapsed to the floor sobbing out his pain and strife. He screamed loudly, as hard and wildly as he could, in an attempt to free himself of the chains that were wrapping around him. He beat his hand upon the floor in rage for what had happened, for what he'd done, for the consequences of his actions. The monster grew stronger, the noose grew tighter. He collapsed into himself as he violently shook and sobbed. He let time soak up his anguish, let it hide his shame from everyone.

Noah smiled sadly as he answered the front door to see Scott there. "Hey, Scott. Stiles isn't feeling good right now; he's not really up for visitors."

Scott frowned. "He's sick again?"

Noah nodded his head; his son had more than once told him about the lie trick, and he'd picked up on how his son used shakes and nods to avoid telling the truth to his best friend. It

served him well now. "I'm sure he'll call you when he feels better, but right now he just needs some rest."

"Yeah...Okay, it's just...He's not answering my texts." Scott shrugged his shoulders helplessly. "He always answers, even when he's sick."

"I know...He's just really not feeling well."

"Yeah, okay." Scott smiled before twisting about and jogging back towards his bike.

Noah shut the door with a sigh. He locked it before twisting about. He looked towards the stairs. Stiles was up in his room and hadn't shown himself unless forced to. Shaking his head, Noah climbed the stairs and came to the doorway of his son's room. He knocked as he watched Stiles, his son was curled up in bed with his blankets pulled up high on himself as if he was cold. "Stiles. Scott came by, and I told him you were sick. He's worried that you're not answering his texts."

"Okay."

Noah frowned at the broken response. "Son. Hiding yourself away isn't going to make this better." He entered his son's room and headed towards his bed. Sitting on the edge of it, he patted his son's form. "I know this is tough, kiddo. This is the biggest change we've had since your mom left us. But we gotta deal with this, Stiles. You can't hide away in your room and hope it will go away; that doesn't work, kid." He waited, but it appeared his son wasn't prepared to say anything. Despite not wanting to, he had to. "Stiles, have you given any thought to what you want to do? You've only got a few days to decide, kiddo, and I know-I know it's tough, it's a life-altering decision. It's scary, and you wish you had more time, but facts are, kiddo, we don't. I'm not judging you one way or another, Stiles, but you have to make the right decision for you. There's no taking this back, Stiles, whether you keep the baby or not, it's a life-altering decision."

"Okay."

Sighing, Noah rose from the bed, and he stared down at his son, who was avoiding his gaze, just staring into the void, or so it appeared. "I'll let you rest, but later, we need to talk." He walked to the door, leaving his son's room, and he paused just outside it. Curious to know if his son would do anything if he thought he was gone, silence reigned. Sighing once more, the sheriff made his way back downstairs. He'd have to push his son to decide which option was right for him. He still refused to name whoever the father was; he wasn't sure if Stiles was embarrassed by who he'd slept with, if he was fearful of them finding out, or a combination of the two. It didn't sit well with him either way, but he had no power over anything until Stiles fessed up to who the father was. He came to sit heavily into his recliner; he'd just turned on the TV when, ignorantly, he became frozen.

Stiles' loud scream from upstairs echoed in the small home, his heartfelt sobs, and cries of sorrow not heard by his father nor anyone as he let himself once more vent over his present situation. When time resumed itself, when the sheriff unfroze heedless of what had happened, the house was quiet. There wasn't a shred of proof that his son had let his grief overflow once more.

Stiles listened idly to his father speak with his doctor on the phone; he didn't particularly care for the words, the discussion being discussed. He could only hear half of it, but it was damning enough. Today was the day. It was now or never, and his father was frantically trying to get him to voice what he wanted. Stiles had a lot of wants, but sadly, none of them were liable to come true.

He wanted to have never seen the time necklace. He wanted to have never purchased it, to have never tampered with time. He wanted to take back what he'd done, how he'd taken advantage of Peter. He wanted not to be pregnant, not to feel this deep, dark shame. None of those things was going to change. Life didn't work that way, and not even the time necklace could change things. Its uses now were for when he needed to scream himself hoarse, when he needed to cry with great abandon. When he needed to scream to the heavens, why had this happened? He knew, of course, why and how it had happened. He knew that this was most likely karma for what he'd done, payback, revenge from the universe, or some shit. Time itself was punishing him for how he'd misused it. Regardless of what one wished to call it, it was reality to Stiles now. He glanced over his shoulder when he heard his father hang up the phone, his eyes landing on his father's eyes as he came back into the living room.

"Kiddo, we got an appointment at two, you've got until then to make your mind up about this."

Stiles nodded his head. He was out of time. Well, not all, he could freeze time for two hours and gain a bit more for himself. Still, it wouldn't stop what was coming; it would just delay it. He watched his dad walk around him and the sofa to sit in his recliner. Stiles looked down at his lap, ashamed that it had come to this. In a few short hours, his decision would be real. He swallowed against the noose in his throat; it was tighter than ever. Was it trying to silence him from making this decision? Was it just nerves? He wasn't sure; all he knew was that it was oh so hard to breathe, hard to talk, it was as if his body couldn't bear to live anymore and wished to simply stop doing what it had to survive. A foolish notion, but his body was all out of sorts.

His hand came up, gently through his t-shirt, and he felt the time necklace. He glanced at the clock, an hour to go. No. He wasn't ready. Stiles rose and headed for his bedroom, saying nothing to his father as he climbed the stairs to his bedroom. Once he was safely tucked inside his room did he fish out the time necklace and hit the jewel. He sat on the edge of his bed. He had two more hours now, three total, before he had to go to the doctors and tell them his decision. He closed his eyes tightly, tears forming all at once as he realized how fucked up all of this was. That deep dark shame, that growing monster that reminded him day after day of what had brought him here.

"I know." He rasped when it screamed at him that it was all his fault. "I know." He coughed, his voice strained by the noose. Tears slid down his cheeks as it screamed inside his head. **'You're a monster!'** "I KNOW!" Stiles screamed loudly in the safety of his room. He gave a broken sob as the litany of shameful words was thrown his way, his mind latching onto each one and cradling it as if it were the most precious thing in the world. As if to scream 'this is the truth'. He knew it was. He was a monster, he was a freak, a despicable person who

deserved this. Who deserved far more than to just be punished with the price of carrying this baby. Yet, his punishment was decided; whoever held sway over it had made their decision just as he had.

The options had been limited, but Stiles had truly only had one way forward, one that even he, a monster, could face. It wasn't fair or right, but it was something he knew he must do if he was to have any hope of defeating the monster inside him. Stiles opened his eyes, unsurprised to find his vision murky from tears. It was a daily occurrence now, he reached up and wiped at his face. Ordinarily, he would have been embarrassed with such a show of emotion, but that was the least shameful thing about him now.

Staring out at his room, his eyes glancing from thing to thing, he saw how worthless it all was. Everything was changing, would change with this decision. He still wasn't sure how to face things; he hadn't had enough time to think things through, but the time necklace could only afford him two hours at a time, and then it had to rest for some time. He'd been using it liberally since he'd found out about his pregnancy five days ago. He'd avoided his friends, the pack entirely, forcing himself to send text messages that promised he was on the mend and that he'd see them soon, but that he didn't want visitors.

It had been hard, typing each word as if he was joking, as if he was happy. He wasn't happy; he hadn't been happy since that day...No, all he felt now was grief. Sorrow. Shame. Sighing, Stiles let his eyes fall downward to stare at the floor. "What a monumental screw up you are." He'd always thought himself rather intelligent, but clearly he'd been wrong. He huffed, a depreciating grin forming. "Yeah, I'm so smart, I bought a magical necklace and used it to take advantage of someone I love and got knocked up. Wow, what a smart person I am." He reached up to wipe at his wet cheek as more tears spilled down his face. "Typical fucking stereotype, a knocked-up teenager." What a joke that was.

He couldn't even begin to imagine what the pack would think when they found out. He could already anticipate the shock, the confusion, the judgment. He shivered as he thought about the weight of those stares he'd have placed upon himself soon. The look Derek would give him when he discovered he was pregnant, yeah, what a look that would be. He snorted. The Alpha was sure to give him a disgruntled face, proof that he was annoyed that Stiles would bring this to their doorstep. Peter would just be disappointed, unaware of his ties to the baby. He'd think how stupid Stiles was to get knocked up; all those intelligent talks they had had gone. Erica would laugh most likely, rag on him for being too stupid to use a condom. Isaac probably would avoid his gaze, too shy, too awkward to face him. Boyd would give him that weird frown he wore when he couldn't quite grasp something that he was processing. And Scott...Scott would be so confused, hurt, and probably that he didn't race off to tell him. He'd speak some platitudes about it being alright, that it wasn't a big deal.

He huffed, yeah, it was a BIG fucking deal. Stiles wasn't sure how he was going to face that. He knew it would be a while before he had to; he'd have a few months before he truly started to show, well, his doctor had said he might show early because of how lithe he was. He frowned at the prospects of seeing the proof of his shame, of seeing proof of the baby resting in his womb.

His hand shakily came down to rest upon his belly; there was nothing there to feel, but he still did it from time to time. Some innocuous behavior had developed as he thought about his current state. Stiles sighed, shoulders slumping as his hand fell into his lap and away from his belly. It had been a hard choice, knowing how his life would change and most likely not for the better, but the thought, the very notion of getting rid of Peter's child...No. He couldn't do that. He couldn't be rid of the consequences of his own actions; someone was punishing him for being a monster, and it would be wrong to try and avoid that punishment, or so he told himself.

No, this was his just reward for everything he'd done. It was his price to pay, his toll to be paid. He'd have this child, their child, and pray that it was human, that he might not have to explain how he'd come to have a werewolf's child. If that failed, he'd just let the noose take his voice and avoid the question. Thus far, he'd avoided his fathers. He knew his dad was a tad irate with him that he'd refused to name who fathered his baby, but Stiles couldn't let that shame come to life. Well, it was already alive, and well, the monster in his head chomped at the bit to remind him of what a monster he was. Of how this was all his fault.

He swallowed past the tightness in his throat; he was getting rather used to the noose. He understood that some things just couldn't be voiced; it wasn't his place, his right to be able to speak of some things. This was his punishment. He wasn't meant to get off lightly; he was meant to deal with this burden alone. Stiles knew in his heart that his shame would be with him the rest of his life, that there was no escaping it, no matter how he screamed, raged, or cried. No, that dark monster lurking in his head, the voice that punished him daily, it was there to stay. A penance for all he'd done. His head came up when he heard his dad suddenly shout that it was time to go. He hadn't realized that time had restarted. He picked up the time necklace and saw its counter at zero. Sighing, he stuffed it back into his shirt. Time to go. Time to face what he'd done.

"We haven't seen him in a week." Erica pouted. "And he keeps leaving me on read."

"Same," Boyd muttered.

Isaac nodded. "Yeah, I get one-word answers."

"He's avoiding me, too." Scott huffed back at the pack. "His dad just keeps saying that he's not feeling well, but when I asked more about it, he said that Stiles already went to the doctor and all he needs is rest."

"Then I would assume that to be accurate," Peter muttered to the complaining pups. "You cannot hope to make him better by nagging him or his father; let him rest." Peter scowled when Scott huffed and muttered softly about a text not being that strenuous. "I would think that all of you to comprehend how one needs rest when sick." That, at least, seemed to cow them a bit. Shaking his head, he gave a passing glance to his nephew, who was scowling at nothing at all, a trait he often wondered about.

Looking back at the pups who were muttering about Stiles' mysterious illness, Peter thought to himself that it was rather odd that Stiles wouldn't even entertain their texts. Normally,

when he was sick, he'd send stupid memes to the group about being sick, and yet, he was barely entertaining their questions of him feeling better. Peter had half a mind to text the teen himself to see what kind of response he'd get, but he wasn't such a hypocrite as to do such a thing. He'd let Stiles rest, and once the teen had recovered, his mind would be put at ease.

He was sure it was just another stomach bug or something similar. If the sheriff had already taken Stiles to the doctor, then he was sure it was addressed. The rest of them just had to be patient for the teen to mend, and unfortunately, Peter understood how long illness could last. A few of their human counterparts had suffered from prolonged illness. He hoped that this was not the case for Stiles; the teen was usually quite healthy, but there was no telling if he'd caught something more damaging than some flu.

"Leave him alone," Derek growled at the pups. "Bothering him won't help him. He'll come around or text you when he's better."

Peter smirked at how the pups pouted more to hear it not only from him but also from his nephew, two nos from two different Alphas did hold far more weight than just one. "Perhaps we could pass the time without him with more efficiency." The way the pups frowned had him grinning. "I believe we left off your training after that Chupacabra came through. Shall we continue?" The grimaces that he caused had him grinning wider. "I think we should, nephew?"

Derek smirked at what his uncle was doing. Truthfully, the pups could use some training, but they both knew how they loathed it. Normally, Stiles made it more entertaining by rooting for them or calling them wusses when they complained about things. "Sounds good to me." The groans that prospered from his agreeing had him chuckling. "Let's go." The pups groaned once more, but didn't fight the order; they just rose from the couch and began to trail after him.

Peter smirked as he shepherded the pups out after Derek. He was sure that they could entertain them for a few hours, and after they'd tuckered them out, they were bound to leave Stiles to rest as he should. Though guiltily, he made a mental note to inquire of the sheriff how Stiles was doing. He'd leave Stiles to rest, assured that his father would divulge if something more was afoot.

Stiles stared blankly at his phone going off on his nightstand. It buzzed with the incoming of a text. Sighing, he reached out of his blanket cocoon and picked it up. He stared at the beginning of the message strewn across the banner message. He frowned. What? He opened the message entirely, and his eyes widened. No way. He sat up in a hurry and stared down at the message, re-reading it. Was this true? He scowled, throwing off the blankets from himself, he ran downstairs to confront his father. "There was a murder?!" His father blinked back at him in shock.

"Um...Hello."

Stiles glared. "DAD!"

Noah sighed. “Yes, there was a murder.”

“Why didn’t you tell me?!”

Noah gave a rather bored expression towards his son. “I don’t know Stiles, maybe because you’re not a cop.”

Stiles snorted at that lame excuse. “As if that matters in this town.” His dad looked quite offended by that comment, but he pressed on him. “Did he get chewed on or not?”

Noah frowned at his eager son. Granted, he was pleased to see him up and out of bed...With more life to him, he’d just rather it wasn’t because of a man’s murder. “The rulings out.” The shrewd expression the teen gave him had Noah muttering. “There was a strange green goo near him.”

“Goo?” Stiles grimaced. “What kind of goo?” His father shrugged. “Not helpful, Dad.”

“We sent it for toxicology; it’ll be a few days before it comes back. He’s already been taken to the coroner to be examined. His death is currently under investigation. I do not know if he was...Chewed on.”

Stiles hummed, sounded sketchy. “Can I see him?”

“NO!”

Stiles huffed and rolled his eyes. “Why not? I’m good at this shit.”

“Stiles, you’re not a cop. I cannot just bring you into the morgue and let you take a peek at someone.” Noah chastised his son. “There are protocols, kid, and I’m not breaking them just because you think this might be supernatural.”

Stiles hummed a moment thoughtfully. “Yeah, but do you really trust Ivan to figure out if the dude was chewed on? I mean, the last dude that was ganked, he said, was hit by a car.” His dad’s facial features tightened. Stiles smirked. “But ya know, Derek’s sense of smell changed that verdict.”

“It did,” Noah growled. “But that is not reason enough to see you or them admitted to the coroner’s office.”

“What was his name?”

Noah frowned. “You don’t know him, Stiles.” His son shrugged his shoulders and gave him an expectant look. “Fine. Michael Bossman.”

Stiles nodded his head before muttering. “Fine.” He left his dad with a smirk to himself as he climbed the stairs to his bedroom. He went about getting dressed, the first time since his doctor’s appointment. Once he was dressed did he reached down and picked up the time necklace. “Let’s go see Mr. Bossman.” He froze time with a simple click of the necklace and, with ease, made his way out of his house after ragging on his dad’s hair. “See ya later, Pops. I got a murder to solve.”

It was easy to drive his way over to the coroner's office, park, and get into it via the front office. He walked right past the receptionist and headed back down a long hallway to the door that read morgue. He pushed open the door and grimaced upon finding that Ivan had been in the process of embalming someone. "Sorry." He skirted around the frozen man and walked towards the freezer. He grabbed a pair of gloves, donning them for safety's sake, and then opened the freezer door.

He rifled through the sheet-covered gurneys until he found the proper guy. He undid the sheet, heedless of how his body was breaking into goosebumps due to the frigid temperatures of the freezer. Stiles' eyes widened. "Oh fuck me." It was gross, utterly gross, and his stomach gave a weird tilting sensation that threatened him with the notion of being sick. He swallowed tightly, waited a few minutes, and then nodded, okay, he was okay.

He stared at the poor bastard who had been murdered; he was missing a good chunk out of his ribcage, ribs splintered and sticking out as if something had taken a massive bite out of him. Stiles gently touched the man's ribs, ducking down to peer into him to see if maybe a certain organ was missing. You had to be careful with the supernatural; there were some creatures that only ate pieces of people. He hummed upon seeing that one of the dudes lungs was missing, the other was torn into, but left inside him. His heart was there, and most of his guts were still inside him, though some of his entrails were peeking out of the giant slice in his lower abdomen was far too messy to be made by a knife. This had been something different.

Stiles examined the rest of the guy, curious to know if there were any other signs. He blinked upon finding the man's hair still damp. He sorted through a bit of it before grinning, his finger scooped up the glob of green goo, and stared at it. It looked kinda like lime jello, only grosser, given how it smelled. Stiles was careful when he explored whether or not it was the source of the sour scent in the air; it was. Humming, he smeared the green goo onto the gurney to get it off his gloved fingers.

"So...Weird rotten garlic smell, missing a lung with a giant bite taken out of you...Don't know what did this dude, but that is gnarly death. They didn't even really eat you, so...Maybe a self-defense mechanism? You saw shit you shouldn't have, and it iced you to get away." Stiles nodded with his theory. It was a simple one, but one they'd seen before. He covered the corpse back up with its sheet and left the freezer, shutting its door before stripping the gloves and tossing them aside.

He walked around Ivan, patting him on the back as he went. "Nice to see you." He grinned to himself as he left the coroner's office and hopped back into his jeep. He made the easy trek home, weaving in and out of traffic from the frozen vehicles. He arrived home, parked, walked into their house, and jogged up to his room before unfreezing time. He tilted his head curiously, but once he'd heard the TV restart did he went jogging back down the stairs. "I'm going to go solve a mystery." He proudly declared.

"You don't know if he died be-"

"I KNOW THINGS!" Stiles shouted with a grin, for once, he kinda felt like himself. "Bye, Pops."

Noah smirked, although he wasn't really happy to hear that his son was going to investigate a murder behind his back, it was nice to hear him be himself. "Stay out of trouble!" He rolled his eyes at his son's carefree goodbye. Maybe this would be the push he needed to come to terms with his decision. Being around the pack would probably do him wonders. He wasn't sure when Stiles intended to tell his friends, but he hoped he didn't wait too long. Noah had a feeling that he'd feel better once he had some of his peers to confide in rather than just his aging father.

It had been a startling decision to hear his son say that he was responsible for the baby happening and that he couldn't go through with an abortion. He'd tried to reassure him that they could always give the baby up for adoption, but Stiles had shaken his head at that. It was almost as if Stiles thought this was some sort of punishment; he'd lingered in bed for days after making the choice, and he'd begun to fear that his son was entering a dark depression, but apparently a murder was all it took to see his son snapping out of it.

Chapter 9: Sense the forest

Chapter Summary

Peter and Derek come to a startling revelation.

“WE HAVE A TROLL IN THE DUNGEON!”

Derek groaned at the loud shouting. “Don’t shout!” He chastised the teen who came barreling into his loft with a grin. He huffed when the teen walked over and flopped onto his couch. He was about to say something when the wave of air the teens jog across the room hit him. Derek had inhaled to tell the teen off for being loud once more when he knew that the wolves hated it, only to freeze at the sweet scent that reached his nose. His eyes widened when he took a deep breath in, only to find that it was still there. He looked towards the only other occupant in the room. Oh lord. Derek blinked a few times, trying to process what his brain was telling him, what his sense of smell was telling him. “Stiles.”

“So, my little mole at the police station, thank you, Shirley, sent me a text about this guy who got munched on. Dad wouldn’t play along, so I snuck into the coroner’s office and took a look. That dude was chomped on.” Stiles nodded his head firmly, disregarding how the wolf was looking at him with an astounded expression on his face. “Dude was missing a lung and half his rib cage was taken out, whatever did that has a big mouth.” Stiles chuckled. “Didn’t really eat him, Oh! It also left this weird green goo on the dude. Looked like lime jello and smelled like rotten garlic. Do you know of anything like that?” He frowned when, instead of answering him, Derek just stared at him. “Um...Derek?” He hadn’t accidentally hit the necklace, had he? Nope, the wolf blinked. “Dude? What’s wrong with you? HELLO!” Derek jumped, causing him to chuckle when the Alpha scowled at him for shouting.

“Don’t shout,” Derek growled even as he was jarred out of his shocked musings. He stared at the teen a moment longer before looking away. What the fuck did he do now?

“So?”

Derek shook his head to answer the teen’s earlier question. He’d heard him; he’d just been preoccupied with the newfound knowledge he’d gotten. “No.”

“Huh. Alright, so we’ll ask Peter, and if that fails, we’ll do some research.” Stiles glanced towards the door when it was yanked open. He grinned. “Speak of the devil!” Peter smirked back at him as he walked in. “We have a new fugly.”

“Oh? We do?”

“Yep.” Stiles nodded his head as the wolf sat down in the other armchair across from Derek. “Took a massive bite out of some dude, ate a lung, but nothing else. It also left this weird green goo behind, smells like rotten garlic.”

Peter hummed. “Interesting.”

“Know anything off the top of your head?” Stiles questioned, eager to know if the Alpha had run into this foreign creature.

“Hm, can’t say that I know of anything. The garlic scent is sure to be what will tell us what we have. Only a lung?” Peter frowned when Stiles nodded. “A defensive kill perhaps.”

“That’s what I was thinking, dude stumbled through some bushes at the wrong time and got chomped on,” Stiles replied simply. “It probably ate the lung to see if the rest of the dude was food or not. Didn’t like the taste of human though, cause he left the rest of the dude alone.”

“Yes, quite intriguing.”

“Stiles...I left a can of root beer in the fridge for you. Go get it.” Derek suggested, and he got a shrug as the teen got up upon hearing his offer. He sent a pointed look towards his uncle as Stiles got up. “Peter. Sense the forest.”

Peter frowned at the strange advice. He hummed and took a deep breath through his nose. Stiles walked by, and he froze, his eyes widened as his head snapped to follow the teen. Stiles entered the kitchen heedless of the fact that Derek had revealed something startling to him. He looked back at his nephew.

“Is he?”

Peter nodded his head fast. “Yes.”

Derek growled. “How the fuck do we deal with that?”

Peter snorted at the seemingly terrified question his nephew had given him. “Well, calmly would be my suggestion, nephew.” He shook his head. “He might not know, it’s not our place to tell him, I’m afraid.”

Derek glared. “Why not? He’s our pack.”

“Yes, well, that’s his body.” Peter snarked. “And alerting him to such a startling thing isn’t going to be pleasant. Far better that he discover it on his own rather than hear it from us. He wouldn’t take kindly to hearing we can smell that. If I were to guess, it’s quite a private thing for humans, Derek. He’s not like our lost pack mates who were used to such things; this is foreign to Stiles.”

Derek grumbled, but silenced himself entirely when Stiles returned, amid cracking the root beer open. He watched the teen take a sip as he made his way past them. He inhaled a bit, but it was still there. Peter had verified, but it was still shocking to know that Stiles was pregnant. He wasn’t sure who the teen had mated with, but this had ramifications for the pack, which was part of his reason for wishing to alert the teen of his present state. Peter’s warning that it

wasn't their place rankled him; they were the boys' Alphas, but humans were different, he guessed. From memory, all of their previous human packmates had enjoyed sharing such news with the pack, for having a wolf discover that joyous news for them before they had been aware of it themselves. He looked at the teen and, being what he hoped was stealthy, asked. "Are you feeling better?"

Stiles hummed, oh, right, bullshit illness for the life-altering decision of being pregnant. "Yeah." Stiles nodded his head, hoping the wolf wouldn't ask questions about his 'illness'.

Peter sent a scathing expression towards his nephew for prying. He knew that he'd asked a rather benign question, but he didn't wish for Derek to upset Stiles by revealing that the teen was pregnant. "Good, that's good." He played along. "And now we have a new creature to tackle." He hoped to keep their conversation afloat on something other than the dawning realization that the teen had mated with someone and managed to conceive someone's pup. It was a delicate affair; all they could hope was that the teen would discover it for himself soon. They'd have to warn the pups not to reveal it, well, after they explained the sweet scent they were going to smell coming off of Stiles. He looked pointedly back at his nephew. "Well, it appears we have research to do. Rotten garlic is a pretty telling sign of whatever creature that was."

"It was probably drool, wasn't it?" Stiles grimaced at that notion.

Peter smirked and shrugged. "A possibility, you didn't touch it, did you?" He questioned in haste, afraid that the pregnant teen might have exposed himself and his unborn pup to something it shouldn't be near.

"Hm? I wore gloves; it didn't touch me."

Peter sighed in relief. "Good." He smiled. "Can't be too careful with the supernatural darling."

Stiles huffed. "Ain't that the damned truth." He took another sip of his soda before taking notice of the rather constipated expression Derek was wearing. "What's wrong with you, Sourwolf?"

Derek glanced at the teen, at the pregnant teen, and shook his head. "Nothing." Peter's earlier statement had frozen him; Stiles might have been in danger by exploring things for them. He was pregnant; he couldn't be around whatever this creature was. He surely wouldn't be allowed to go with them whenever they went to face off with it.

"Well, you looked constipated, so I'm gonna say you were thinking of something unpleasant." Stiles grinned when the wolf's usual scowl returned. "Aww, I made you growly again."

Peter chuckled at the teen's taunting of his nephew. "Sweetheart, what have I told you about wolves?"

Stiles snickered. "That is one lesson that didn't stick, Peter."

Peter couldn't help but huff; somehow, he wasn't surprised, given all their previous conversations about wolves. "Do try not to poke the bear."

Stiles shrugged his shoulders. "I like poking Derek; he growls a lot," Derek growled in response, causing Stiles to smile. "Like that."

Peter smirked at the teen's ability to rile his nephew. "Well, my nephew's collection is limited, but we can do a little research here."

"Sure." Stiles set the soda down and rolled to his feet effortlessly, wandering to Derek's bookcase, and he asked. "Any idea on where we should look?"

Peter followed after the teen, daring to be so bold as to place his hand upon the teen's back. It was a gentle touch; he'd done it many times before, but now it held such meaning as he was aware that his pack mate carried a pup. "No, not really. Best to start in opposite places and see if we can't meet in the middle."

"Sure." Stiles picked up a book on avian species and pulled away from Peter to return to the sofa. It had been nice to feel Peter's hand on him, but that dark monster in his head screamed at him. **'It's all your fault,'** He was quick to try and gain distance from the wolf he was so infatuated with. Nothing good would come of his lingering near Peter; he'd already committed his dark shame, and the monster in his head was slathering at the notion of reminding him of it. He sat down on Derek's couch with a small frown. He opened the book and did his best to ignore the raging beast in him as he sought out answers for the pack on what might have killed the guy in the morgue.

Peter retained his seat with a book on ground species. He glanced Stiles' way to see the teen frowning into the book he was reading. He sighed. What a harrowing event. It would be so much easier if they knew if Stiles was aware of his pregnancy; there was a chance, slim though it might be, that Stiles was choosing to hide it. He doubted it. The teen was normally quite open with things, but this was something far harder to face than most things. Still, they'd faced many a foe, and him carrying a pup should have been a joyous thing, even if Peter was a tad jealous to know that the boy had mated and sired a pup with some stranger.

To his knowledge, Stiles didn't have a partner outside of the pack. The idea that it was some one-night stand that turned poorly for the teen rankled him quite well. Stiles was far too intelligent not to take caution when mating, so something must have happened. He wasn't sure what, but he didn't think the teen so foolish as to willingly get himself pregnant at such a young age.

That, sadly, was for a later pondering. He did his best to focus on the task at hand, sorting through various pages and only glancing up every now and then to check on the teen or glance at Derek. His nephew was being less than coy in how he glanced at Stiles, as if the teen, himself, was some mystery. He wasn't sure if it was because Derek was celibate and he somehow thought those around him were, but his nephew was clearly out of sorts with the news that Stiles was pregnant. They'd have to talk about it later once the teen had left them.

They scoured various books for a few hours, but ultimately, they found nothing that seemed to stand out as their culprit for the untimely death of the man in the morgue. Stiles sighed as

he closed the book he'd been studying and tossed it onto the coffee table. "I guess we need Peter's library."

Peter smiled. "You can come tomorrow if you feel well enough."

Stiles nodded, he should be okay, he'd mostly been nauseous in the morning. "Maybe in the afternoon, Dad's been cheating on his diet again." Not a lie, but also not a reason that would see him staying at home. He just hoped neither wolf would call into question such a thing.

"I'm not surprised, you have him eating like a rabbit." Peter teased.

Stiles chuckled. "Yeah, well, his cardiologist thanks me, so I take it as a win even if my dad says I'm betraying him by denying him greasy burgers." Both the wolves chuckled a bit at that. Getting to his feet, he snatched up the book he'd taken off of Derek's bookshelf and wandered to place it back where it belonged. "You seriously suck at keeping this organized." Stiles glanced over his shoulder to scowl at the Alpha. "I've fixed it three times!"

Peter smirked at how Stiles chastised his nephew for not keeping his books organized. "A lost cause, I'm afraid." Derek shot him a dirty look but didn't say anything. Stiles laughed, so he felt quite vindicated.

"Alright, well, I'm gonna catch you guys later. I'll see you tomorrow, Peter, maybe I can weasel some more details out of Dad in the meantime."

"Of course, darling."

"Bye, sourwolf."

Derek huffed. "Bye, Stiles." He watched the teen leave, waiting until he heard the elevator leave their floor before he sent a scathing expression towards his uncle. "He's pregnant."

"I'm aware." Peter drolly stated. "The more interesting question is how that came about." His nephew wrinkled his nose. He sighed. "I know how, I meant, Stiles is far too smart to allow such a thing by accident."

Derek frowned. "So what do you think happened?"

"I don't know. Stiles is set to go train for the FBI next year; he wouldn't risk that by letting some oaf knock him up." Peter reminded his nephew. "This is entirely accidental or—" He didn't say it, he couldn't. It was far too like wolvesbane on the tongue. His nephew growled as he clued into what he meant. "He was sick for a week." Peter reminded his nephew. "Not answering anyone's texts, and his father just gave platitudes to Scott that he'd been to the doctor."

"They were covering it up."

"A possibility," Peter replied. "The only other thing I can think of is if a condom broke, but Stiles is far too smart to chance things. He would have gotten something to take care of that."

Derek nodded his head. "Right...So, he was raped?"

Peter's face turned grim. "I don't know." He shook his head. "All I know is that we cannot confront him, now more than ever, nephew. It's not our place to reveal that, more so that we have suspicions on how it happened. As much as we wish to help, Stiles needs to come to terms with this on his own."

"And if he doesn't tell us?"

Peter huffed. "I'd think he'd notice if he was pregnant after he misses his period a few times, nephew, he is intelligent." He smirked at how Derek wrinkled his nose upon hearing him discuss Stiles' period. "Regardless, he should find out soon enough. We'll just give the pups caution, I'm sure we can burn it into their minds that they're not to talk about it."

Derek snorted. "Never thought I'd Alpha command the pack to not discuss a fucking pregnancy."

Peter chuckled at the rather unorthodox thing they'd have to do. "Until he shows he's aware, we must take caution, and we'll need to caution them on roughhousing with him." His nephew nodded his head, clearly defensive on the subject as well. "He might not be aware of it yet, but he's vulnerable now more than ever. If he decides to keep the pup, he will need our support."

Derek frowned a moment before stating. "But that also muddies the water. Who the fuck did he sleep with?"

Peter, unfortunately, didn't know. He shrugged. "I don't know, nephew, whoever they are, we might have to adapt to their presence." The growl his nephew gave had him shaking his head. "You cannot hope to have the pup's father stay out of our business if they're entwined with Stiles and that pup."

Derek looked away. "Fucking fantastic."

Peter shook his head at how Derek was acting like this was some sort of death sentence. "We've accepted new members before, both in this pack and our old one. This will be no different, Derek, though I'll admit that bringing in a new packmate because he somehow mated with Stiles and knocked him up will be an interesting introduction."

Derek snorted. "I'm sure it will." Sighing, Derek glanced back at his uncle. "Do you think he'll want to keep the pup?"

Peter shrugged his shoulders as he reclined comfortably in Derek's armchair. "I don't know. If he does, it means changing the course of his life, going to Quantico to train to be an FBI agent wouldn't be easy, if at all possible, depending on their rules and regulations. He might very well be hindering himself from a brighter future if he keeps the pup."

Derek frowned. Still, the knowledge that Stiles might choose to be rid of the pup, well, that sort of thing had always rankled wolves. Pups were a treasured thing to their kind, but he knew it wasn't always the same for their human counterparts. "I hope he finds out sooner rather than later."

“As do I,” Peter remarked coolly. “And for his sake, I hope it was some foolish mistake and not...That.” Derek growled once more upon being reminded that one of the reasons the pup might exist might be that Stiles was forced to mate. “I’ll be spending more time with him tomorrow. I’m rather adept at leading people around, nephew. I’ll try to discover if he knows or not; if not, we’ll just have to wait and see how it plays out.” He got a nod from Derek, and assured that it was dealt with at least for now, he stated. “We’ll figure out what killed that man while we’re at it. I’m sure it’s something benign, and that poor soul stumbled upon something he shouldn’t have.”

“Be better than dealing with another monster,” Derek muttered. “I’m sure between the two of you that you can figure it out.”

Peter inclined his head. “I’m sure we can.”

Peter opened the door to his apartment with a smile. “Come in.” He held the door for the lithe teen to enter, shutting it behind him and locking it. He trailed after the teen who had come to his dining room table to see all the books spread out. “I organized a few tomes that I think might have creatures with particular scent attributes.”

“Hm. Quite a lot of them.” Stiles muttered as he took in the countless books stretched across the table. He shrugged. “Well, best get to it.”

“Would you like something to drink?”

Stiles bit his lip a moment before smiling at the wolf. “Do you have more of that lemon tea? I’ve kinda grown to like it.” More like the general upset of his stomach had called on him to make use of it, but the wolf didn’t need to know that. He didn’t need to know anything about his shame; it wasn’t time. He still had time to figure things out before he told the pack.

Peter smiled. “Of course.” He wasn’t sure if the teen had truly grown a liking to it or just that it helped his stomach, but regardless, it was no hardship to make him a cup of it. He wandered into his kitchen and went about putting the kettle on the stove, his eyes stared at it far more seriously than a kettle was required to be stared at, but his thoughts were on Stiles.

The whistle of the kettle startled him. Sighing, he lifted it off the stove and set about brewing two cups of tea. He brought them with him into the living room to see Stiles already invested in a book, and he set the teen’s cup beside him. “Careful, it’s hot.”

Stiles nodded his head as he turned the page of a book that he was reading. “So you think we’ll find it because it smells like rotting garlic?”

“That’s a very telling trait,” Peter replied as he lifted a book up to sort through its contents. “Most creatures blend in by not sticking out, so if that creature has a particular scent, then it must serve it somehow.”

Stiles snorted. “How the fuck would smelling like rotting garlic serve it?”

“A warning to those around it that it is near.”

Stiles hummed. That was doable. “Fucking bad smell to use, but sure.” The wolf chuckled at his stance on its choice of BO. He flipped the page of the book he was reading, interested in the vast majority of creatures but forcing himself to pass them by if nothing mentioned a scent to it. He reached out and lifted the steaming cup of tea, blowing on it a few times before he dared to take a shallow sip of it. The citrus tang of the tea lanced his tongue; he swallowed with a sigh. With any luck, this would help quell the little unease his stomach felt. He’d gotten rather ill that morning and had prayed to every deity he knew that it would go away before he was set to meet up with Peter. It had, but the general unease of his stomach had him being cautious with it. The lemon tea, however, had seemed to soothe it time and again. He was ever thankful that Peter had brought some over to his house; he’d even gone so far as to order some off of Amazon so that he’d have more in case he ran out of Peter’s blend.

Peter glanced up from the page he was studying to see Stiles leisurely sipping at his tea amid breaks to turn pages. The teen seemed well enough; no clear signs that he was going to be sick. If he knew for certain the teen was aware of his pregnancy, he could have helped with that, but he dared not try to mend that sickness without the teen being aware of what was wrong with himself. But how to address things? He could ask vague questions all he’d like, skirt around the truth, but he needed a path forward if he was to lead the teen towards revealing if he was aware of his present state or not. He hoped the teen was just hiding out of some fear of them judging him, and not some fear of feeling shame for having been taken advantage of. He’d gut whoever had harmed him if he was proven right about Stiles being abused.

“You’re growling.”

Peter blinked. His head lifted to stare at Stiles as the teen frowned back at him. “Ah, sorry, darling. I got lost in a side tangent that was less than pleasant.”

Stiles snorted. “You wanted to maim someone.”

“Yes.”

Stiles grinned at how easily the wolf fessed up to that. “Again, so long as dad doesn’t have a new list of bodies, I don’t care who you take out to protect the pack.”

Peter smiled openly at the boy for his casualness about taking action for the pack’s health. “I’m well aware, darling, I’ll make sure that any threats to us are...Outside of your father’s jurisdiction.” He got a nod from the teen in response to that barter.

“So who’d you want to murder?”

Peter chuckled at the teen’s curiosity. “I’m afraid I don’t know their name just yet.”

“But they’re a threat to the pack?”

“Could be.” Peter continued with shepherding the teen around the truth. “I’m uncertain, but once I know more, I will act accordingly.”

Stiles hummed upon hearing the wolf's stance. "How are they a threat?"

Peter shook his head. No, he couldn't go down that road with the boy. "It doesn't truly matter, pet. If they become a threat, I will handle them. At the moment, they're a nuisance that I loathe."

Stiles smirked. "Uh-huh. That loathing made you growl, so I'm going to say it's a bit more than that."

"Perhaps."

Stiles chuckled at the wolf's attempt to avoid admitting how annoyed he was. "Are they human?"

To his knowledge, but Peter wasn't entirely sure. "To my knowledge, they are, but one can never tell with what walks around nowadays."

"True." Stiles muttered sourly. "I mean that bitch who was a hellcat sure as shit looked like a normal chick."

Peter huffed. "Yes, she did."

Stiles gave a small huffing noise before muttering. "Well, have fun, I guess. Hope they're not a threat to us, but glad that they can be taken care of before the pack gets bent out of shape if they do."

Peter inclined his head in return. "I'll take care of things."

Stiles nodded and went back to reading his book. He was still curious about this mystery person that Peter was holding a grudge against, but he knew the wolf well enough to know that he wouldn't answer him anymore because he nagged. "I could go with you." He offered as he turned the page of the book.

Peter forced a smile when the teen looked up. "As nice as that sounds, darling, I wouldn't wish to have you so near someone dangerous."

Stiles snorted. "I have been around all manner of dangerous Peter; that is nothing new."

Sadly, true, but with the newfound knowledge that the boy was carrying a pup, Peter wasn't about to let him anywhere near something that might harm him, human or otherwise. "I don't think it would be worth your time, sweetheart. I'm far more likely to just tamper with his brakes."

Stiles laughed. "What? Seriously?" The wolf grinned in return. "He could get into an accident and hurt other people."

"I'm careful," Peter promised. "Then again, most of the accidents that I seem to cause tend to end with a cliff."

Stiles' eyes widened. "You throw people off cliffs?"

“Well, technically no.” Peter shook his head. “I’ve never tossed someone off a cliff; however, I have redistributed the weight of a bumper that happened to be misaligned with a steep incline.”

Stiles smirked. “You fucking kicked their car over the edge.” The wolf grinned. “That is low, that poor bastard had a long way down.”

“Indeed, he did. Then again, the fire already in his car probably didn’t help things for him.”

“You lit him on fire?!” The wolf shrugged. “Jesus Christ, what did he do to piss you off?”

Peter laid his cheek into the palm of his hand on the table. “Well, the possibilities were endless with him, but in particular, he was stalking Cora.” He saw the teen wince. “Yes, a poor mistake on his part.”

“I take it he wouldn’t take no for an answer?”

“Hm, well, he took mine.”

Stiles snorted. “No, you kicked his car over a cliff...Wait, does she know?”

“She knows I handled it, not exactly how.”

Stiles nodded his head. That made sense. “Alright, well, cool...Psycho stalkers are your jam. I’ll let you know if I get one.”

Peter smiled and replied. “I’d handle something if someone hurt you; you need only state such a thing.” He waited, wondering if the teen would give him some hint on whether or not he had been abused or not.

Stiles snorted. “I’m good. I’ll let you go kujo on someone else.”

“Hm, not a single soul that would see you thinking bad thoughts of?” Peter pressed upon the teen.

Stiles smiled at the wolf who was pressing upon him to name someone. “I do not have anyone whom I want dead.”

Peter smiled. “Well, let me know if you change your mind.” He was admittedly relieved to see some proof that the teen hadn’t been abused, though that did leave the startling possibilities of how the pup came to be all the more mysterious.

Stiles rolled his eyes at the wolf’s shenanigans. “Get back to work, Kujo.” He took a drink of his tea and smiled around the lip of the cup. Swallowing, he set the cup aside and continued his search. This was nice. This was how things should be. Sad that they were tainted by his dark shame, he swallowed. Now wasn’t the time to think such thoughts. He didn’t need to ruin this, this moment, with what he knew to be true. The monster could wait to haunt him until he got home, or so he told himself. The tea had settled his stomach, and he could enjoy this, this small time with Peter.

The wolf didn't need to know his shame, not yet; he still wasn't certain how he'd tell the pack about the baby. He feared their response most of all; his father had taken it... Well, awesomely if he was honest. His dad had been awesome since the start of things, no complaints there whatsoever, but he knew with the pack, things were more complicated. They'd have questions, questions that he wasn't certain he could answer. Biting the inside of his cheek as he turned the page of the book he was studying, he pondered his words carefully. "You know, if it weren't for the murder and mayhem that this always prompts, this is nice."

Peter chuckled. "Yes, our scouring tomes for knowledge is far more pleasant when there isn't some beast attacking people."

Stiles smiled to himself, god, he was pathetic, needing to voice to the wolf how much he loved spending time with him. As if that mattered, as if that changed anything. He was still a monster, a monster that Peter would never forgive if he knew the truth. He swallowed tightly against the noose, which threatened to tighten if he didn't choose his words carefully. The small tide of nausea that was climbing in his belly had him reaching out for his tea. He took a larger swallow of the liquid in the hopes that it might temper the issue he was having. He knew it was his thoughts that were causing him distress, not the baby itself. He stared down at the hapless page before him. This wasn't the creature, but he found it hard to turn the page. He'd been stuck on it without realizing it until this moment; was this the dark monster in his head doing? Staring at the creature before him, its illustration so... Graphic. He wondered if this was what he'd see if he were truly one of this kind of beast.

"Stiles?"

Stiles blinked. He looked up at the wolf to see Peter frowning. "What?"

Peter scowled. "I've been calling your name for a few minutes. Are you alright, darling?"

Stiles smiled weakly. "Yeah, I'm fine."

Peter's scowl tensed when he heard the lie, choosing not to call the boy out on that, he pushed a book across the table to the teen. "How about that pet?"

Stiles put his book aside, the one that depicted his inner beast, and picked up the one that Peter had offered him. He frowned, reading passage after passage about the creature. This did fit; it fit quite a lot. "If this is it, then it's only awake during the day." He looked over the book only to freeze upon seeing that, in his distraction, Peter had gathered the book he'd been studying and was staring at the page that he'd been focused on. "That's not it."

Peter smiled back at the teen. "I'm aware. Why were you so invested in reading on this creature?"

Stiles found that he didn't have to lie; the words flowed easily upon his tongue, the noose a loose strand of rope. "Looks like something in one of my nightmares."

Peter hummed thoughtfully. "Yes, well, we shouldn't have to fear one of these." He smiled back at the teen. "Now, do you think that I'm right?"

Stiles nodded. “Yeah, it fits all we know of it. Though that does bring up the question of where the hell do we find it during the day? It has to be in the preserve, right? Or the natural park?”

“Yes, somewhere like that. If it were in town, we’d have sightings of a mysterious animal.” Peter replied in kind. “It’s lurking in the woods, humans aren’t its prey, but it will kill if seen by them.”

“So how do we get it to move on?” He glanced down at the picture of the rather mutated deer thing. “I mean, they’re not really a threat so long as they’re left alone.”

“Chances are it will move off on its own, but there’s no telling how long that might take. If it lingers, more people could die.”

Stiles nodded as he stared at the drawing of the deer; it was rather gross-looking. “I don’t suppose we can scare it off?”

“It would just challenge me or the pups.”

Stiles sighed. Well, there went that idea. “So, pitchforks and torches?”

“Unfortunately so.”

Stiles nodded and began to flip through the book to see what the thing was weak against. “Be a nice change of pace to be going out during the day, though. I mean, we’re usually out in pitch black forest, stumbling about to kill something.”

“You stumble, we walk.” Peter teased the teen, who looked up to glare at him. “I’m sorry, darling, but you’re as unstable as a newborn fawn out there.”

“I’m blind!”

Peter chuckled. “I’m well aware that your eyes can’t see what we can.”

Stiles huffed as he put the book down and folded his arms across his breasts. “Well, hardy har har, this time I’ll be able to see everything.”

And wasn’t that just a dilemma? Stiles was pregnant, seemingly ignorant of his health, and intent on going with them to kill the creature that could put him and his unborn pup in jeopardy. What to say? What to do? They certainly couldn’t allow the boy to go with them, not while he was carrying a pup. Peter would never forgive himself if he had to console the boy if he lost it. That was a pain that wolves felt deep in their bones, and he wouldn’t wish it upon Stiles. He forced a smile and said. “It’s quite dangerous to humans; it might be best if you stayed back this time.”

“Oh, hell no.” Stiles shook his head. “I am not missing out on a mutated deer, I have seen enough zombie movies to know that they look wicked when they’re diseased like that.”

Peter glowered. “Movies are not a reason to go into the forest to hunt for a creature who might murder you.” He growled when Stiles carelessly waved him off. “Stiles.”

Stiles smirked at the gluttural growl he earned for dismissing the wolf, damn if that didn't get his gears going, but he had to remind himself that such a thing was behind him now. He didn't get to delight in these things any longer. He looked away from the handsome werewolf and muttered. "I'm not staying at home just because this things dangerous, I've been there with plenty of dangerous things."

All true. Peter knew that this was a hard bargain to see through, but he had to find some reason, some way for Stiles to stay back where it was safe. His words failed him in that moment, but before he could rally himself, Stiles' phone went off.

Sighing, Stiles dug out his phone and saw it was his dad. Great. He answered it with a cheerful. "Heya, pops, what's up?" He frowned, nodding along before saying. "Really, really don't want to do that, so I'm gonna say no, but thanks."

Peter smirked as he listened to Stiles argue with his father over something; the teen was always so animated. So lively, he was charismatic in the best of ways, and he couldn't help but find the teen attractive. Granted, the notion that he'd mated with someone, that he was having a pup with someone that Peter didn't know, it rankled his wolf. He looked away from the beautiful visage of the teen. Stiles wasn't his; it wasn't his place to grow territorial over him in any way other than as his Alpha in the pack. The pup wasn't his; Stiles had mated with someone else...Admittedly, someone whom he wished to know about.

"And I'm again gonna say no on that. I love you, yes I do, just because I won't answer you doesn't mean I don't love you!" Stiles shouted into the phone, ignoring how Peter winced at the raised volume of his voice. "Well, that's rude!"

Peter sighed at the loud volume; he knew it wasn't Stiles' fault that he got carried away, but it was rather shrill to his sensitive hearing. "Inside voices, pet." Stiles at least had the presence of mind to smile back at him.

"Alright. Yeah, I'll see you later. Bye." Stiles sighed. Well, that had been fun. He shook his head, his dad was still up in arms that he needed to know who the baby's father was. He was patient, but he was also nagging. He hadn't grown truly angry at him for not telling him, but Stiles knew it was eating at him. He'd questioned him six ways to Sunday about who the father was. Were they older? Younger? Someone with an unsavory past? A record? Were they human? Because that was sadly a go-to response to knowing the supernatural world, it had almost made him laugh, almost. Knowing that Peter was the father, keeping it a secret, well, the noose helped with that.

"Problems at home?" Peter pried gently.

Stiles smiled, though it felt rather strained. "It's fine."

Peter hummed; it didn't sound fine, and the telltale blip of the boy's heartbeat proved it wasn't. "Darling, it's alright if you say no, but that was a lie."

Stiles blinked, oh. He sighed and muttered. "Dad's just nagging me about something, something he wants to know."

“Hm. Why won’t you tell him?”

Because I can’t. Stiles huffed. “It’s not really gonna thrill him if I answer him and nothing bad will happen by not answering him, so...I think I’ll take the route that saves him some heartache.”

Peter frowned. “This thing might cause him sorrow.”

Stiles hummed with a small nod. “Yeah.” He looked down at the books strewn across the table, being as honest as he dared, given that he was truly speaking about his pregnancy, though the wolf was unaware. “He’s...He’s really been patient and all considering it’s driving him nuts, but I just can’t tell him.”

“What is it you can’t tell him?”

Stiles sighed, and there was the shame. That deep, dark monster that was chomping at the bit to rip into him. He looked up and smiled at Peter. “I’ll get through this, just might take some time. Dad will mellow out soon enough. We’re just kinda arguing about it at the moment because he wants to be nosy.” He teased with a chuckle. Truthfully, he didn’t blame his dad for being curious about who had fathered the baby, but he also knew he couldn’t tell him.

Peter nodded his head, a tad disheartened that Stiles had avoided the subject. “Well, you can tell me anything, sweetheart.”

I wish I could. Stiles smiled. “Thanks.” Aware that they’d gotten off topic because of his father calling him, Stiles said with great clarity. “I’m going with you guys when you go to off this thing. I wanna see it.”

Peter’s jaw tensed when they looped back around to the ordeal in front of them. He couldn’t say for certain one way or another if Stiles had been obtusely talking about his pregnancy to his father or not, but now that they were back on this subject, he had to focus on the threat to the teen. “Stiles, darling, this...Mutated deer, as you call it, is far more dangerous than you’re giving it credit. They’re fast creatures, even the pups will have a challenge of getting out of its way if it were to charge.”

Stiles frowned at the wolf’s argument that he shouldn’t go. “I’ve gone on all sorts of hunts.”

He had, and that was now kicking him in the ass. Peter smiled. “I’m aware, many of which I didn’t fully agree on.”

Stiles snorted. “Like you could stop me.” The glower that earned him had him smiling. “Okay, I said that wrong.” The wolf nodded his head as if to say, ‘You think’. “What I meant is, this is really no different than any of those other creatures we’ve faced. I mean, that soulless hound was fast as fuck and I still hit it with my bat.”

Sadly true. “That was a lucky hit, darling. This creature won’t hold still; it will charge, and if its antlers don’t get you, its teeth will. Far too easy for it to target you and you be unable to move out of the way. It’s just not safe this time.” Peter hoped his somewhat reasonable argument might be heeded.

Stiles frowned. Peter really felt strongly about him going on this one. He'd never truly argued about him going on things, only a handful of times, most of which he weaseled his way into. This, however, truly seemed to be bothering the wolf, given how long he'd argued with him. Stiles sighed. That stupid part of him that loved the wolf so much throbbed in its desire to please the wolf. "Okay." He saw how Peter smiled upon hearing him acquiesce to his desire for him to stay back. "But only on this one."

Peter smiled. "Thank you, pet."

"You'd better take a picture of it, though."

Peter chuckled. "I promise we'll take a good picture of it to add to our book." It was probably morbid, but he and Stiles had started a photo book of all the things that they'd killed to protect the town. "I'll make sure it's a good one, antlers and all." That at least brought about a brilliant smile from the teen, feeling all the more settled that the pregnant teen wouldn't be in harm's way, he said. "Time to tell the pack what we've found. I'll contact Derek, and he'll round up the pups. I'm sure we can congregate at my nephew's place to plan our attack."

Stiles gave a nod. "Sounds good." He pushed his chair back and rose, assured that his time with the wolf was over. It was time to head home and deal with his dad's nagging and let the dark beast in his head have its way. He hadn't stopped time that day, so he could allow himself that time to release his fears into the void of time itself. "I'll see you tomorrow." He let Peter escort him to the door, and he twisted about and smiled at the wolf. "You realize that it might be a crime against nature for a zombie wolf to kill a zombie deer, right?" The glower was real, laughing, Stiles waved and headed down the hallway to take the stairs to his jeep. His bright smile faded as he walked farther and farther from Peter. He swallowed tightly, and the noose tightened. Time to go home.

Chapter 10: When to say something

Chapter Summary

The pack finds out that Stiles is pregnant.

Chapter Notes

I AM SO SO SO SORRY!!! I haven't forgotten about this story; life has just been hectic lately. I hope you all can forgive me and enjoy this latest chapter. I will do my utmost best to make sure it's not a month until the next update lol.

“Something we need to address, pups.” Peter drew their attention away from themselves. He spared a glance at Derek and received a nod from his nephew. They had time; they’d purposefully told Stiles to be an hour later than the pups. “Stiles won’t be going with us this time.”

Scott frowned. “Um...Why not?”

“It’s not safe.”

Erica snorted. “None of this shit is.”

Peter sighed at that cutting jab. “More so for Stiles. Listen, when he gets here, you’re all going to pretend that you know nothing, that you smell nothing.” They frowned. “Stiles’s scent has changed, and things of that nature are normally life-altering. He’s going to smell rather sweet to you-”

“That’s his new body spray.”

Peter blinked, frowned, and then scowled. “You’ve been aware of his scent changing?”

Scott shrugged. “He said it was most likely his new body spray, smells like caramel.”

Derek sighed at the ignorant wolf’s mistake. “That’s not his body spray, Scott.”

Scott frowned. “Sure it is.”

Peter shook his head. “No, his scent changing like that is far more telling...It means something, pups.” He swallowed tightly before stating. “A sweet smell, something like caramel or sugar, it means that whoever you’re smelling is pregnant.”

Cue chaos.

Peter growled when mass hysteria seemed to take hold as the pups began to argue about that, most noticeably that Stiles was pregnant. “LISTEN!” He shouted with a snarl, the power of his Alpha radiating in the snarl and silencing the pups. “He’s pregnant, but he’s yet unaware of it. He’s shown no sign that he’s aware, and it’s not our place to reveal such a thing to him. That crosses quite a few boundaries, so we’re going to do our part to ignore it. Pretend that you know nothing of the pup in his belly. Treat him as you always have, just be more mindful of how rough you are with him.”

Derek nodded his head. “Peter convinced him to stay here while we go and deal with the deer. He’ll be safe here, but we’re going to have to curb his wild tendencies to protect him and the pup.”

“But we can’t tell him?” Isaac frowned. “Shouldn’t he know?”

“Yes, he should,” Scott growled.

Peter’s gaze tightened. “It’s not our place to interfere in such things, Scott; it’s a personal event. He needs to come to us with that news; we don’t yet know if he’s prepared to keep the pup or if he plans to deal with things another way.”

Boyd frowned. “You mean abortion.”

Peter inclined his head. “An option, also adoption, either way, it’s his decision, and we’re not to interfere in any of that. We’re simply going to support him as his pack.”

“Who’s the dad?”

Derek shook his head. “We don’t know any of those details; we just know he’s pregnant by his scent.”

Erica hummed. “He’s never smelled of someone else.”

Scott nodded. “That’s right.”

“He’s also learned how sensitive our noses are.” Peter reminded the pups. “He’d know how to shower off the scents of others, on how to delay his time with us until their scent naturally faded.”

Scott huffed. “Okay...So, he’s pregnant.” He felt a little miffed that his best friend hadn’t told him, then again, maybe Peter was right, and Stiles truly didn’t know. “How long do we wait? We can’t really just sit around and not tell him.”

Derek sighed and told the pup. “It’s not our place as much as we want to help him by making him aware of that, humans...Don’t always take such news well. He might need time to process that before he addresses it with us.” He glanced at his uncle before telling the others. “Peter overheard him talking with his father; he admitted that they were arguing over something, so there’s a chance that he’s already aware. We’re just not for certain, and it’s not our place to interfere until he tells us himself.”

“But we have to keep him safe without telling him why,” Boyd stated factually, gaining a nod from both Alphas. “He won’t take that well.”

Scott snorted. “No shit, he won’t. He’s going to be pissed if he’s not allowed to go with us; he’s used to tagging along with his bat.”

“It’s not safe,” Derek growled. “He could lose the pup if he’s too aggressive with himself, or if something were to throw him about.”

Peter hummed and reminded the pups. “That satyr had no compulsions about launching him head over ass, that could seriously harm him now, it could kill his pup outright.” The pups sagged into the couch. “Until we’re aware that he’s aware and we can speak reason to him, we have to pretend we don’t know and do our best to shield him from making poor decisions.” The pups nodded their heads. “Good. Just treat him as you always have; he’ll notice if you start treating him differently.”

“Just be more mindful of how you rough-house with him.” Derek cautioned the group. “Hopefully, he’ll figure it out and come out and tell us soon.” He let the pups begin to mingle, to whisper about their guesses over who it might be who sired the pup. He sighed and walked over to his uncle. This was going to be a hard thing to pull off, seeing as the majority of their pack were teenagers. He kept his voice timid, lower so the pups might not take notice. “Scott might tell him.”

“I’m aware of that possibility, but all we can do is warn him not to cross that line.” Peter glanced towards the beta in question. “Stiles wouldn’t take that confrontation well.”

Derek snorted. “No, he wouldn’t.” All he knew of the boy up until this point spoke how Stiles would freak out to be suddenly told that he was pregnant, no, as much as he’d first been against it, his uncle was right in that it wasn’t their place to meddle. They could have a say once Stiles announced his pregnancy to the pack, but until then, they had to secretly guard him from himself and outside forces. He turned when the sound of the elevator came to his ears. “Shut up, he’s here.” Not two minutes later, Stiles opened the loft door with a smile and waltzed in as he always did. Derek took a shallow breath in preparation for being shrouded in the sweet scent of his packmate carrying a pup.

“You lot ready to go tag a deer for the season?”

Scott snorted. “I don’t think any hunter alive would want that thing. Peter showed us the picture.”

Stiles laughed as he walked over and sat down between Scott and Isaac. “Yeah, he’s promised me a real picture rather than an illustration.” He twisted his head and frowned when Isaac leaned over to smell him. “What on earth are you doing?”

Derek withheld the need to growl, same as his uncle at the foolish pup’s actions. “Scott told us about your new body spray.” He lied swiftly to cover up what Isaac had done.

“Oh, is it bothering you?”

Isaac smiled and shook his head. “Nope.”

“It’s fine, dude.” Scott smiled as he desperately tried to withhold the need to just blurt out what he now understood.

“Oh, cool.”

“Definitely smells sweet,” Isaac replied as he sent a look towards Peter. The wolf smiled back at him. Wow, that was a thing. He grunted when Erica shoved him back into the couch to lean across him to smell Stiles.

Stiles laughed when Erica manhandled Isaac to lean over to smell him. “It’s not that great of a scent, guys.”

Erica hummed before grinning with teeth. “Sweet like candy, definitely sink your teeth into that.”

Stiles snorted. “I’ve had enough teeth around me, thanks.” Erica laughed as she fell back into Boyd’s lap, rolling his eyes. He looked at Peter and Derek. “Do you want to assault me with your noses?” Derek snorted, but Peter, of course, had to say something.

“You always smell sweet, darling, but no, I don’t need to scent you at the moment to know such a thing.”

Stiles rolled his eyes. “Uh-huh, alright, well, you lot have fun with the mutated deer. I’m gonna hang back here.”

“Good.” Peter smiled, pleased to know that the boy wasn’t going to try to argue with them. “We shouldn’t be long once we find its trail; it doesn’t have magic at its disposal.”

Stiles nodded. “Yeah, but if you guys get covered in that green goo, I’m going nowhere near you. Stuff nearly made me vomit when I smelled it while scoping out that dudes corpse.”

“Of course, pet, we’ll make sure we don’t bring any foreign things back with us.”

Stiles waved the wolf off. “Well, have fun murdering a zombie deer.” The pups laughed as they rose from the couch. He sighed as he watched the pack leave him. The loft door slid shut, and he felt all the more alone than he had when he was at home. He waited until he heard the pack’s cars leave, then, in the void of the loft, he said. “Hey guys, guess what? I’m pregnant.” He clenched his jaw tightly. If only it were so easy. If only he could tell them, but he feared what would happen after, and despite always fighting against it, Stiles was a coward. He couldn’t face them just yet; he couldn’t look them in the eyes and tell them that he was pregnant.

That deep, dark monster in the back of his head growled hungrily, cluing into the fact that he was feeling the shame that he was commonly drenched in now since his discovery of his pregnancy. The noose was snug that day; it had robbed him of words when speaking to his dad. It had synced tighter than ever when his father once more questioned him on who the

father of his baby was. It hadn't been released until he'd escaped the house, and now, alone, it was hanging at the ready to strangle him if he was so bold as to voice his shame.

It was better for everyone if he just did not say anything, at least for now. Resigned to his fate, of feeling displaced and alone in the face of this future with a child he hadn't anticipated, Stiles sank back into the couch and prepared to wait for the pack to return. He did all he could to not let the monster lurking in his head get to him; he'd heard far too often how he was a monster, how this was all his fault, he knew these truths well, and yet they were still stabbing into him like sharpened arrows.

Stiles reached up and felt the time necklace through his shirt. Now wasn't the time to stop time. He could do that at home after he was sure the pack was alright, his hand loosened on the necklace until it fell to his lap. He could wallow in his grief then, for now, he had to tide himself over until the pack returned. He had to be...Happy. He forced a fake smile; it was easier when the pack was around, but it was forced to be more real. Here, now, alone, it was a brittle, crumbling thing, a facade that was broken. He stopped smiling, his lips downturned as he sighed. He hoped that the pack found the mutated deer soon, that they had no troubles, and that he could see them again soon so he might not feel so alone...At least, for a little while.

Stiles glanced nervously at his dad, ever the rock, he smiled and nodded. Stiles swallowed as he smiled weakly to the nurse, who left them with the parting words that the ultrasound tech would be in soon. "I know it's stupid...It's already real and all, but...This just seems all the more real."

"I'm sure it does, Stiles, it's your first chance to see for yourself that what those tests and your doctor said is true."

Stiles nodded. They waited for the ultrasound tech to arrive to perform the first ultrasound, which was mostly to check out the fetus's positioning, its heartbeat, and establish a due date. Stiles knew exactly when he'd conceived the baby, but he couldn't really go around saying that. Well, he supposed he could; that wasn't a deep, dark part of the secret shame he had. Frowning, Stiles muttered. "I don't know why I kept this from you." He looked up at his dad from where he lay on the bed. "I'm pretty good at math and all."

Noah chuckled. "Yeah, I know, son."

Stiles blushed as he looked away. "I know when my due date will be."

Noah blinked in surprise at hearing that. Of course, his intelligent son would know when he'd conceived the baby, and thus the supposed due date. "Let's just wait for them to say something, alright?" He got a soft nod from his son. He patted him on the shoulder. "It'll be alright, kiddo."

"I'm pregnant, Dad. That is the epitome of this is not okay."

Noah chuckled. "We're going to be fine." He did his best to remind his son that the choice he'd stuck with was the good one, not because he believed it, but because he didn't wish for

Stiles to have regrets over the choice he made. He smiled when the ultrasound tech came in.

“I hear we’re here to see the baby for the first time?” The woman took a seat at the ultrasound machine, she got the transponder, and smeared some transducer gel on it. “Alright, this is gonna be a tad cold.”

Stiles nodded his head from where he lay belly bare, pants tucked down, and shirt pulled up. He grimaced at the rather cold, slimy sensation of the transducer sliding across his flesh. He glanced at the screen, and he frowned, trying to decipher what all the flashes of black, white, and grey meant. It meant bubkis as far as he was concerned. Sighing, he looked at the woman. She was subtly smiling, so that was good, right? He hated it, but he forced himself to be patient, to wait for the results. His dad was squeezing his shoulder, being that stable surface he so desperately needed.

“Ah, here we go.”

Stiles’ head jerked upright towards the screen; he frowned, staring at the strange image on it. “I-I don’t get it.”

“That’s alright, honey, here.” She reached out with a gloved hand and pointed out the circle. “That right there, that’s your baby.”

Stiles blinked, frowned, and muttered. “That’s a fucking lima bean.” The woman laughed, and so did his dad.

“Son, the baby starts out rather small. You’re only a few weeks along.”

True. Stiles frowned in suspicion at the image that warped and twisted as the woman pressed upon his belly with the transducer. Huffing, he questioned. “So...Is it okay?”

“Everything seems in order.” She pulled the transducer back and went about wiping up the boy's belly. “Healthy and happy.”

Stiles nodded, unsure how he should feel about that.

“Given the stage you’re in, I think we can narrow down your due date to-”

“May first,” Stiles interjected. The woman looked startled, and Stiles blushed a bit. “It’s around May first.” She smiled patiently back at him.

“Sounds about right.” The nurse smiled. “Alright, well, we’ll send the results over to your doctor, go ahead and get cleaned up. Do you want a picture?”

Stiles frowned, did he?

“I do.”

Stiles glanced at his dad in surprise. Oh, yeah, he supposed that made sense. As conflicted as he felt about the baby, this was his dad's first grandchild. He watched the woman type a few buttons on the computer before a small picture was printed out. Stiles accepted it, staring at

the little lima bean, he handed it off to his dad, torn on how he should feel. He went about getting all the ultrasound goo off of himself; the stuff seemed to multiply, given how he wiped one area only for it to smear across another.

Huffing, he threw the gooey towels aside and just shoved his shirt down after righting his pants. It clung to him and made him grimace at the squishy sensation. He'd have to shower once he got home, but thankfully, this rather perplexing appointment was over. He'd seen for himself that the baby was very real. As he followed his dad out of the room, his hand went down to his belly, where he knew the little lima bean was. He bit his lip and then shook his head and allowed his hand to fall back down to his side.

"I'm just gonna grab a soda."

"Hurry up!" Stiles shouted as he ran up the stairs to his bedroom.

Scott huffed as he walked into the Stilinkskis kitchen to grab a soda before going upstairs to play video games. He opened the fridge without a second thought, finding a soda he shut the fridge only to gasp. There, held by a stupid ABC magnet, was an ultrasound picture. He'd nearly dropped his soda from the shock of seeing it. "He knows." Scott frowned, then that meant...He was purposefully not telling anyone. His shoulders slumped; he hadn't even told him about it. Sighing, Scott turned away from the proof of his best friend's pregnancy and made his way towards his best friend's room.

He smiled wanly when he entered Stiles room to see his friend already waiting for him. He was acting normal, acting like he didn't have that deep, dark secret. Scott knew better; his scent spoke plainly to his senses now that he was pregnant, and now, on their fridge, was proof that the Stilinkskis were aware of it. He fell onto his friend's floor, letting his body touch Stiles as he grabbed the controller for their game console.

He bit the inside of his cheek; he wanted so desperately to say something. To tell him he'd seen the photo, that his scent told him the truth, that the whole pack knew...But he glanced at Stiles and saw him smiling and just...Somehow knew that this wasn't the right time. Derek and Peter had been right, as much as they wanted to shout to the heavens that they knew, wanted to support Stiles however they could. Stiles hadn't felt the need or had the courage yet to tell them. Something was holding him back from being honest with the pack, and that kinda made him sad, to know that their pack's ties to one another weren't enough to have Stiles share this secret with them.

When Stiles glanced at him, he smiled. He couldn't say anything; no, it was up to Stiles when they found out about the baby. He had hope that it wouldn't be much longer, that maybe his best friend was just trying to adapt to the news that he was pregnant. That he planned to tell all of them soon, but that maybe he was just overwhelmed by the whole thing just yet. That made sense; it was a BIG deal to have a baby. He didn't know who Stiles had slept with, but he hoped that they weren't going to run out on his best friend like his dad had run out on his mom. He growled just thinking of that, that he might be some lowlife that would run away from his responsibilities rather than help support Stiles.

“Um...Scotty?” Stiles frowned at his best friend, who was growling. “You okay fido?” He shoved Scott and jarred him out of whatever mood he was in. He tilted his head. “You good? What’s with the growly growly?”

Scott chuckled, shaking his head, and muttered. “It’s nothing. Sorry.” Stiles didn’t look convinced, so he lied. “I just got caught up in my thoughts.” Scrambling for an excuse, he lied further. “Dad tried to get in contact with me again.”
“UGH! Fuck him.”

Scott smiled at his friend's response to hearing about his dad. “Yeah, so...A little pissed about that.”

“I do not blame you, fuck that douchebag.”

“Yeah...Just irritates me when I remember how he walked out on us, how hard it was for mom to raise me alone, and all.” Scott hoped that he wasn’t overstepping the invisible boundary that Derek and Peter had established.

Stiles smiled, despite how his heart hurt at the similarities between Melissa’s task of raising Scott alone and his future with his and Peter’s baby. “Yeah, not easy to raise a kid on your own.” Lord knew, he felt it. His dad would be there for him, he knew this, he knew the pack would be too...It was just that niggling monster that shouted that they’d abandon him the moment they found out the truth.

He looked away from his friend's smiling face and said. “Come on, we’ve only got an hour before you have to head off to Deatons skeezo vet clinic.” He heard Scott laugh and smiled a tad more honestly. He knew, once his best friend left, that he might have a moment or two where he felt the weight of those words. Of what it would be like to have no one while pregnant, while raising a kid on his own if...If the worst were to happen. He shook his head a bit. No, that wouldn’t happen. The noose tightened whenever he drew too close to the truth, and the monster inside him couldn’t voice the truth it spoke to him. He was safe, a coward, but safe.

Scott walked into the loft, aware that Stiles was going to be late because he’d had something to do. He had doubts whether or not it was what Stiles had told him, if it wasn’t something to do with the baby. He paused, abruptly in the center of the loft, and somehow, despite being silent as the grave, had gathered everyone’s attention. “He knows.” The growls from Peter and Derek had him holding out his hands in defense. “I didn’t tell him!” That, at least, silenced the Alphas.

“How do you know he knows?” Peter frowned.

“There’s an ultrasound picture on their fridge.”

Peter sighed. Well, that was it then. “He just doesn’t feel comfortable telling us just yet, then.” He glanced at his nephew before looking at the pouting pups who had clearly taken

offense to that. "It's a large adjustment for one so young; you cannot fault him for needing some time to adjust."

"We wouldn't judge him," Isaac stated firmly.

Erica shook her head. "No, we wouldn't."

"All the same, it's something that he most likely wasn't prepared for. Let him take what time he needs to come out to tell us. I'm sure that he'll come forward soon enough." He glanced at Scott. "You didn't show that you knew?"

Scott shook his head. "I couldn't. He...It just wasn't right."

Peter smiled, a tad proud of the pup for sensing that it wasn't the right time, or rather, his job to do so. "Good. He'll come to us; we just have to be patient."

"What'd the picture look like?" Isaac questioned curiously.

"A blob." Scott was honest.

Peter snorted. "It was his first ultrasound, the pup isn't a baby, as you know it."

Scott shrugged his shoulders. "Still looked like a blob, if it wasn't for mom, I wouldn't have known it was an ultrasound for a baby."

Derek huffed. "Fine, so he knows, and you were smart enough not reveal that you knew." Scott glared at him for the subtle insult. "Peter's right, Stiles will come around when he feels confident enough to announce such a thing. His dad already knows if the picture was on their fridge, so he's not hiding this from everyone."

"Yeah, that's good." Boyd returned. "Though I wonder how his dad took it."

Scott frowned as he considered that. "I mean...I don't think he'd be jumping for joy and all, but I don't see him getting angry at Stiles for it either."

"The sheriff is a rather calm individual; I'm sure he was able to get over the shock of it," Peter informed the pups, who seemed nervous at the prospect of the sheriff taking the news poorly.

"I just wish he'd come out and tell us," Scott replied. "I mean...I know him, he's gotta be freaked out."

Peter smiled at the teen's candid response to Stiles not informing them about the pup. "I'm sure he's felt quite overwhelmed; it's not some slight he's leveraging against you or us. It's just him coming to terms with carrying a pup."

Scott sighed as he walked over to fall onto the couch beside the other pups. "I just don't like it that he's just dealing with this on his own."

"None of us like it." Erica huffed. "He's being stupid in not telling us."

Derek glared at the opinionated girl. "He's not being stupid, he's being cautious. He probably fears how we'd react." He saw his uncle nod to his statement. "Having a pup is a big deal; his plans for college are going to be put on hold indefinitely until he figures out what to do. That's gotta be shaking him up, we all know how much he wanted to go and study there."

"Derek's not wrong," Isaac replied softly. "It was his dream to do that, but if he's having the baby...How's he going to do that?"

Peter sighed. "He might not be able to. I do not know their restrictions upon their applicants, but a pup is a lot of work on its own, never mind what it takes to study to be an FBI agent."

"Then why keep it?"

Peter's eyes narrowed at Boyd, his wolf rallying that to kill the pup was such an unholy offense. He took a moment to calm himself; he knew it wasn't the same for humans. That, despite being wolves now, the pups very much still had human beliefs. "Because Stiles isn't the sort to avoid his responsibilities. It might have made his life easier if he had gone through with that, but the toll it would have taken on him emotionally wouldn't have been easy. He made the choice that he felt he could live with. Besides, there's no telling if he truly intends to keep the pup; he might put it up for adoption." A horrid thought to his wolf, but the pup wasn't his, and he had no say in such a thing. If Stiles needed to see the pup placed with another family to make peace with his life, then so be it.

Scott hummed a moment. "I don't know if he'd do that. I-I don't know if the sheriff would be okay with that either, to be honest."

"It's not his decision," Derek muttered. "It's Stiles' decision."

"Yeah, but does the sheriff know that?" Isaac questioned curiously as he glanced from Alpha to Alpha. Neither had an answer, humming, the blonde muttered. "Yeah, it might be a while before he tells us."

"Just keep that you know a secret, he'll tell us when he's ready," Peter replied to the harrowing thought that Stiles would choose to keep this a secret for longer than any of them might like. Already, it was too long for him. He longed to help the teen, to support him in this great upheaval in his life. He cared deeply for the teen, and the knowledge that he carried a pup inside him just made his wolf all the more eager to be around the teen. He was normally pretty good at keeping his distance despite his attraction to the teen, but now, now it was so much harder.

Having him in his apartment the other day, surrounded in nothing but their scents, the sweet scent of Stiles' pregnancy had gotten to him, to his wolf. He hadn't wanted the teen to leave; he'd wanted him to stay so he could protect him. A foolish notion, as nothing was threatening the teen, but his wolf wasn't thinking things through. His wolf only saw the sight of his attraction to Stiles being affected by something that he couldn't presently help with. Once Stiles came clean to the pack, he was sure that he'd feel more composed, though he felt a little better for knowing that Stiles wasn't ignorant of his own health. He was aware that he was carrying a pup; he was sure to take caution with himself knowing such a thing.

He glanced at his nephew, ignoring how the pups were mingling with one another, discussing things softly about Stiles and the pup. He made a jerking movement with his eyes, and Derek nodded. They headed together into the kitchen, assured that the small distance between them and the pups would be enough to keep their conversation a secret despite the pups having the same sense of hearing as them. They were far too young and untrained to truly pay attention to things they should. Entering the kitchen, Peter sighed. "At least now we know he knows. He's sure to be careful with himself now that he's aware that he's carrying a pup."

Derek huffed. "So you hope, it's Stiles. He's never been careful with himself; he fucking ran at the twins with a wooden baseball bat." He saw how that caused his uncle's face to tense. "Just because he knows he's carrying a pup doesn't mean he has the sense to take care of himself. If it weren't for you arguing about him going on that deer hunt, he would have gone; he didn't seem to care that it would put himself and his pup in danger, Peter. He's not thinking with the clear head we have."

Peter nodded; he had to admit that his nephew was right in that. "He's used to tagging along; he sees no harm in it. He trusts us to take care of him."

"And we always will, but that doesn't negate that he was putting himself and his pup into possible danger," Derek growled lowly. "Once he tells us, we're going to have to talk with him about what is and isn't okay with the pack. We can't just let him run headlong into danger while he's carrying that pup."

"No." Peter agreed with a shake of his head. "There will be limitations, and I'm sure he'll argue greatly about them. I'd wager he wouldn't wish to be treated differently despite his health calling for such a thing. I don't think he truly grasps how much this will change his life."

Derek hummed. "He's smart, he has to have thought things through when he decided to keep it."

"I hope so, nephew." He would hate for Stiles to regret the choice he made to keep the pup, though his wolf was pleased by that decision; he knew it wasn't his place to judge the teen for it. Whatever happened, whether Stiles kept the pup or gave it up for adoption, they would have to push aside their own instincts and support him as best they could. He just hoped that it wouldn't be much longer before Stiles saw fit to admit to them that he was pregnant.

Chapter 11: Time to fess up

Chapter Summary

Stiles finally tells Scott about his pregnancy and makes plans to tell the rest of the pack. Derek and Peter make a surprising discovery when Scott tells them some details of Stiles' pregnancy.

“So have you thought about it?”

Stiles huffed from where he sat on the couch. He'd figured that either one of the two topics of their present arguments would come up after dinner, and lo and behold, his father was not disappointing him. “No, dad, it's never been on my mind.” The scowl his sass earned him had him smiling. “I don't know what to fucking say, okay?!”

“Stiles, Scott is your best friend, and you've been with those werewolves for years now. I'd think out of everyone in our lives, they'd be the most accommodating with all you've taught me about wolf dynamics.”

Okay, so his dad had him there. “I know.”

Noah smiled back at his petulant son. “You're avoiding it because you're scared, and I get it, kiddo, this is a big deal. This is momentous; you'd be including them in this life-changing event. But do you honestly think you can just hide this pregnancy until the baby comes?”

Stiles snorted. He wasn't that lucky. “No.”

“So don't you think telling them sooner rather than later would be best? I'm sure they'd like to support you in whatever way they can.”

Stiles sullenly looked away. “I don't know how to tell them, they'd have a billion questions.”

“Like what? What are you afraid of them asking?” Noah pressed his son to explain himself.

Stiles bit his lip a moment. “They're gonna wonder why I'm keeping it.”

“Why are you keeping it?” Noah pushed, despite already knowing the answer. His son sent him a shallow expression. “Why, Stiles? If you can admit it to me, you can say it to them.”

“I couldn't do it, okay?! I can't...I couldn't just kill it and pretend it never happened.” Stiles stated in a choked tone, the noose tightening, he was on shaky ground. “It was my fault this happened.” His voice warbled as he felt his eyes grow moist. “It's fucking pathetic to just try and wipe it all away to avoid this.”

“But it was your choice, Stiles. Nobody, and I mean nobody, was going to force you to keep the baby. I told you ten ways to Sunday, kid, no matter what you chose, I would be there. Didn’t I?” He got a teary nod from his son. “So, why did you keep it?”

“Because I couldn’t live with myself if I ran from this.” If he’d killed his and Peter’s child, well, it would truly make him some irredeemable monster. As it was, he wasn’t sure he could find redemption. Still, he was stubbornly trying to make the best of the situation that he’d caused.

“Alright. What else are you afraid of them asking?”

Stiles sniffled, wiping at his moist cheek. “They’d want to know who the dad is.”

Noah smiled. “That makes all of us kid, but they can’t force you to say who that is anymore than I can.”

True, but he’d still feel guilty as hell. “You don’t understand.” Stiles rasped. “With the pack...Derek and Peter have to think about dynamics. Whoever the dad is has to be included in the pack; they’d need to know.”

Noah frowned. “Stiles, they can’t force you to say who the father is if you don’t want to say.”

Stiles sniffled and shook his head when his father still didn’t grasp just what was at stake, at the horrible position he was putting Derek and Peter into by retaining his silence on the issue. “They’ll wonder why I didn’t tell them sooner.”

“Alright, and why didn’t you tell them sooner?”

“I was scared,” Stiles admitted with a dry huff. “I was fucking terrified of this, and I sure as shit couldn’t face them and however they choose to react. I can’t even look Scott in the eyes to tell him, and I’ve known him my whole fucking life.” He wiped at his face. “That’s just sad.”

“It’s not sad, you’re going through a life-altering time in your life, Stiles. Nobody, and I mean nobody, is entitled to you sharing this news before you’re ready. Do I think it might help you to have them know, yes, yes, I do. Do I blame you for having fears of how they’ll react, not on your life, kiddo. It’s a scary thing, you’re really young to be facing this, but I think that they’re going to surprise you.” Noah smiled. “They’ve all been rather accepting of pretty much everything, haven’t they?”

Yeah. The pack was awesome that way. He nodded his head. “Yeah, but this is huge dad. My having a baby is huge.”

“It is, but I don’t think they’re going to react negatively to it. Now, what else are you afraid of them asking?”

Stiles thought a moment, truly, the worst question alive was them wanting to know who the father was. He knew that neither Derek nor Peter would understand that he wouldn’t say who it was. They might give him time at first, but he knew that the longer this pregnancy went on,

the more proof they had of it being real, that they'd get anxious to know who the mystery sire was. They'd want to know who they had to consider to be part of the pack. He just couldn't tell them; it just wasn't a possibility. Looking back at his dad, he muttered. "I'm afraid that they'll be ashamed of what I did."

Noah smiled compassionately at his son. "Stiles, nobody is ashamed of what happened. It was an accident, sure, it wasn't what any of us had planned, but it's not the end of the world."

"Feels like it."

"I know. I know it feels world-ending to you right now, but it won't always feel that way." Noah reassured his son.

Stiles looked down at his sock-covered toes. "I'm ashamed of it." All he felt was shame and regret, but that was a far second compared to the shame that clung so tightly to him, a second skin that refused to relent in its torment of him.

"Stiles-"

Biting his tongue a moment, he fought the noose, and for whatever reason, felt compelled to say. "I wasn't stupid...Ya know?" He huffed. Well, he was, he is, but that wasn't what he meant. He glanced up at his dad for a fleeting second before muttering. "I got the morning-after pill."

Noah's eyes widened. "You did?" His son nodded. "But it didn't work." His son shook his head; he hummed. "Well, I don't think that's on you, kiddo; you tried to be responsible."

Stiles nodded. "We used a condom, but it just broke."

"Things like that happen."

Stiles looked up into his dad's eyes. "I tried to fix it."

"I know, son."

Stiles looked back down, his eyes falling to the loose t-shirt that was hiding his slim belly. There wasn't even a hint of what lurked below, the little lima bean that was the proof of his dark shame. "Once I knew...Once the stupid tests showed it was real, I just...I knew there was no way out of this. I couldn't go through with an abortion, and that meant I had to keep it."

"Stiles. If you're truly against keeping the baby, we can look at other options."

Stiles shook his head. He was a coward, a monster, but he wouldn't abandon his baby. "No."

Noah frowned. "Are you sure?" His son nodded. "Son, I understand that you want to take responsibility for what happened, but this truly is no fault of your own. You were trying to be responsible from the get-go; it was just some twist of fate that this happened." He frowned when Stiles laughed. "What's funny?"

Everything. Fate. That this was meant to happen because of how he'd misused the time necklace, because of what he'd done with Peter. No, his dad had it wrong; it wasn't some twist of fate, it was karma. It was time itself punishing him for misusing it for his own greed. "Nothing." He muttered sullenly. "I just...I can't just give it up, okay?"

"Alright. But I want you to think about this: you have options, Stiles. You've got months left to think about it, so there's no rush. I just don't want you to make a choice that you're going to regret five years from now."

He already made a choice he regretted, one he couldn't take back, one he was paying for. Stiles nodded. He couldn't find his voice; it was restrained by the noose that clawed at him, punishing him for daring to speak of such things. The monster inside him was frothing at the mouth, chomping at the bit to sink its fangs into him. To remind him, yet again, how this was all his fault. How he deserved this, that it would be only right if everyone abandoned him for what he'd done.

"Stiles. I think you should tell them."

Stiles looked back up at his dad and said. "I don't know how."

"Start with Scott. Just tell him, son, he's been your best friend your whole life, just tell him."

Stiles nodded his head, his gaze going back down to his sock-covered feet. "I'm scared." Telling Scott was just another step towards acknowledging that this was real; it already was, but his foolish dreams kept hoping he'd wake up from this nightmare.

"I know, son, but you don't have to be afraid. I don't think Scott's going to react negatively to what you have to say."

Stiles hoped not. He wasn't sure he could take it if Scott shunned him for admitting that he'd screwed up and managed to get himself knocked up at nineteen years old. He dug out his phone, pulling up their latest text exchange. He stared at it a moment before he typed out what he needed to say. He hit send and looked up at his dad. "I asked him to come over tomorrow."

Noah smiled. "Good. I'll be here in case anything goes south, alright? I'll stay down here, you two can talk for as long as you need, but if he's not reacting well or if you feel uncomfortable, I want you to shout for me."

Stiles nodded his head, silently grateful for his father's commitment to supporting him. Despite coming home knocked up, his dad had taken the whole thing rather well. He'd only ever gotten cross with him because of his continued refusal to announce who the father was. Everything else, he'd been great about. He'd gone to all his appointments with him, and he'd reassured him time and again that they'd get through this. That this wasn't the end of the world, something that he didn't quite believe, but that he didn't argue against. He was hoping that maybe one day his dad would turn out to be right on that, but at the moment, it didn't seem likely. Sighing, he glanced down at his phone when it buzzed. He smiled upon seeing his best friend's response. Tomorrow, he'd tell Scott that he was pregnant; he just prayed the

noose around his throat wouldn't tighten, wouldn't rob him of the words that needed to be said.

Scott smiled and waved to the sheriff as the man answered the door. "Hey."

"He's upstairs." Noah smiled at the teen as he let him in. He watched Scott go jogging up the stairs and sighed. Dear lord, he hoped this went over well. He wasn't sure what he would do if Stiles were abandoned by his best friend for some reason. He had faith in Scott, but there was still a nagging fear that something might happen. So, he sat himself in his chair, muted the TV, and waited.

Scott ran up the stairs two at a time, coming to the doorway of his best friend's bedroom, he knocked.

"Come in."

Scott smiled as he entered his friend's bedroom. "Hey, dude, what's up?"

Stiles smiled in return, but it wasn't as jovial as he was nervous. Really nervous, and quite nauseous. Dear lord, he did not want to puke on Scott, okay, best to get this over with sooner rather than later, because he would crawl under a hole and die if he accidentally was sick on his best friend. "I'm pregnant."

Scott blinked a few times, in quick succession, before he frowned. That was it? That was how Stiles chose to tell him; he dumbly nodded his head. "O-okay."

Stiles frowned at the stilted response. "Okay?"

Scott nodded his head, coming out of the confused fog, and said. "Okay." He walked over and took a seat in Stiles' desk chair, facing his best friend. He appraised him for a moment and asked. "Are you okay?"

Stiles shook his head. "No, Scotty, I'm not okay." He smiled sadly as he waved at his belly. "This is...It's just been a shit show."

"Yeah...Yeah, okay." Scott nodded his head. "When'd you find out?"

Stiles looked away, not wanting to see the look of hurt on his friend's face. "Like two weeks ago, something like that."

"Alright." He desperately wanted to ask why Stiles hadn't told him sooner, but he could vividly smell the high emotions his friend was experiencing. Whatever hurt he felt for being denied the truth of it all wasn't important anymore; consoling his friend was. "Did your dad find out right away?"

Stiles nodded. "Same day I found out." He looked Scott in the eyes and huffed a depreciating laugh. "I went and bought three different tests, and then I just fucking sat on the floor. Dad came home, found me there, there was no hiding it...I'm not even sure I wanted to hide it."

Stiles admitted. "I was just so scared, it didn't seem real, it still doesn't seem real." Stiles frowned and shook his head. "I have all the proof in the world that this is real, and I keep second-guessing whether or not this is reality or if it's some fucked up nightmare."

Scott nodded his head as he listened to his friend pour his heart out. "But your dad took it well?"

Stiles nodded. "He's been great."

"That's good." Scott smiled. "And you decided to keep it?"

Stiles nodded once more. "I...I had the option, it wasn't too late when I found out." He swallowed against the noose that threatened to rob him of his words if he spoke too much. "I just couldn't." His friend nodded, and he was eternally grateful that Scott didn't question him further on that.

"Are you putting it up for adoption?"

Stiles shook his head. "No, no, I don't think so." How could he? It was his fault. His actions had caused this, and the baby was a part of him and Peter. It might be a werewolf; it wasn't fair to give the baby over to someone who might not know anything about werewolves. It would just endanger his baby; no, this was his burden to bear. His punishment for misusing time, for taking something that was never meant to be his.

"That's a lot, man...Like, wow. I'm sorry you've been dealing with this alone; you could have told me, but like I get it that you needed some time." Scott smiled. "I'm glad you told me."

Stiles nodded in return, feeling more relieved by the second that he'd gotten the courage to speak to his best friend. "I'm scared, Scotty. I don't know how I'm going to do this. I don't know how to tell the pack, how to raise a baby...Everything is just so overwhelming, I don't know what to do." Stiles gave a breathy sob, and he clutched tightly to Scott when he lunged out of the desk chair to hug him. He buried his face into his friend's body and admitted. "I'm so scared."

"It's okay. I'm right here, man, I'm not going anywhere, dude. I'll be here the whole time, and the pack won't freak out or anything." He rubbed his best friend's back, trying to soothe him as he didn't know what else to do. "Do you know when you're going to tell them?" He hummed when Stiles shook his head against him. "Do you want to tell them?" He frowned when Stiles remained silent; that wasn't good. "Stiles, they won't be mad or anything, I think they'd just want to help."

Stiles slowly pulled back, reaching up to wipe at his cheek. "Derek and Peter will want answers."

Scott frowned. "What answers?"

"They'll want to know who the dad is...Pack dynamics, man. They'd think the dad has to be in the pack to make this work, because the dad would be a part of the baby and stuff."

Scott nodded his head. "Who's the dad?" Stiles blatantly looked away from him, frowning. He asked in a timid tone. "Do you know who the dad is?" He gave a soft sigh of relief when Stiles nodded. Well, at least his friend hadn't been so foolish as to be sleeping around. "And...You just didn't use protection?" There was no judgment in his tone, just idle curiosity.

Stiles huffed and met his friend's eyes. "The condom fucking broke."

"Oh."

"And the morning after pill failed."

Scott's eyes widened. "Holy shit."

Stiles gave a breathless laugh. "I have shit for luck, man." He wiped at his face once more. "I tried to fix it, Scotty, but I couldn't...And I couldn't get rid of it." He gave a soft choked cry. "And I don't know what to do, how to tell the pack, how to deal with this."

"Um...Okay." Scott nodded his head. "Well, I mean, it's cool, ya know? Whenever you feel ready to tell the pack, we can do it together, alright? I'll be there, and we can just tell them and bounce if you need to, or we can stick around if you're comfortable with that too...I really don't think they're gonna react negatively though." Not with how he'd seen the others react since they'd first learned of Stiles' pregnancy. "And I mean, yeah, Derek and Peter will want to know who the dad is, he's gonna be a part of thi-" He frowned when Stiles shook his head. "What?"

Stiles bit his cheek a moment, and the noose tightened. "He's not going to be a part of this." Not that he was aware of anyway, he was sure that if Peter took the news okay, that he might help him out, but he'd never truly know his involvement with their baby. The growl, the deep, dark timbered growl that Scott gave, startled him; he looked up in surprise at his friend. "Scotty."

"He's just leaving you with the baby?"

Stiles knew it wasn't fair to lay the blame on Peter; Peter didn't know the baby was his, but what else was he to say? Peter wouldn't want him or the baby; he'd be disgusted by all of this. So, in that moment, his cowardice swelled. "He wants nothing to do with us." He grunted when he was yanked forward into a crushing hug, and he gave a soft sob. "I have to do this on my own, man."

"You're not alone, I'm here, your dad, the pack, you're not alone," Scott promised his best friend, even as he grew incensed to the notion that some asshole was just leaving Stiles to deal with the fallout of the condom breaking. "Stiles...Will you tell me who the dad is?" He might not be able to do anything about it, but surely someone could. The sheriff maybe or, in some bizarre way, maybe Derek or Peter. He hummed when Stiles shook his head against him. "Okay...Um, does your dad know?" He frowned when Stiles shook his head. "Uh, can you, um...Why are you protecting him? Did he threaten you or something?"

Stiles leaned heavily upon his best friend; the noose was so very tight, it threatened to strangulate him. He was on his last legs, stretched thin on his tippy toes with how it hung

him. "I just can't say." The noose loosened, and he was able to take a deeper breath. He felt Scott nod, and was ever thankful that his best friend didn't press the issue.

"Okay." Scott wasn't satisfied with that answer, but he didn't know of another way to get Stiles to talk to him. Maybe with a little time, his friend would come around; it was just rather startling to know that not even the sheriff knew who the dad was. He couldn't understand why Stiles would want to protect the deadbeat who had knocked him up by accident, but he just had to hope that his friend would come around and tell someone when he felt stronger. He held Stiles for a while, his own wolf a tad upset by the prospect of his best friend being abandoned to care for his baby without the father's help. It was a rather sore point for him after he'd seen what his mom went through. He smiled softly when Stiles pulled back, his friend wiped at his face a bit to wipe away the tears. The room was heavy, swamped in the cloying perfume of emotions. "When do you want to tell the pack?"

Stiles looked downward. "I don't know."

"I mean...I could tell them if you want." Scott offered, hoping to help ease his friend into things. Anything that might yet help the pack to reassure Stiles that they weren't thinking less of him, that they weren't abandoning him.

Stiles shook his head. "It's not your responsibility, Scott."

"I don't mind."

Stiles huffed, looking up. He smiled tiredly at his best friend. "It's okay...I can do it. I-I just don't know how they're going to take it."

"They're going to be fine, we've always had your back, haven't we?"

Yes. Yes, they had. "I mean...You saved me from a thousand-year-old douche of a kitsune, so I'm gonna go with yeah." Scott laughed, and he smiled in return. "I'm still scared, though." Scott nodded back at him. "I can't do it today."

"Okay." Scott nodded his head right away. "Sure, this has been a lot, right?" Stiles nodded his head, and given how weary his friend looked, he could understand how he might need to have some time to recuperate. "Sure...Um. Tomorrow?" Stiles pulled a face. "No, okay...Um. Movie night?" Stiles frowned, but it wasn't a bad frown; it was just the frown he adopted when he was considering something that had worth to him. "I'd be right there with you, man." He promised.

Stiles finally nodded his head. "Yeah, movie night."

Scott smiled brightly upon hearing that Stiles was finally going to tell the pack. "Great. I'll swing by here, and we can go together."

"Yeah, okay." Stiles offered up a weak smile to his friend. "I-I don't know if I can stay...I don't know if I c--"

“It’s cool, if we have to bounce, it won’t be a big deal,” Scott reassured his best friend. “I mean, you have to get tired easier now, right? Isn’t that a symptom?”

Stiles shrugged. “Maybe when I’m further along, mostly I’m just emotionally drained.”

“Yeah, makes sense, this is one big fucking roller coaster.”

“No shit it is.” Stiles huffed. “And someone took off the brakes.” Scott smiled back at him, and he felt a little better to have the werewolf at his side. He should have known better. Scott always had his back, and just because he’d fucked up and knocked himself up didn’t mean his best friend was going to turn his back on him. No, he’d only do that if he found out the truth, and nobody was going to tell the wolf that. Feeling a tad better, Stiles said. “Alright, movie night.”

“Good. Hey, you wanna hang out? Play a few rounds?”

Stiles smiled and nodded. “Yeah.”

Scott grinned and settled himself beside Stiles, both of them reaching for their controllers after Stiles went about setting up the console. He leaned into his best friend, feeling a tad better now that the big bad secret was out. He was sure that Stiles would feel better once he saw how the pack reacted, and, behind his back, Scott was going to forewarn them. He had a feeling any negative reaction would cause a monumental blow-up. He wasn’t sure how Peter or Derek would take Stiles’ refusal to give details about things, but he hoped their general positivity towards the pregnancy would continue. Stiles would need them, all of them. He smirked when he beat Stiles in the first round. “Bow before my awesomeness.”

“Shut up!”

Scott laughed and started the second round. If he could keep Stiles distracted until movie night, then maybe his friend would have more confidence to tell the rest of their makeshift family. He glanced at the doorway when he heard the sheriff coming up the stairs. He smiled at the man when he appeared.

“You boys okay?”

“Yeah, we’re good.”

Stiles looked past his friend and smiled at his dad. “Yeah, we’re fine.”

Noah nodded his head. “Good.” He turned and left, going back down the stairs with a near silent. “Thank you god.” If Scott could accept this, then he held out hope that the rest of the pack could to. They could get through this; it was just going to take baby steps.

Scott walked into the loft, smiling at the two Alphas who had been waiting for him. He’d called the impromptu pack meeting, doing things behind his best friend’s back in the hope that this would help him in the long run. “He told me.”

Peter sighed in relief. “Good, and how did that go?”

“Uh, well, there was a lot of crying, him, not me.” He ignored the Alpha’s glowers. “But good. I’d say good, he admitted he’s scared, he’s afraid to tell all of you.”

Derek frowned. “Why?”

Scott shrugged. “He thinks that the bullshit with the baby's dad will fuck with you, that you’ll be angry.”

“Oh?” Peter was quite intrigued. “And who is the father?”

Scott sighed. “He won’t say, he hasn’t even told his dad. He just keeps saying that he can’t say, I don’t know, it’s weird...How he says it, it’s like...Like he is terrified of what might happen if someone learns who it is.” Scott looked at Peter and frowned. “I asked if he’d threatened him, but he wouldn’t answer me. He just said he couldn’t say that he wanted nothing to do with Stiles and the baby.”

Derek and Peter growled in unison upon hearing the news that their vulnerable packmate had been abandoned by the sire of the pup. “And Stiles is protecting them?”

Scott shrugged. “At the moment he is, his dad pulled me aside to ask if he’d told me. He’s been trying every which way he can to get Stiles to admit to who it is. He won’t fold...But his scent, he was terrified of me learning who it was. He’s terrified of you two asking him about it.”

Peter’s growling tapered. “He expects it, though; it’s a question we would ask for the sanctity of the pack.” Scott nodded, humming, he said. “Well, I suppose we ask once and leave it alone. We won’t make a big deal of it; perhaps he just needs time to come to terms with it all. It has to be a shock that the father wants nothing to do with them.”

Scott nodded his head. “Yeah, he was giving off weird vibes anytime we talked about the baby's dad.”

“An unplanned pregnancy can be startling for any parties involved, but running away from what they’d helped cause is pathetic.”

Scott snorted. “Yeah, seen it enough with my dad.” Despite knowing it might not truly be necessary, that it might be too much information, he said. “It was an accident.”

Peter gave a bored expression. “Most teenage pregnancies are Scott.”

Scott huffed and rolled his eyes. “No, Peter. It was a fucking accident. The condom broke, he got the morning-after pill, and it fucking failed.” The shock on the two Alpha’s faces had him nodding. “He was trying to be responsible, but it just didn’t work.”

Derek frowned upon hearing all of that. “The odds of that.”

Scott shrugged. “He’s got shit luck, he always has. Regardless, he’s keeping the baby.”

Peter smiled; despite it having no real repercussions for himself, it pleased his wolf to know that the boy wasn't going to give up his pup. "That must have been a hard choice for him to make."

"I mean, it was, and it wasn't," Scott replied. "He said he couldn't go through with an abortion, he couldn't live with himself if he did that, even though it might have made things easier in the long run. He's kinda against adoption, but his dad admitted that he's been reminding Stiles that he has months to think about it. So, at the moment, it looks like he's keeping the baby."

"Well, no matter what he decides in the end, we'll be there to support him," Peter stated simply with a kind smile.

Derek nodded his head. "Any clue on when he might tell us?"

"Movie night. I got him to agree to telling the pack then."

Derek smiled. "Good." That was just in two days.

"I told him I'd swing by his place and we'd take his jeep here, we uh, might bounce after he tells everyone officially, he's been really overwhelmed."

"Naturally." Peter nodded. "That's fine, I'm sure he'll feel better once the secret is out."

"Hope so, man, he's really torn up about it. I mean, this is on par with the Nogtisune."

"A different type of battle, but no less harrowing."

Scott smiled back at the Alpha for his unique take on what this was like for Stiles. "Yeah, uh, anyway, he doesn't know that I was going to say anything to you guys."

"We can act surprised," Derek reassured the anxious pup. "He doesn't need to know that we've known."

"Cool...I mean, he might think it was cool that we could smell it, but yeah, at the moment, it might be best to ignore that."

Derek snorted. "We're ignoring that; he's dealing with enough at the moment."

"Indeed, he is. Did he say if he and the pup are healthy?"

Scott nodded his head. "He had his first ultrasound and all, he's seen his doctor twice already, everything seems normal."

"Good." Peter smiled, quite pleased to hear that their pack mate, the teen he found so attractive, so alluring, was healthy in the face of this uncertain time. "Well, once he tells us, we can inform him that he might find some relief in having us nearby."

Derek smirked when Scott frowned and asked what he meant. "You know how we can take things pain?"

“Sure.” Scott nodded.

“It can help with morning sickness.”

Scott’s eyes widened. “No way.”

Derek nodded. “Yeah, it doesn’t totally get rid of it, but it helps quite a bit. If it’s a mild case of it, he’ll feel completely better. If it’s a bad case, it might just prevent him from vomiting.”

“Dude, that will mean so much to him. He said he was sicker than a dog the other day because of it, and I believe him.”

“Morning sickness can be quite daunting, especially to those who have never had a pup before. This is all brand new for him.”

“Yeah, well, cool. I’m sure he’ll be relieved to know that we can help with that.” Scott smiled brightly upon having that tidbit of information to help his friend. “Alright, well, I gotta get going, I just wanted to be able to tell you what I’d learned...Prep you for movie night.”

“And we appreciate that.” Peter smiled. “Have a good night, pup.”

“Night.” Scott waved as he left the loft.

Derek waited until he heard the teen’s motorcycle fire up to say. “He’s scared of us knowing who the pup’s dad is.”

“Oh, no, dear nephew, of anyone knowing.” Peter corrected his nephew. “I think Scott is right, a threat was issued,” Derek growled in response to his statement. “Pressuring him won’t result in us getting that answer. Stiles has to come around in his own time, I’m sure, once he sees how accepting we are of the whole thing, that he’ll relax. I don’t think he’d keep that man’s secret for long, not with all of us there to help support him.”

“I hope not.” Derek looked back at Peter. “You did clue into the other part of that, right?”

Peter smiled and easily returned. “Stiles luck might be shit, but the odds of that misfortune happening are slim to none. He slept with someone of our variety.”

Derek nodded his head as he’d come to the same conclusion. “There’s no other werewolves in town, so he had to have slept with someone from somewhere else.”

“There’s five larger towns bracketing us, there’s no telling if there’s lone wolves running rampant or anything else for that matter,” Peter stated in irritation. “I’d hope that he wasn’t so foolish as to go to Moonglow again, but let’s face it, it’s a cesspool for the supernatural and Stiles is curious.”

Derek snorted. “Yeah, a great place to go.”

Peter shook his head, not blaming the teen for his unfortunate choice. “It’s not wise, but he delights in meeting new people, new creatures.”

“And somehow along the way, he let someone woo him into bed. Whether they knew what would happen or not, they played a role in what’s happening now.”

“Most shifters are aware that condoms aren’t a foolproof plan for our sort.” Peter tilted his head back. “Most simply do things the easy way and take some amberweed.”

Derek nodded; it was what amounted to birth control for those of the supernatural variety, and it didn’t matter if you were a man or woman; it worked on both. “Which means whoever he slept with didn’t care.”

“No, they didn’t, but when Stiles confronted them, they threatened him,” Peter growled. “And Stiles believed whatever lie they told him.”

Derek growled at the notion that his human packmate had been threatened by whatever asshole had mated with him, whoever had sired his pup. “I hope you’re right that he gains some confidence back by being near us. I want to know who did this.”

Peter nodded. “As do I.” He’d take great pleasure in informing them of his displeasure with their actions. Stiles’ earlier sentiments that he didn’t need him to murder someone for him danced across his thoughts. Depending on how this all played out, he just might step in to ensure that nothing else took place. He wouldn’t see Stiles hurt again, and whatever reprobate had sullied Stiles in such a way was going to feel his anger on the subject.

Derek sighed. What a night. He was grateful that Scott had the foresight to come and tell them what he’d learned. That he’d forewarned them about Stiles coming clean to the pack and his fears of how that night might go. Now, they had some even footing to stand on. They could be prepared for the teen’s fears and come up with responses that would hopefully see the teen staying for the rest of the night rather than fleeing back home in whatever whirlwind of emotions he was bogged down in. The heavy weight of hiding the shame of having bedded a wolf outside of the pack was probably huge to the teen. He frowned, a thought coming to mind. “Shit.”

Peter looked up and frowned. “What? What’s wrong?”

Derek met his uncle’s gaze and said. “Peter, he could be having a werewolf baby.”

Peter hummed, entirely likely if they’re present belief that this hadn’t stemmed from some misfortune with a human. “Yes, he could be having a wolf pup.”

Derek ground his teeth together a moment before stating. “It would have ties to its sire if it’s a wolf pup.”

Peter’s lips narrowed into a thin line at the prospect of that ingrate popping up later whenever it suited him to disturb their pack and Stiles’ pup. No, this wasn’t good, as much as his wolf rallied at the joy of Stiles possibly carrying a wolf pup, the connotations of it being tied to that strange wolf sullied that notion. “We wait. We’ll tell him when he’s further along, when he’s had time to adjust to the whole thing. Hopefully, he’ll tell us who it was that he mated with before then.”

Derek growled. "He has to! How are we going to know what to expect if we don't know who sired that pup?"

Peter shook his head. "We'll manage, Derek. Right now, our job is to be supportive and not call into question how this pup came about. Scott already got us those answers; all we can do now is be supportive of Stiles and hope that he gains some confidence back in the face of whatever threat that wolf gave him."

Derek shook his head. "He's not scared of us."

"We're a different breed, nephew. Whoever he mated with is an unknown; he has to take them at face value." Peter counseled his nephew. "He can't tell if they were lying when they threatened him."

"I know," Derek growled, angry all the more that his pack mate, his beta, had been abused in such a fashion all under his nose. "He should have come to us."

"That is not here or there, nephew. He needed time, and now that he has had it, we can move forward. I'm sure that we can speak reason to him about the pup's sire after he's calmed down from telling us. Surely he'll understand that the wolf wanting nothing to do with him tidies things for us, we'd just have to keep an eye out for them changing their mind."

Derek growled. "They're not taking Stiles' pup."

Peter scoffed at the silly notion that they'd stand aside and let the pup's father use his station as a wolf to take the pup from Stiles. "Good heavens, no. The pup is staying with Stiles and us. Whatever reprobate tricked him into mating with themselves isn't going to play a role in this." His nephew nodded, his growling having tapered as he was put more at ease with hearing Peter's stance on things. Peter knew that eventually, once Stiles had calmed and seen reason to things that he would step in on the boys' behalf and ensure that whoever that wolf was, they wouldn't rear their ugly head around their pack again. He wouldn't see Stiles be threatened again, wouldn't see him frightened of some boogeymen who might threaten to steal his pup away from him. No. Once he knew who was responsible, he'd take action to ensure that Stiles and his pup were safe, forever.

Chapter 12: I've got an announcement

Chapter Summary

Stiles tells the pack about his pregnancy

Chapter Notes

LOOK!!! It didn't take a whole month for me to update this time lol. I hope you all enjoy the latest chapter.

“I think I’m gonna puke.”

Scott glanced towards Stiles in fear as his friend paused in their walk towards Derek’s loft from his best friend's jeep. “Are you?” Stiles did kinda look off. He walked over to him and wrapped his arm around him. “Take a few deep breaths.” Stiles nodded, and he watched him go about the simple ritual of trying to calm down. Stiles gave him that same torn expression that he’d worn when he’d first arrived at his place to carpool to Derek’s loft to tell the pack. “It’s okay.” He smiled back at his friend. “It’s going to be okay, Stiles.”

Stiles swallowed the rising nausea and muttered. “I will die if I puke on Derek or Peter.” Scott wasn’t very helpful in how he laughed, but he tried to remind himself that if he wasn’t feeling so sick, that would have gotten a laugh out of him as well. “Scott.”

“Sorry-Sorry.” Scott smiled as he gently rubbed Stiles’s back. “Just try to calm down, it’s gonna be okay, dude. I promise, once we tell them, we can bai,l alright?” Stiles still looked quite torn on the whole thing. “Or we can stay.” He shrugged. “It’s up to you, man, no big deal either way.” He watched as Stiles glanced up towards the large loft window that was a part of Derek’s living room. “Just take a few deep breaths, everything is going to be okay.”

Stiles nodded his head, doing what his friend told him he focused on his breathing. He hoped, prayed, that he wouldn’t be sick on anyone, but his stomach had been in turmoil all day as he’d known that today was the day that he was telling the pack the horrid news of his pregnancy.

Now, here, facing that moment, it was prepared to be violent in its reaction to his speaking to them about it. The noose around his throat was snug, not yet strangling, but ever present as it threatened him to choose his words carefully lest the monster in his head get its way and his dark sin, his deepest shame, be revealed. “Scotty...I don’t know how to do this.”

“I know...I know it seems impossible or something, but it’s not.” Scott rubbed Stiles’s back. “I’m right here, and they’re not going to react badly or anything. You can tell them just how you told me.”

Stiles huffed and muttered. “I blurted out I was pregnant to you.” It had been less than gentle in its approach. Scott shrugged, Stiles snorted, and shook his head. “I do not even want to imagine the look Derek would create if I just blurted out that I was pregnant.”

“I mean, it might be fun.”

Stiles chuckled weakly at his friend's vindictive notion that he should reveal his pregnancy that way just to fuck with Derek. He looked at his best friend and muttered. “I’m really at a loss on how to do this.” Scott nodded back at him, and despite them getting nowhere on how to do this, at least he didn’t feel alone in being that lost. Scott was at his side, patient, supportive, and that was more than he deserved for what he’d done. Looking up towards the loft window, he frowned. How was he supposed to tell his friends, the pack, that he’d fucked up? “They’re going to be disappointed in me.”

Scott swallowed. “You don’t know that.”

Stiles huffed. “Alright, Derek and Peter will be.”

Scott grimaced; he wasn’t really sure for certain if the wolves had some other sentiment than their protectiveness towards Stiles, but he hoped that the wolves weren’t hiding some hidden feelings on the subject. “I’m sure they’re just going to be worried about you, this is big man.”

Stiles snorted. “Yeah, I know.” He looked back at Scott and sassed. “It’s kind of a big deal to have a kid, more so if you’re too stupid and get knocked up at nineteen.”

Scott growled. “That wasn’t your fault! You were being responsible, Stiles.”

Stiles looked away and shrugged. “Yeah, well, did shit all for me.” He chewed the inside of his cheek a moment before pulling away from his best friend. “Let’s just get this over with.” He was prepared, or at least, he assumed he was prepared for their horrible reactions to his current state. Oh, the disappointment that Peter and Derek would have, the irritation at the prospects of having some unknown man involved with the pack...Well, it might soothe them to know that the baby's father wouldn’t be involved, though he wagered that they’d still want to know who it was. Some territorial bullshit over him, ordinarily that made him laugh, but now, he just felt tired.

They entered the building and summoned the ancient elevator that would take them to the top floor. Stiles squeezed into it with Scott and muttered softly, as if he was afraid that the pack would somehow overhear what he had to say all the way from the bottom floor. “I seriously might puke, though.”

Scott grimaced at the threatening statement. “I mean...It’s not your fault if you do.” He was sure that stress played a huge role in this stuff, something he’d have to ask his mom after Stiles had revealed everything to the pack. His mom was bound to hound Stiles about his

health until the baby came. He smirked just thinking of that, but wisely chose to keep it to himself for the moment. "Nobody will say anything if you get sick."

Stiles blew out a strained breath as the elevator brought them closer and closer to the pack. It was now or never, or so some idiot had said. Really, Scott was the only reason why he couldn't back out. His best friend was there, and he'd nudge him to say something if he tried to avoid it. Stiles knew that Scott wouldn't dream of outing him, but it also wasn't fair to leave his best friend hanging in the balance of waiting for him to be honest with everyone. No, he had to tell them today.

Stiles trailed after Scott, heading for the loft's large barn-style door. He took deep breaths, hoping that doing that alone would help quell some of the nausea he was experiencing. He would shrivel up and die if he were sick on someone; he already had so much going wrong for him, he did not need this on top of everything else. He gave one last weary smile to his best friend, and Scott nodded back at him. Now or never.

He opened the loft door and smiled at the loud greeting he got from the rest of the pups. "Hey." Stiles smiled as he walked in with Scott at his side, his eyes swiveling left and right. First to Derek, the younger Alpha was seemingly lost in a novel at the moment. Something he tended to do for movie nights, as he tended to hate their choice of movies. Peter, however, was attentively smiling at him, probably about to greet him as he always did. The pups were already arguing over movies, and this just felt. Like home.

He somehow felt bolstered in the face of this normalcy; he felt Scott rub his back, and as he'd done so many times before when facing down something terrifying. He ran headlong into it and hoped he would come out on the other side. "I have something to tell you." Everyone's eyes were on him, now or never. He fought against the noose, he let it strangle him, but refused to be silenced. He glanced at Scott, but his best friend smiled. Right. This was his task to do; it was his responsibility. It was his price to pay to ruin their perception of him, to admit that time had punished him and that he now was faced with an uncertain future.

He felt Scott rub his back again and took a deep breath. "I'm pregnant." He saw how the pup's eyes widened, oh dear. He took a startled step back when Erica launched herself off the couch, stormed over to him, and then proceeded to hug the daylights out of him. "E-Erica." He gave a soft chuckle. "Too tight." She released him with a grin. Stiles smiled and said. "I-"

"You realize that we get to have a pack vote on names, right?"

Stiles blinked, frowned, and then said. "Oh hell no!" The pups laughed, but he folded his arms across his chest. "I'm not holding a round table vote on what to name my kid."

"I mean, we've come up with some good names in the past," Isaac argued with a grin.

Stiles rolled his eyes. "Yeah, when naming fugly things."

"Or deranged people." Boyd chimed in.

Stiles nodded his head. That was true enough. "Yeah...I think I'll figure that shit out on my own." He frowned back at the smiling faces of the pups; there was seemingly no judgment

there. They just seemed...Happy for him. "I'm a little weirded out."

"About what?" Scott frowned.

"I did not expect that as a reaction," Stiles admitted freely.

"And how did you expect us to react, darling?" Peter smiled calmly at the teen who met his gaze for the first time since his announcement. "It is a monumental thing to announce, but a happy thing to most. Are you doing okay?"

Stiles nodded his head, fearful of using his voice. Fearful that they might hear a lie if he tried to say he was alright. He was anything but alright, but admittedly, the pack's reaction had been good. "You're not freaked out?"

Peter snorted. There truly was nothing to freak out about. "Stiles, a pup isn't something that one should necessarily freak out about. It's generally considered good news, and although I understand that this most likely wasn't planned, it's still not a bad thing. I'm glad you told us, though this does change a few things, pet."

Stiles nodded his head. "Yeah...I know." He glanced towards Derek when the younger Alpha asked.

"How far along are you?"

Stiles sighed. Did he say the exact day or just give them a ballpark? It might be too gross for them to know the exact day he conceived his baby. "About two and a half months." Derek nodded his head, accepting him at his word.

"Why didn't you tell us sooner?!" Erica pouted.

Stiles smiled at the dramatic pouting. "I was a little freaked out about it." She huffed. Stiles chuckled. "Sorry, I just needed some time to get used to it...Still, not really used to it."

"That's understandable, sweetheart. It's a big thing to realize that you're carrying a pup."

Stiles hummed. It was. He looked at Derek and said. "I can't say I would have told you sooner, I was really freaked out, but...Thanks for not freaking the fuck out."

Derek smirked and nodded. "It's fine, Stiles. So long as you and the pup are healthy, we can adjust to the news."

"Yeah, we're fine." Stiles made a face. "Well, mostly." Seeing the confusion and worry, he shook his head. "Morning sickness is a bitch." And cue the nods of understanding.

"We can help with that." Peter chimed in with a pleased grin.

Stiles frowned. "Um...How?"

"Are you nauseous right now?"

“He was scared of puking on you.”

“Scott!”

Scott grinned back at his best friend, who looked scandalized. “So, he’s probably still nauseous.”

Peter chuckled at Scott outing Stiles for his inane fear that he might be sick near or on them. “Come here, sweetheart.” He held out his hand, Stiles walked over to him, and he gently laid his hand on the teen's arm. He focused, and with a grin watched as black veins spiraled up his arm even as Stiles gasped. “Better?”

Stiles watched the black veins fade from Peter at the same time he registered that the nausea that had been making his stomach feel topsy turvy was gone. “How the fuck does that work?”

“The world might never know.” Peter teased. “But regardless, it’s useful.”

Stiles smiled and nodded. “That’s fucking wild.”

“You feel better?”

Stiles twisted and nodded back at Isaac. “Yeah, it’s gone. I don’t feel sick at all.” The pups grinned, clearly pleased to know that he wasn’t experiencing nausea anymore.

“It won’t completely get rid of it.” Derek educated the teen. “If you’re suffering from a bad case of it, it might just help soothe it, but if it’s a light case, it can get rid of it.”

Stiles hummed. “Interesting.” He looked at Scott and said. “I’m going to be calling you every morning for that shit.” Scott scowled at him, and he smirked. “I wasn’t joking, Scotty.” The others laughed even as Scott sputtered.

“How’d your dad take the news?”

Stiles smiled back at Boyd. “Awesome. I mean...He couldn’t have been better. He’s been great about the whole thing.”

“That’s good.” Erica smiled. “What about the baby's dad?”

Stiles froze, the noose tightened, and he swallowed against it before sending a wary expression towards Scott. His friend gave him an imploring expression. He couldn’t. He looked at the floor and shook his head. “I can’t talk about that.”

Isaac frowned. “You can’t?”

Stiles shook his head, no, it was a deep shame, a dark secret he’d take to his grave. He knew the others were confused by his silence, but there was just no way to explain things...Not without losing them all. This was his punishment, his burden to bear. Time was punishing him, and if he didn’t wish to lose everyone he loved, he had to retain his silence.

“Stiles, darling...Did they react poorly?” He played innocent, as if Scott hadn’t already informed them of the fact that the pup’s sire wanted nothing to do with them.

Stiles bit the inside of his cheek upon hearing that question. No. He hadn’t reacted badly; he just didn’t know. He couldn’t say that, though; he knew the pack, they’d egg him on to tell whoever the baby’s dad was, and that just wasn’t possible. “He doesn’t want anything to do with us.” He heard the various growls of the pack, and the shame felt heavier; that dark monster inside him rallied against their protective action. **‘This is your fault’**. Stiles swallowed against the noose and looked up with a strained smile. “It’s okay.”

Peter’s eyes tightened at the bold lie that Stiles was trying to pass over on the pack. “Sweetheart, it’s okay that you’re not okay with that.” Stiles met his gaze, and he nodded. “But I am curious, why do you think you can’t say? Did they threaten you?”

No. No, but Stiles could vividly imagine how it would be if he spoke the truth. Stiles avoided Peter’s gaze, a coward in that moment. “I just can’t say.” He missed the silent exchange that Derek and Peter had, leaning instead into Scott when his best friend wrapped an arm around him once more. “Just...Just forget it.”

Peter hummed, yes, well, they’d have to set that aside for now. “Well, that aside, how are you faring since you’ve learned this startling development?”

Stiles frowned. Were they just going to drop it? He looked back at Peter in confusion. He wasn’t going to push for answers? “Um...I don’t know. I mean, scared...Freaked out.”

“All normal considering that I can assume that this wasn’t planned.” Stiles shook his head. Peter smiled. “Well, that doesn’t matter. Do you plan to keep it?”

Stiles nodded his head. “Yeah.”

“You’re not giving it up for adoption?” Erica curiously asked with wide eyes.

Stiles shook his head. “No...I-I don’t think I could do that.”

“You understand how this will impact what you can do now, darling.”

Stiles smiled. “The amount of talks I’ve had with dad about that leads me to believe that I have a good understanding of that topic.”

Peter chuckled. “Fair enough.”

Stiles rubbed his arm a tad shyly before telling the pack. “I decided to keep it, adoption is something that works for most people in my situation, I think, but it...It just doesn’t seem right for me. I know how hard this is going to be, at least, I think I know how hard it’s going to be. Dad’s been pretty honest about what it was like to have a kid, so...That’s been fun to listen to.” The pack chuckled much to his chagrin. Rolling his eyes at their amusement, Stiles muttered. “Had the first ultrasound already, looks like a lima bean to me, but everyone keeps telling me that it’s real.”

“You have doubts?”

Stiles snorted and shook his head at Boyd. “No, I know it’s real, it’s just...Still, otherworldly that this is happening.” The teen nodded back at him. “I mean, I took three fucking pregnancy tests, one at my doctor’s after that, and had an ultrasound. This is fucking real.”

“Still takes some getting used to, pet.”

“Yeah, you’re telling me.” Stiles huffed. “But dad and I have been getting our heads wrapped around the idea of this being real.”

“Good. Well, it goes without saying, you have our full support.” Peter smiled back at the teen; he got a small smile in return for his proud announcement.

“Thanks.” It meant the world to him, it truly did. It was just hard to stare at Peter and know that the wolf didn’t realize, would never realize, that this baby was theirs. That dark monster that lurked inside of him chomped at the notion of reminding him of all of this. He swallowed tightly, pushing against the noose, desperate for air. He grunted when Scott jostled him out of his inner thoughts by patting him hard on the back.

“He’s doing okay, I mean...Mostly.”

Derek huffed. “Yeah, great proclamation Scott.” The younger teen huffed and sent a glare his way. Shaking his head, Derek appraised Stiles. He’d gone rather silent since Peter had promised that they’d be there for him. Was this just another sign that a wolf had threatened him? That he was fearful of the pack’s involvement in his pup’s life because he knew that another wolf was technically involved.

He had a lot of questions, but sadly, he couldn’t ask them. Stiles had clammed up tight when Peter had asked about the pup’s father. He’d never seen Stiles shy away from something, never like that, but the teen had shriveled up inside himself to avoid it. Whatever wolf had sunk their teeth into Stiles had done a good job in silencing him. He withheld his need to growl upon recognizing that it wouldn’t do any good to frighten the pack.

“Come watch a movie with us!” Isaac waved at Stiles and Scott.

Stiles smiled, he glanced at Scott and nodded, his friend smiled brightly in return, and they navigated their way across the room to all snuggle onto the couch together. He couldn’t help but smile as he listened to the group argue over what movie to watch. This was just...Normal. It made his time with the pack all the more precious to him as he knew how tenuous his placement with them was now. The time necklace sat heavily between his breast; it promised him relief from the burden of his punishment if he used it. Time to reflect, to mourn and scream foul, but that luxury was tainted by his knowledge that time would still have its way when the clock ran out.

Here, now, with the pack, he found some measure of peace. They’d taken the news well, just as good as his father had, and despite his many reservations about it, neither Alpha had continued to question him about the baby’s father. He wasn’t sure if that was just them being nice because he’d just announced his pregnancy or what, but he hoped that they would leave it alone altogether.

Stiles glanced in surprise when Erica leaned forward past Scott and Isaac to ask him.

“Do you want a boy or a girl?”

Stiles blinked, frowned, and then shrugged. “I don’t know. I’ve never had a baby before, I-I don’t really think I have a preference.” Erica nodded before reclining once more against Boyd. Stiles thought a moment upon the question that had been posed to him, did he? Stiles wasn’t sure; thinking upon it, he didn’t really care if it was a boy or a girl. Neither of those would be better than the other; he supposed that it was more important to him that the baby was healthy than anything else. Well, and he prayed that they’d be human rather than a wolf. As much as he otherwise would have loved to have a wolf baby, he knew what that would lead to. Ruin. Derek and Peter wouldn’t be able to forgive that; they’d NEED answers about who the baby’s father was. Stiles couldn’t answer those questions, which he knew would cause many an argument, so he silently prayed that his baby was both healthy and human.

“I’ve always liked the name Elijah.”

Stiles smirked. He looked over at Erica. “I’m not having a vote, Erica.” She huffed. “Besides, we won’t know what the baby is for months yet.”

“Well, make a name list!”

Stiles blinked. Oh, well, people did do that, didn’t they? “People do that, don’t they?” Everyone nodded. “Oh...I guess I should think about it some.”

“You have plenty of time, sweetheart, there’s no rush.” Peter soothed the teen while sending a sharper look towards Erica. She huffed back at him, clearly undeterred despite his silent warning. Sometimes, that girl showed how brazen her new gifts made her.

“Elijah’s a cool name, though,” Scott stated out of the blue.

Stiles pondered it a moment before saying. “Yeah, it’s not bad.” He dug out his phone and opened the notes app, creating a new note. He typed out the name Elijah into the notes. “There, added to the list.”

“So you will take suggestions!”

Stiles sighed. He glared at Erica, who was grinning like a loon. “Shut up.”

“Oh, I am going to find the best names!” Erica squealed as she dug out her phone and began to frantically type on it.

Isaac and Scott snickered, sending side-long glances between Erica and Stiles. Though Isaac did dare to ask. “Are we actually going to watch a movie, or are we gonna let Stiles and Erica duke it out over baby names?”

Derek snorted. “Watch a stupid movie.” He scooped up his novel once more, a small smile on his face as he listened to the pack. The peace had been restored now that Stiles had shared the news of his pregnancy. It was a good feeling to have the pack all together once more with no secrets left between them.

Peter chuckled as he listened to Erica randomly call out a name before she leaned forward to gauge how Stiles reacted to it. The solid glare the other teen wore proved he was not amused. Erica was undeterred, seeing how she shrugged and went about finding another one to do the same trial and error. Oh, how he did love this pack.

His eyes fell solidly upon Stiles, the beautiful teen who was far too enchanting for his own good. His wolf was enthralled, captivated, more so now than before, now that he had the urge to truly protect the pregnant teen. The very idea that he might carry a wolf pup in his belly was something foreign and beautiful to him. It tickled the dastardly notions his wolf had always had about seeing the boy round with a pup of his own making.

Peter looked away, instantly ashamed for allowing his lust for the boy to flare up at a time like this. No, his attraction to Stiles wouldn't get in the way of his task as the boy's Alpha. He had to be careful to ensure that he didn't let slip how attracted he was to Stiles. Now was not the time to reveal such a thing; Stiles had far more worthy things to focus on, namely, the little wolf pup in his belly. He smiled as his thoughts were brought away from that to the present as he heard the pups begin to argue about baby names, as well as whether or not there were cursed names that shouldn't be used. His wolf was quite happy just sitting here listening to his pack be a pack.

Stiles closed his eyes, clenching his teeth, and he fought hard not to react, not to show weakness in the face of that monster. It screamed loudly in his head, shouting to the heavens and rattling him to his core. He opened his eyes just as tears began to slide down his cheeks as he stared at his reflection in the mirror. **It's all your fault.** Stiles shook his head. He knew that was true, but how desperate he was not to hear those words. To not be surrounded daily by that litany of incriminating words. Yet, time had its way with him, and the monster in his head refused to relent.

"I'm sorry." He spoke to the monster in the mirror, which wore his face, oh, so similar to the Nogitsune. Only, this one wasn't going to go on a bender killing spree, no, it was just threatening to ruin his life in other ways. Ways that Stiles had to bury deep in his heart lest he lose everything he loved. "I'm sorry, alright?!" He raised his voice to the invisible foe he was waging war against. "I know I fucked up, I know it was wrong...That I never should have done those things, that I never should have used time that way." He gave an airy sob. "I-I was stupid. I was reckless, and I'm sorry."

The monster stared back at him impassively, undeterred, given how its voice still radiated inside his skull. **No one would forgive you.** Stiles knew that; he knew that if his father, if the pack learned the truth, he'd lose everyone. That they'd be so disgusted in him that they'd never look him in the eye again, that he'd be outcast from the pack...That his dad might very well kick him out of his house. Everything he held dear was wrapped around those secrets that the monster slaved away to torment him with.

"I'm sorry." He rasped, pleading with the monster, with time itself, though he doubted either cared for his apologies. The time necklace hung heavy against his breast, waiting to be used; it had never failed him, so time clearly wasn't done with him. He just used it in a different way now. Gone were the pranks, the idle wanderings through town, now, all there was...Was

grief. Time he could spend truly alone, where he had time to think of his crimes, of his punishment, and how close he was to losing everything.

Staring back at his reflection, tears sliding down his cheeks as the monster that stared back at him mirrored him unflinchingly, without remorse, Stiles found himself begging once more. "I'm sorry. Please forgive me." His heart hurt, it ached, it throbbed like an infected wound. He wanted so desperately to be forgiven, but to seek out forgiveness from the pack, his father, Peter...If he were to do that, he'd lose them all. **It's all your fault.** Stiles looked down at the sink, ashamed. "I know." He muttered softly. "I know it's all my fault. I deserve this." **They'll hate you.** Stiles clenched his teeth together; they would. "I know." He rasped, his voice strained not by the noose but his own emotions. **They'd never forgive you.** Stiles gave an airy sob. "I know."

His head jerked upright when he heard the front door. He hastily wiped at his face, doing his best to try and hide that he'd been crying. He cleared his throat, forcing a smile that felt ever so brittle. It had cracks, seams, and proof that it was fake. It didn't reach his eyes, and oh, his eyes seemed like tide pools, a melting pot of emotions. Stiles looked away from the mirror; it shamed him, even now.

He stepped out of the bathroom just as his dad reached the top of the stairs. Their eyes met, and his dad frowned. He knew. Stiles shrugged his shoulders laxly. "Bad day." His father smiled compassionately and walked over to hug him. Stiles buried his face into his father's uniform, hugging him tightly as he desperately clung to this. This safety that he knew he didn't truly deserve. His father would hate him if he knew the truth; he'd be disgusted by him. Still, weak, cowardly as he was, he sought solace in the strong man, as his secret was still safely locked within himself. Nobody but him needed to know the shameful truth. **It's all your fault.** Stiles felt fresh tears crest his lashes and rasped. "Thanks, Dad."

"Sure thing, kiddo."

He didn't deserve this, but he'd treasure it regardless.

Chapter 13: Lunae

Chapter Summary

Stiles has a conversation with Peter about baby names.

Stiles sighed, accepting the cup of lemon tea with a small smile. “Thanks.” He held the warm mug in his hands as Peter took his seat after retrieving the soothing beverage for him.

“How have you been?”

Stiles hid behind the cup, stalling as he took a drink. He knew Peter would hear a lie if he said that he was alright, so he chose to do what he’d learned to do when faced with a nosy werewolf. He deflected by not answering directly. “I’ve been surprised just how little it takes for one to get nauseous.”

Peter smiled at the teen's answer. “Are you nauseous now?” He hummed when Stiles lifted the mug. “Wasn’t for the taste, now was it, pet?”

Stiles smiled back at the wolf, not arguing, as it was the truth. He was feeling a tad queasy, so he watched as Peter reached out and laid his hand upon his arm. His eyes entranced as black veins slithered up the wolf's arm, and the nausea bled out of him. He sighed. Well, that was better. “Thanks.”

Peter nodded his head as he pulled his hand back. “All you have to do is say something, darling.”

“I feel like that’s taking advantage of you.” HA, what a joke. Stiles swallowed against the noose as he felt that dark monster inside him rise upon hearing those words creep out of his mouth. He shouldn’t have said that. He was going to pay for that later.

“Nonsense. In my sister's pack, it was quite common for those pregnant to just walk up to any wolf and say help.”

“Help?”

“Well, not so much help as fix it.” Peter teased, gaining a laugh from the teen. “Of course, them being pregnant, we were aware of their state and knew what they were most likely asking us to do for them.”

“Right...Well, it’s a pretty neat trick.” Stiles tilted his head curiously. “Hey...That makes me curious, do werewolves get morning sickness? You guys are immune to everything.”

Peter smiled at the curious question, the further proof of how intelligent the teen was. “Yes.”

“That must suck. I mean, you’re impervious to everything, and then a baby knocks them on their ass.” Stiles snorted. “That blows.”

Peter chuckled at the teen's opinion that it was somehow all the more unfair that a werewolf would get morning sickness when they should be immune to everything. “Nature must have its way, pet.”

Stiles forced a smile. Yeah, time was like that, too. He’d more than once entertained the thought of going to return the necklace to the magic shop, but he hadn’t gotten the courage up to do that particular walk of shame. Something was yet holding him back from admitting defeat in the face of its just punishment. He took a delicate sip of his tea, swallowing, he said. “I suppose...I mean, knowing what I do about wolves...Babies are precious to you.”

“Very much so,” Peter stated firmly. “It’s a joyous occasion when a new pack member is going to be born. It’s a union between pack members that will bring a new life to the world, a new pup to share in our history and love.”

Stiles smiled at the reverence in Peter’s tone. And here he was fucking everything up. He looked down at the floor, and despite the noose that threatened him, to choose his words carefully said. “I haven’t really found joy in this.”

“Give it time.” Peter counseled the teen, who seemed quite disjointed, to hear his opinion on such an event. “It wasn’t planned, that takes a lot of adjustment, Stiles. Once you’ve had time to adjust, it won’t be so daunting. I’m sure you’ll find joy in it soon.”

Stiles nodded his head; he wasn’t sure if he was meant to, though. This was a punishment, a righteous response to what he’d done. He was sure that he’d love his baby, that Peter was right in that, but he wasn’t sure he’d find joy in the notion that he’d caused this baby to exist through that dark act. No, it would always be tainted. He took another sip of his tea, hoping the citrus that bit into his tongue might be enough to quell the heartache he felt. It didn’t work, but the tea helped his stomach, so he’d vainly hoped that maybe it could help his other aches and pains.

“How many baby names are you up to now?” Peter questioned when Stiles seemed to go quiet; no doubt, he was lost in his mind, thinking of the untimely nature of his pregnancy.

Stiles huffed, a small smile forming as he looked up at the wolf and said. “Erica sent me a list last night of like twenty names.”

Peter chuckled. “Any winners?”

Stiles rolled his eyes. “I’m not holding a vote on this shit.”

“Of course not, it’s your pup, you have all the say in what they will be called. Though I am curious, are any sticking out to you?”

Stiles dug out his phone and opened the notepad app. He stared at the few names he had on the list from all the packs pestering. “A few.” He stared at the list and told the wolf. “Though

I did have a thirty-minute argument with Scott about a name he found on a baby name website.” He looked past his phone to smile at the wolf. “Mosby.”

“Mosby?” Peter stated in shock.

Stiles chuckled at the blanched expression the wolf gave him at the atrocious name. “Yeah, don’t know where the fuck he found that one, but he said he thought it sounded dapper.”

Peter snorted. “That is far too out of date for your pup, darling.”

“Oh, no shit, that is not happening.” Stiles laughed. “But we had a long conversation over what qualified as dapper and what was just old as fuck.”

Peter smiled. “I’m sure you did.” He motioned to the teen's phone. “But do I get to know any of the true options?”

Stiles glanced at the list he had on his phone. It wasn’t really a secret; he’d just not shared it with anyone just yet. Still, Peter was the father of this baby, so it would be only right if he got a say...Even if he didn’t understand what it meant. “Well, I’ve always kinda liked the name Spencer.”

“Hm. Not bad.” Peter nodded. “What else?”

“Sebastian, just sounds like some wealthy vampire or something, I like it.” He smiled when Peter laughed at his explanation.

“I see. Well, I’d hope that the pup in your belly isn’t secretly belonging to a vampire.” The boy snorted. “Good. Well, it’s not a bad name, neither are. What of girls?”

Stiles glanced back at his phone. “Amelia.”

“That’s very becoming,” Peter stated. “A very pretty name.”

“Yeah, I liked it.” Stiles stared at the other names on the list. Why did he feel so embarrassed to be sharing this with Peter? Maybe he was afraid he’d judge the names and think they were stupid. Frowning, he fought against the doubts that monster plagued him with and said. “I thought about possibly naming the baby after my mom if it were a girl.”

“Something that is often done.”

Stiles nodded his head before looking at the wolf, who was seemingly being quite neutral in the face of everything. “I love my mom, always will, but as much as I want to honor her...I think her names a little outdated.”

“You could always find a similar name,” Peter advised the teen.

“I don’t know of any names that are similar to Claudia.”

Peter hummed. Now, that was rather tricky. “Chloe.”

Stiles blinked, it wasn't too similar to his mother's name to sound off-putting, rather a unique twist. Stiles smiled at the wolf's suggestion. "I like that." Peter smiled back at him before he turned back to his phone and added it to the list, making a small note that it was Peter's idea. He'd want to remember this just in case it came down to the wire. He wanted Peter's input, he decided, no, he needed Peter's input. If this was the only real way the wolf got to have a role in their baby's life, if he had to always be in the shadows of it, then he deserved to play a role in whatever he could. "What else?" He looked back at the Alpha and smiled.

Peter hummed, reaching up, he stroked his goatee a moment. "Too similar, but I've been fond of Zoe."

"That's nice," Stiles added it to the list under Peter's name.

"Samantha isn't a bad name." Peter blinked when Stiles snorted. He glanced at the teen and questioned. "You don't like it?"

"Sorry, the only Samantha I ever knew was a raging bitch." Peter laughed, and Stiles shrugged. "I do not want that name."

"Fair enough, sweetheart." Peter chuckled at the teen's stout refusal to name his pup after his bad experience with a woman with the same name. "Well, I think we can all agree on one name not being an option." When Stiles tilted his head, he teased. "Kate."

Stiles snorted once again. "Fuck that bitch." Peter grinned back at him. The wolf was probably pleased to hear him state such a thing again. It always seemed to tickle Peter whenever he announced his vibrant hatred for the woman. He looked back at his phone and admitted. "Dad overheard Scott and me talking about baby names the other day and gave me his input too."

"Oh? And what does the sheriff think his grandchild should be named?"

Stiles shook his head and muttered. "He likes the name Veronica for some reason." He laughed at the face Peter pulled. Well, that was a clear no from his baby daddy. "Yeah, I wasn't too much of a fan of it either."

"No...Not befitting of your pup." Peter replied despite his trying to stay neutral in the face of Stiles sharing this with him.

Stiles couldn't help but state. "I've been struggling more with boy names than girl names, to be honest, I don't know if that's some subliminal message that I want a girl or not, but it's been annoying to not find any boy names that are truly ringing a bell for me."

Peter nodded his head at the teen's apparent frustration. "Well, you do have quite a bit of time before the pup comes."

"I know." Stiles nodded back. "I'd just like to kinda know? I mean, just calling the baby a baby all the time is kinda...Boring, and it feels wrong. Like, they exist, I know they're real, so shouldn't they have a name?"

Peter smiled at the teen's desire to name his pup so he could call it by its name rather than just calling it a baby. "Well, you could pick a nickname."

"A nickname?" Stiles frowned. "But I don't even have a name picked out."

Peter chuckled before recounting a story that he felt might yet help the teen. "My cousin, bless him, was at war with his mate over what to name their daughter. They were so frustrated at each other that my sister had to step in more than once to quell the fighting." "Wow."

"So, to keep the peace, Talia told them to pick a nickname. Something that was not truly its name, never would be, just something that would bring them peace to call the baby until they chose its real name."

"Did it work?"

"Like a charm," Peter stated in a pleased tone. "They ended up naming the little girl Meredith, but her nickname was Tulip."

"Tulip." Stiles smiled at the cute story. "That's nice...Yeah, I like that." He glanced down at his belly. "Well, my baby doesn't really look like a flower, more like a lima bean." The wolf laughed, but he continued. "Not sure that's a nice nickname though."

"Hm, not particularly pet." Peter smiled at the teen who was frowning down at his belly as if searching for answers where the pup dwelt. "Think of something that you adore, something that inspires you or brings you peace."

Stiles frowned. What did any of that? "I don't know." He looked lost at Peter, shaking his head. "I don't know of anything that does that. I mean...I think the pack brings me peace, but I can't just call the baby pack."

"No." Peter agreed. "But the notion of pack brings you strength, peace, as you know that you're protected."

Stiles shrugged his shoulders. "Probably. I just know I can count on all of you."

"And you always can, darling."

Stiles smiled despite how the monster inside him rallied against those kind words. It's all your fault. He knew this well, and he'd wage that war once he was at home, but here, now, he could shove the monster back and focus on Peter. His thoughts of losing the pack could wait until he was at home, where he could safely grieve a future that he feared so greatly.

"Something that embodies a wolf, then," Peter suggested. "That pup in your belly is bound to be just as ferocious as its mother."

Stiles blushed at the wolf's praise. "I'm not ferocious."

Peter huffed and countered. "You didn't bat an eye at bludgeoning that wraith despite knowing that if it sank its teeth into you, you could become like it."

Okay, so Peter did have a point. Stiles hummed. "I don't feel ferocious."

"Well, you are," Peter stated with a firm nod. "Now...Let's think about this." Peter thought a moment before he smiled as an idea came to him. "What about Lunae?"

Stiles blinked at the strange word. "What's that mean?"

"It means moon in Latin."

Stiles chuckled. "Moon?"

"Well, that does rather symbolize the pack quite well, doesn't it?" Peter argued with a grin.

Okay...Peter had a point there. The moon held a lot of sway over a werewolf; it was praised by them, cherished. Stiles smiled; it wasn't feminine or masculine, it just was. That Peter had picked it out, had played a role in it, just made it all the better. "Lunae." Stiles nodded his head. "I like it."

"Then your pup will be Lunae until you find its true name," Peter stated in a soft tone, a gentle, supportive tone.

Stiles gave a bright smile back at the wolf. "Yeah. That's a lot better than going around calling it a baby."

"Yes, your pup is special; it should be recognized by the pack." Peter intoned with confidence. "It's going to be a cherished pup to all of us, the first new addition in many years."

Stiles swallowed. This held so much weight for wolves, and here he was denying Peter the right, the pleasure in knowing that it was really his pup that they'd be welcoming into the pack. What a monster he was. Stiles smiled weakly and, against the tightness of the noose, said. "I know this has a lot of meaning to you...To Derek, too, that babies being brought into the pack has weight or whatever."

"It does, it's a symbol of a union of two wolves, of two pack members bringing a gift to their Alpha to rejoice in. The pack as a whole cherishes every pup that is brought into this world, Stiles. It's a blessing from the moon on the union that had taken place."

Sadly, that wasn't the truth for their baby. It wasn't the moon who had blessed them; it was time who had punished Stiles. He smiled through the pain of that, through the knowledge that he was further sully something that the wolves would have loved and cherished.

"I know you're still adapting to the fact that you're pregnant, but Derek and I especially can't help but be happy...Even if we recognize that the circumstances weren't what you necessarily wanted." He tried to state in a soothing tone. "You'll have to forgive us if we seem...Happy at the notion of this transpiring."

Stiles huffed. How could he speak out against that? It was all his fault, and was it really so bad that the wolves who would be related to his baby were happy to know it? "It's fine." He smiled. "Better to know that you're happy about it than to hate it."

“We could never hate you or your pup, Stiles.”

But you could. But you would. Stiles swallowed against the noose and nodded to save himself the pain of fighting it. “Gonna have an interesting talk with dad as I explain that we unofficially named the baby.”

Peter chuckled. “Yes, I’m sure that might cause some confusion for him.”

“I like it though.” Stiles was honest there. “Lunae, it just...Fits.”

“I’m glad you like it.”

“Way better than calling the baby a lima bean.” The wolf snorted, which brought a smile to his face. “Yeah, I think I’ll stick with Lunae.”

“Please do.”

Stiles picked up his tea once more, ignoring how it had gone cold in the span of their conversation, to take a swallow of it. How could Peter make him feel so...Welcome? The wolf was just so comforting, and all the more he felt like a monster for what he’d done. He didn’t deserve this, this compassion, this understanding and support...But oh, how he desperately clung to it. He sought shelter in Peter’s kindness in the face of the brutal truth of what his actions had caused. His free hand gently went to his belly; he took some meager amount of comfort that Peter had played a role in their babies' naming. He wasn’t sold on a real name, but Lunae, it was somehow all the more precious to him.

He might have felt embarrassed if this wasn’t so dire at the moment, but as he walked into the loft to discuss the strange occurrences in the town, he found himself gravitating towards Peter, as he knew the older wolf would understand his request. He was entirely ready to throw up; it had been that way all morning, and tea hadn’t helped. If there was to be any hope that he didn’t ruin this pack meeting by being sick, then he’d need a little help calming Lunae. So, he walked up to Peter and said in a somewhat pitiful tone. “Help.”

Peter tilted his head. “With what, darling?”

When Peter didn’t grasp his rather humorous attempt to use what the wolf had said before about his previous packmates requesting help from the wolves in Talia’s pack, he muttered. “Lunae is not happy.”

Peter smiled indulgently and reached out to grasp the teen's arm, his hand wrapping around the teen's wrist before he focused on taking the boy's pain, or, in this instance, the nausea his pup was causing him. Black veins spiraled up his arm for a moment before they dissipated as Stiles sighed in what he was sure was relief. “Better?” He got a nod.

“Yeah, thanks.” Stiles blew out a strained breath and admitted. “Tea hadn’t helped; I’ve already been sick twice. Lunae is definitely in an uproar about my desire to have breakfast.”

Peter chuckled at the teen's sour opinion on what his pup was up to. He glanced towards the pups when Isaac questioned.

“What’s Lunae?”

“Not what, who.” Peter corrected the ignorant wolves. He motioned towards Stiles’ belly and informed them. “He’s still thinking of names, but I told him of a habit of my previous pack mates when they were pregnant. He chose a nickname for his pup so he wouldn’t have to keep referring to it as a baby.” The pack nodded slowly as they took that in.

Scott tilted his head and questioned. “How’d you come up with Lunae?”

“Peter suggested it,” Stiles replied with a smile. “It means moon in Latin.” The awe that spanned across the pups’ faces was rather funny.

“You nicknamed your baby moon?” Boyd stated in confusion.

Peter knew that the pups were ignorant of the fact that Stiles’ pup was most likely a werewolf pup, so he distracted them from this fact. “He wanted a tie to the pack.”

“Oh. Huh, cool.” Scott nodded his head.

“It doesn’t have a gender to it, does it?” Erica questioned.

Stiles shook his head. “That’s why I like it, it’s ambiguous. I won’t know what Lunae is for a while yet, and the only other thing I’ve called the baby is lima bean; Peter was against that.” The pups laughed, spurring a genuine smile on his face.

Derek snorted. “Yeah, don’t use that.” The grin the boy gave him had him looking past him to Peter. It was interesting that Peter had shared that facet of his mother’s pack with Stiles. He must have had some sort of interaction with him to warrant that discussion, but he was pleased with the apparent nickname the pup had now. It fit rather well, both as a tie to their pack and a tie to the fact that it could be a wolf pup.

Stiles reached down to gently rub his stomach. “But this morning Lunae was not a happy camper...Hence my begging.”

Peter huffed. “You weren’t begging, and I’m more than happy to help.”

“Yeah, dude, all you have to do is say something. It doesn’t hurt us.” Scott reminded his best friend. “And it beats being sick because Lunae is upset.”

Stiles nodded his head, ever grateful to have the pack's support. “Thanks.” He knew he didn’t deserve it; he knew that if he dared to speak about his dark shame, they’d all abandon him. The noose around his neck was absolute in how it threatened him whenever he talked about the baby. He wasn’t as scared of that anymore; it served him well, the monster inside him, however, chomped at the bit whenever something good happened. It constantly reminded him that he was unworthy of this kindness, of this love. He let it have its way with him when he was alone, when he froze time to let himself pour out all his fears.

“Now that the pup is calmed, we do need to discuss the rather curious happening taking place.” Everyone nodded in return to what he’d said, so Peter continued. “It’s rather a strange thing for numerous people in the town to report that they saw an apparition.”

“Yeah, but like, ghosts aren’t real...Right?” Scott frowned. One could never be certain about how the supernatural world worked.

“Oh, they can exist.” Peter educated the pups. “But it’s not something that takes place often.”

“It’s rare,” Derek added. “Normally, it only happens if something with a lot of emotion takes place.”

“Like what?” Stiles questioned curiously.

Peter sighed. “Well, it could have happened when our pack was murdered, but it didn’t. Proof yet of how rare it is, whatever spurred this apparition into being was a dark event.”

“But can it hurt people?”

Peter’s lips drew into a thin line. “Not usually.”

“But it can happen.” Stiles caught onto the strained response the Alpha gave.

“In rare cases, the spirit might lash out at those it feels are...Replicating the event that spawned it.”

“But we don’t know what spawned it,” Isaac replied with a frown. “We have no clue how it came to be, so we don’t know if it would lash out at anyone.”

“Or how to find it,” Boyd muttered.

“Uh, bigger question.” Stiles chimed in. “How the fuck do we get rid of it? Is this like the exorist or something? Do we need a priest?”

Derek snorted at the stupid comment. “No, it is not like a fucking movie. A cleansing ritual is how we’d deal with it, but we’d need to know more about it.” He glanced at his uncle before painfully telling the pack. “To do that, we’d have to dig up their grave.”

Stiles snorted. “Wow, okay, yeah...That won’t result in our arrest.” The wolves glared at him, but he wasn’t joking. “There’s no other way?” Both Alphas shook their heads. “Fucking fantastic. I can’t wait to explain that to dad.”

“How do we do the cleansing ritual?”

Derek glanced at Scott and replied. “You have to dig up their corpse, place candles around it, and a barrier of salt so the apparition can’t escape once it’s summoned. You give offerings to the displeased spirit, a means of soothing its anger.”

Peter nodded at his nephew’s explanation. “Things like herbs to help lull it into being quiet. Incense and pure quartz crystal to contain its spirit.”

Stiles hummed. That was all rather interesting. It was rare that they actually needed a special rock to do something. “We do not have a quartz crystal.”

Peter smiled. “No, but I know of a magic shop where we can get one.”

Stiles smiled; he did too. It was just a tad distressing to know that he might go back to where things started. Did he dare go back there? What if the shop owner inquired about the time necklace? He hoped not; he wasn’t sure what he’d do if Peter became aware of him having the magical artifact.

“Derek knows what herbs to gather; he can take Scott with him into the woods to find things.” Peter paused a moment before looking pointedly at the one wolf who he knew wouldn’t give a flying fuck about her task. “Erica, go to the store and buy an alarming amount of salt.”

Erica grinned. “How much?”

“Enough to make people think you're crazy.”

“Done.”

Peter smirked; he could always rely on that particular pup to have the confidence to do the strange requests. “Stiles and I will go retrieve the quartz crystal and see about some...Pleasant incense.” The pups all wrinkled their noses, yes, that was a hard task if ever there was one.

Stiles smirked at how displeased the pack seemed at the notion of burning incense. “Can we reuse the candles that we got for the nemeton's blessing?” Both Derek and Peter shook their heads. “Fine, we can get more candles while we’re at it.”

“I can get some,” Boyd offered, gaining a nod from the two Alphas.

Peter, hating it, looked to Isaac and said. “Unfortunately, pup, you have to go speak to Deaton for us.” The boy sighed. Yes, none of them particularly appreciated that man's input. “He should have the talisman we need to summon the spirit.”

“Fine.”

“And how do we find out who it is?” Stiles glanced between the two wolves. “Cause that’s kinda important if we’re gonna wind up digging up someone's corpse. We can’t afford to go grave robbing only to do it on the wrong person.”

“No.” Derek agreed. “So far, the spirit seems to have been sighted in a certain part of town.”

Erica nodded. “The artist district.”

“Right. So, we have to do a little reconnaissance.” Stiles stated. “See if we can’t catch sight of it...Uh, if we do, what do we do?”

“Give it a wide berth,” Peter told the boy seriously. “It shouldn’t lash out at the innocent, but if it thinks that one of you has done something similar to what wronged it...Well, it won’t be

nice.” He pointedly looked at Stiles. “You will not be going on this hunt.”

Stiles huffed. “It’s just a fucking ghost.”

“You’re pregnant.” Derek snapped.

Stiles glared. “Yeah, so?”

Peter sighed. “So, though rare, a spirit can walk through you.” When Stiles and the rest of the pups frowned, he added. “It could separate your soul from yourself, if only for a brief moment, but that would be more than enough to kill your pup.”

Stiles frowned upon hearing that. “Why?”

“Because you wouldn’t strictly be alive for those few seconds.”

Oh. Well, that was fucking bad. Stiles nodded his head. “Yeah, I’ll stay away from the artist district.”

Derek sighed in relief when Stiles wasn’t going to be stupid. “Good. Go with Peter to get the supplies; you can help with that.”

Stiles nodded his head once more; at least, in part, he could help them. “I don’t suppose I can be there for the ritual?”

Peter smiled at the teen's desire to be present for things. “That, you can be there for. The spirit will be contained by our barriers; it would be unable to hurt you or anyone else.”

Stiles grinned at the good news. “Awesome.”

“Are spirits fugly?”

Peter huffed at the coined term for supernatural creatures that were less than pleasant to gaze upon. “It depends on the spirit; the vast majority just appear as their human bodies when they were alive.”

“Some, who get twisted in their rage, become something else.” Derek tacked on. “I wouldn’t say it’s...Fugly, but it’s not normal.”

Scott nodded his head at the news. “Well, that’ll be kinda cool to see...I mean, I didn’t think ghosts were real.”

“Me either.” Isaac grinned.

Peter smirked at how excited the pups were at the prospect of seeing a ghost. He glanced at Stiles and questioned. “Can we go tomorrow, pet?”

Stiles nodded, as nervous as he was to return to the magic shop, he knew it would seem odd if he said he didn’t wish to go. “Yeah, that works.” He forced a smile in the face of his fears of the shopkeeper outing him to Peter. He knew, logically, that Peter discovering that he had

the time necklace wouldn't out him of his deep dark shame...But it would be drawing upon shaky ground, and the monster inside him slathered at the notion that the pack might discover a part of his dark secret.

Chapter 14: nice doggy

Chapter Summary

Stiles has a conversation with the storekeeper, and an unwelcome guests stalks Stiles.

Stiles followed Peter into the magic shop. He glanced nervously towards where the shopkeeper was. The man smiled back at him. Stiles frowned. For some strange reason, he got the sense that the man had something to say. He wasn't sure if he wanted to gloat, if he knew that time itself would have punished Stiles for misusing it. He'd warned him when he'd bought it, but Stiles had been foolish and thought that so long as he hadn't planned to take over the world, he'd be safe. That was clearly not the case. The necklace rested at his breast as it always did; he was too scared to be without it. He needed the promise of a quick escape, though he wasn't quite sure what he might need an escape from.

"I'll find the crystal we need, darling, see if you can't somehow manage to find an incense that doesn't want us to throw up."

Stiles glanced back at the wolf and smiled. "Tall order, but I'll try." He tore himself away from Peter and made to walk across the shop to the incense. He paused before the odorous display and once more felt as if he was under judgment. He twisted to find that the shopkeeper was watching him. Frowning, he turned back around and glared at the incense. Fuck it. He reached down to his shirt, gently fondling the necklace until he could feel the jewel. He pressed it with ease and turned to glare at the shop keeper, he froze upon seeing the man tilt his head curiously at him. He glanced about, but time was frozen. "What the fuck?"

"I see you're still playing with time."

Stiles scowled as he walked over to the man. "And how the fuck aren't you frozen?"

The shopkeeper smiled. "Time and I... We're rather close."

That didn't make a lick of sense. "Uh-Huh." Stiles folded his arms across his chest. He scowled when the man continued to smile at him. It was just that he could sense something behind that smile. Stiles ground his teeth together before asking. "What?"

"I'm just curious...Has it worked out for you? Using time."

Stiles snorted at the man's curiosity; he had a feeling that the man was well aware that he was being punished. "Fucking fantastic."

The man chuckled at the sour return he got. "I take it that time has seen fit to show you its powers in return for your usage of it?" The teen looked torn, wavering on what he should say. "It can reward just as easily as it can punish. What did you use it for?"

The monster inside him gleefully growled at him. Stiles swallowed. “It doesn’t matter.” He settled for saying, desperate not to betray himself to this creepy dude. “I’m aware of its power.”

“And what do you intend to do?” The man held out his hand. “I could buy it back from you.” He offered with a sincere smile.

Stiles snorted. “Yeah, I bet you would like that, wouldn’t you? Sell it again to some idiot who falls for the trap of it.”

“Oh, there’s no trap.” The shopkeeper replied. “Time won’t lash out if you use it well. You obviously misused it and are now feeling the repercussions of it. Surely you wish to be rid of the thing that’s punishing you.”

Stiles smiled. “I’m already punished, and I’m not selling it back to you. Perks of being in the know, dude, I can stop you from selling this to someone else who might be too stupid to respect it.”

The shopkeeper raised a brow. “You wish to guard others from its wrath by keeping it?”

Stiles shrugged. “What’s left can it do to me? I’m not misusing it now.”

“Hm. And how did time punish you?”

“That’s none of your business.” Stiles was quick to state. “But I’ve been punished, the consequences are gonna last a lifetime.”

“Oh, dear.” The shopkeeper chuckled in mirth. “You truly did misuse time.”

Stiles snorted at the man's glee. “Yeah, well, lesson learned.”

“And what do you use it for now?”

Stiles shrugged his shoulders. “I walk around town, I stop people from getting hit by cars.” That seemed to confuse the man, given how he frowned. “What?”

“Y-You’re using it to save people from fate?”

“I don’t believe in fate.” Stiles retorted in amusement. “An accident is an accident, nothing more to it. So I walk around town, and if I happen to find someone who’s about to be hurt or otherwise do something stupid, I intervene.”

“Hm. An odd use of time.” The shopkeeper responded. “And you’re not using it at all for your own gain?”

The only thing he used it for was some alone time to let the monster out of its cage, to feed it his sorrow, and move on. Stiles shook his head. “No, not really.”

“Not really?” The shopkeeper smiled. “That sounds like you are.”

Stiles huffed and rolled his eyes. “Alright, I’m not misusing it. I stop time to just think.”

“Think?”

Again, he'd confused the dude, Stiles smiled. “You know, peace and quiet so you can just come to terms with shit? My punishment isn't an easy one, dude, and it hurts...So, I freeze time and just let it all out.”

“Ah. You let time hear your pain.”

“Guess so,” Stiles muttered. “It doesn't really make it better, but it's all I can do.”

The man nodded in return to the teen's statement. “I don't think time would be upset by that usage; you're being honest with your crimes. Not shying away from the responsibility of what you've done.”

Stiles snorted. “Yeah, no, I've taken responsibility for what I did. That's why it's gonna last a lifetime, I didn't run away from time's punishment.”

The shopkeeper smiled. “That was wise of you; time wouldn't take kindly to you trying to skirt by its punishment.”

“Yeah...I kinda figured, and to be honest, I felt I deserved it.”

“Oh? You wished to be punished?”

Stiles snorted. “Fuck no, but...Once I realized my punishment, I knew that there was no escaping it. Not really. The only actions I could take were things that I couldn't live with myself if I did.” The shopkeeper nodded in return to his truthful statement. “So, I'm letting time punish me how it sees fit. I'm paying for misusing time, and using it to help people.” He waved at the necklace resting beneath his shirt. “So, no, I'm not selling it back to you. Nobody else needs to misuse time.”

“As I told you, Time will decide who wields it and for how long.”

Stiles nodded his head. “Then isn't it telling that it's not smiting me right now when I said I wouldn't sell it back to you?” The man paused, clearly surprised by that. “It's not done with me.”

“Hm, I suppose not. Well, whatever lessons it has left to impart upon you are sure to be...Impactful.”

Stiles snorted at the man's evasive way of saying he might be punished more. “Honestly, I don't think it can make this worse for me.”

“Oh, I wouldn't tempt time with something like that.”

Stiles huffed. “Fine. I hope it doesn't want to make this worse.” The man nodded, clearly more pleased with his change in tone. He glanced towards Peter, towards the victim of his misuse of time. He frowned, the monster inside him rallied, strong in the face of him coming face to face with someone knowing he'd misused time. He looked back at the shopkeeper and questioned. “How long have you bought and sold it?”

The shopkeeper smiled at the curious question. “Centuries.”

Stiles blinked, he frowned, and then said. “Bullshit.”

The shopkeeper chuckled and replied. “Surely you understand that things...Exist.” His eyes trailed towards the wolf in his shop.

Stiles hummed. “Yeah, I’m aware.”

“Well, something as old as me has existed since the dawn of time.”

“Don’t look that old.” The man was greying in his short beard, but otherwise he just seemed like a dude in his mid-life.

“Oh, I can choose how I appear. I found this look rather fetching this time around.”

Stiles nodded his head. “Yeah, can’t lie, I’d change how I looked if I could.”

“I have a ring that does that.”

Stiles glared at the man for his attempt to sell him something else. “Yeah, thanks, but no thanks.” The shopkeeper smiled back at him, clearly aware that he wasn’t fooled by his bid to sell another magical item. “So what are you?” Peter had never mentioned knowing that the shopkeeper wasn’t human.

“Something long forgotten, I’m afraid.” The shopkeeper stated wistfully. “But, my purpose is felt throughout time.”

“Yeah, you said you and time are best friends.” He waved at the necklace. “Won’t it be mad that you didn’t get this back?”

“It’ll return to me, in time.”

Stiles nodded his head at the man's acceptance that he just had to wait until Stiles was done with it, until time was done with Stiles. “And I suppose you’d say you’re not an evil douchebag?”

“Neutral party. I do not care one way or another what happens to those around me. I see joy and smile, I see the punished and grin.”

Stiles nodded. “Yeah, guess you get to see it all, don’t you?”

“Yes, throughout time I’ve seen many things. I do enjoy a good story, though.”

Stiles smirked. “You like stories?”

“Hm. Yes.” The shopkeeper nodded. “It is a rather fascination of mine to see how a story ends.” He waved at the teen. “Your story is not yet over; time is not done with you as you say, so your story must go on.”

“Doesn’t it go on until I die?”

“No, not necessarily.”

Stiles hummed. “But you must not get to see the ending of many stories then.”

“I used to, back when stories were currency.”

“Stories were currency?” That seemed rather far-fetched.

“A good one could get you a meal at the very least.” The man chuckled. “Now, they’re discarded on paper for the masses, and hardly any truth to them.” He glanced towards the book section of his shop. “The tomes of knowledge are the closest I get nowadays.”

Despite thinking the dude was a dick, he had to admit that it was rather sad. “My story isn’t that great.”

“Every story has worth.” The man returned. “It has joy and sorrow, great rewards and harsh punishments. It has worth, you just can’t see the ending just yet.”

Stiles nodded. “Suppose not.”

“Though...If you’d allow, I’m quite curious.” The man smiled openly. “How did you come to know of wolves?”

Stiles huffed. “Dude, that is one long fucking story.” He saw how that piqued the man's interest. He hummed, it was stupid, a total waste of time, more so as he did hold some anger that the dude had set him up to fail...But it was an odd thing to be before a creature as old as this one. “Tell me what you are, and I will tell you how I came to be in a pack of wolves.” The man grinned, clearly amused by his bargain.

“I am Chiranjeevi.”

Stiles frowned; that didn’t truly give him an answer, but he knew he could look it up later. “Well, let’s see...Started with a murder.” Stiles began the tale of how he’d come to know of Derek, of Peter, and his best friend's transformation into a werewolf. It took time, nearly the whole two hours to get through the important bits, but oddly, the shopkeeper seemed almost desperate for more. Stiles smiled when he wrapped up his tale. “So yeah...I’m human, but I’m in a pack.”

“How interesting.” The shopkeeper stated. “And does your pack know you played with time?”

Stiles shook his head. He gestured towards Peter. “He would skin me alive if he found out.” The shopkeeper chuckled. “And...My punishment isn’t the sort I can share with others.”

“Oh?”

Stiles looked away from the curious being's expression. “I deserve it, though. It’s just something that I have to deal with on my own, the pack doesn’t...They wouldn’t understand.”

“Hm. Time can be cruel when leveraging its punishments, but...At least to my eyes, it has a purpose.”

Stiles huffed. “Its purpose is to punish me.” Stiles muttered as he sourly looked back at the shopkeeper. “There’s no great turnaround for that.”

“So you say now. Time will be soothed that you haven’t avoided its just punishment.”

Stiles frowned and shook his head. “You don’t understand...What it’s punishing me with, it’s...It can’t be taken back or soothed, it just is.”

“I see.” The shopkeeper hummed. “Well, time itself will be soothed in time, whether or not it alleviates your punishment is yet to be seen. I think it would be most amused to see you using it for the betterment of strangers. By far the oddest use I’ve heard of in my many years.”

Stiles smiled and shrugged. “We save the town like every Tuesday, why should I get a day off?” The shopkeeper laughed at his joke. “I like helping people...And if I can save someone who might have died if I hadn’t frozen time, then it’s worth it.” Stiles shrugged his shoulders and questioned. “You’ve seen how it’s punished people.”

“I have. Many times, in fact, many of its wearers have returned desperate for me to save them from time's punishment.”

Stiles snorted. “Yeah, bet that went over well.”

“Not so much. Time grows angry when it’s misused, and more so when it is pushed aside as if it doesn’t exist at all. If it’s punishing you, it is best to allow it to be angry. Time and again, I have rejoiced in the punishments of its many wearers. I’ve had it return to me at various points from those who used it wisely.”

Stiles hummed. “Why would someone give it back if they were using time wisely?”

“They understand the weight of their actions, of the power of time, and wish to protect it, to ensure that it is used well.”

Yeah, Stiles wished he’d learned that lesson sooner, but it was too late for that. “I don’t know when it will be done with me...How it might come back to you, but I can promise I won’t misuse it again.”

“Good.” The shopkeeper smiled back at the teen. “I’m sure time is being soothed by that.”

“Yeah, I hope so.”

“Well, time is nearly up; you must return to it.”

Stiles nodded. He glanced back at Peter before sighing. He wandered back to the incense stand and waited. When the noise of the shop returned, he glanced at the shopkeeper. The man inclined his head with a smile, Stiles nodded, and turned to begin scouring the stand for incense that might not cause the wolves to sneeze or gag. In the end, he found a vanilla scent. He wasn’t quite sure if this would work on soothing a restless spirit, but it was a good smell,

so maybe the wolves would tolerate it better. He walked to Peter and smiled while holding up a single incense stick. “Well?”

Peter sighed, but gingerly leaned over to take a gentle breath. His nose wrinkled, assaulted with the heavy aroma of vanilla. He hummed as he snorted to clear its scent from his nose. “Tolerable, but only just.”

“Better than the lilac one, trust me, Lunae almost had me running over here to you.” Peter smiled indulgently at the teen. “Well, I’ve found what we need.” He held up the large quartz crystal. “Time to get back to the others, hopefully they’ve gotten their parts of the ritual.”

Stiles nodded and followed Peter up to the checkout stand. He set the sticks of incense on the table as the man went about ringing things up. Then, despite knowing it would confuse the hell out of Peter, he said. “You ever seen a ghost?” The shopkeeper glanced over at him and smiled. Stiles grinned in return. Yeah, despite being a douche, he kinda liked this guy. He let Peter drag him out of the shop with a small growl of ‘what are you doing?’ “Relax, with all the magic voodoo shit he’s got, I’m sure he’s aware of shit.”

Peter huffed. “That’s not a reason to test things.”

Stiles chuckled at having irritated the Alpha. “I don’t know...I think he knows shit.”

“He might, but there’s no reason to test things.”

Stiles nodded his head, secretly a little pleased to know that he knew something that Peter didn’t. The heavy weight of the time necklace against his breast didn’t quite feel so heavy anymore. Maybe the man was right, and time was listening, watching, and was aware that he wasn’t misusing it anymore.

Stiles blew out a tight breath. He was walking in the preserve, something he knew for a fact that neither Peter nor Derek would appreciate. They were rather territorial and had cautioned all of them about the dangers of just being out in the woods alone, given the nasty occurrences of creatures wandering freely there. Still, he wasn’t afraid, he only went through a certain section, one he knew for a fact that was layered thickly with the scents of the pack. He felt pretty secure here, and he’d needed some time to himself. He hadn’t bothered with freezing time; his dad was working, the pack was busy doing various things, and that meant he was free to have some time to himself. Walking in the woods was relaxing, it was peaceful, and he’d like to think that it somehow soothed Lunae.

He was steadily making his way to Derek’s loft, cutting through the woods to get there. Peter and Derek had been in the process of going through obituaries to discover if there was a particularly aggressive death. Frankly, he thought that was a rather stupid task given all the people who got munched on, but he’d been glared at for pointing that out. They were adamant that it was something far darker than just a gruesome death.

Stiles froze abruptly, his spine shivering, and the hair on his neck going up when he heard a growl. Not a little growl, but a **GROWL**. He twisted slowly, mindful of how fast he moved. He'd learned a lot from his time in the pack, and making fast movements was never a good idea. He swallowed upon seeing the dark black wolf, a wolf with glowing red eyes, stupidly, he muttered. "This is Hale land, you're not welcome here."

The wolf took a step forward, its red eyes peering into him. Oh, shit. Stiles took a measured step back as he kept his eyes on the creature. "Dude, you do not want to start this fight. Derek and Peter will skin you alive. They're both Alphas, so just run through the territory and keep going." He pleaded with the wolf. "Don't start shit, just go." He kept taking measured steps back, not allowing the progressing wolf to draw too near to himself. He knew better than to try to run; he couldn't outrun a wolf in their normal body, never mind one on its quadropedal form. There was no escape except if the wolf let him go; given its aggressive stance, he didn't think that was going to be the case.

His eyes left the wolf for only a moment, his eyes latching onto a gnarled tree that had a lower branch. FUCK IT. He twisted abruptly and ran, the wolf snarled, and he knew it was giving chase. Stiles jumped up, his feet slipping on the branch before he found purchase and climbed up higher. He glanced down once he was safely high up off the ground. The wolf snarled up at him, its fangs showing plainly as its red eyes glinted darkly. "Well, fuck you too!" Stiles shouted back at the wolf. He watched as it circled the tree he was in. It kept giving passing glances towards him. Stiles shifted and went about digging out his phone. It was time for two Alphas to come and rescue him. He'd deal with the impending lecture of walking through the preserve alone later; at the moment, he just wanted the wolf dealt with.

He looked down abruptly when it had gone quiet. The wolf stared up at him, silent, before it slowly walked off. Stiles followed it only for his eyes to widen when the wolf dematerialized. "Oh fuck...Oh fuck. That's not good." That hadn't been a werewolf; it was a fucking black dog. The hell hound that spelled death, spelled ruin for those it chased after. Stiles scrambled down from the tree. It was time to go! He knew that he was safe, at least for the moment; the hound would return for him to impart upon him its message. He just wasn't prepared to see whatever prophetic message it had for him. He wasn't sure what it might be, death, pain, and suffering, something along those lines, he was sure. Either way, he wanted to be far away from it had just been.

He ran for all he was worth, leaping over logs, stumps, and large stones. For once, he didn't stumble; no, it was just too important that he get back to safety. When he saw the loft, he pushed himself harder. He was nearly there; he was nearly safe. He ran into the building, slamming the door shut behind himself, and rather than taking the elevator, which would take ages to go up the building, he ran up the stairs. He was breathless when he got to the top, but he still ran down the short hallway to Derek's loft. Sliding the door open with a grunt, he ran inside, breaths panting as the two Alphas looked up with twin frowns. "A black dogs stalking me." The Alpha's eyes widened.

"What?!" Peter snarled.

Stiles nodded. "It cornered me in the preserve. I thought it was a wolf at first, but then it just...Turned into nothing."

“Just thin air?” Derek questioned with a growl.

Stiles nodded. “Yeah, the whole shebang, Derek. It was real, and then it wasn’t. It tried to take a chunk outta me before I climbed a tree. It couldn’t give me its message.”

Derek growled upon hearing that something that threatening was stalking his beta. He glanced at his uncle when Peter, through a timbered voice of his own, growl spoke.

“We’ll have Deaton fashion a talisman, ensure it can’t hurt you when it delivers its message.”

Stiles nodded his head. As much as he was against having that dog anywhere near himself, he knew the natural order of things. It had to deliver its message; it wouldn’t stop, wouldn’t relent until it had. “What do you think its meaning to tell me?”

“I don’t know, sweetheart,” Peter replied in a timbered tone. “Regardless, we can deal with it.”

“Peter, they spell death and ruin.” Stiles snapped. “Nothing good comes from them.”

“No, not usually.” Peter agreed. It was rare, but they had been known to deliver guardianship messages. Though he couldn’t account for how many were recorded through time, more often were the tales of people being dragged to hell or having something disastrous befall them. He rose from his seat and approached the panting teen. “Come on, we’re going to Deatons.”

Stiles nodded his head fastly, allowing the wolf to wrap his arm around him and draw him towards the loft door. “It can’t come back right away, right?”

“No,” Derek replied as he kept pace with them. “It has to wait.”

Stiles took a deep breath. “It can’t get to me while we’re at Deatons; his wards will keep it out.”

“Yes, darling. You’re safe, we’ll get the talisman and...Then, we must let it pass its message to you.”

Stiles hated that; he truly hated that. “I really don’t want to do that.”

Peter smiled gently down at the scared teen. “Nor I, but we cannot ignore it.”

Stiles let the wolves draw him out of the loft, to the elevator, and down to the cars. He swallowed tightly, his mind a tumultuous place as he wondered what kind of message the black dog had for him. Was this time punishing him again? Why? He hadn’t done anything bad; he hadn’t misused time again. His talk with the Chiranjeevi had him somewhat hopeful that he was on the right path...But maybe he was wrong.

He all but fell into the backseat of the Camaro, buckling himself in as the two wolves climbed into their respective sides. He took a few calming breaths as Derek started the car, and he leaned forward between the seats to speak with them. “What are the odds on that being a death marker?” The wolves growled, but Peter eventually answered him.

“I don’t know the odds, Stiles...But it is one of their most favored messages.”

“Right...Okay.” Stiles slumped back into the backseat, shit, he was screwed. All at once, his hand went down to his belly, to Lunae, was this time having its way. Was he going to lose the baby? Or was he just going to die altogether? The startling notion that he might lose his baby scared him; he didn’t care how it might protect him from anyone learning about his dark secret. No, he didn’t want anything to happen to his baby.

The drive was done in silence, for once, Stiles didn’t argue with the wolves about turning on the radio. He just sat, frozen in the back seat. He stared out the window as they came into the parking lot of the vet practice. Giving a shuddering breath, he climbed out and allowed the Alphas to shepherd him to the back door, where Derek pounded upon it with force. It didn’t take long; Deaton came and raised a brow at them.

Stiles swallowed and said. “A black dogs stalking me.” The druid's eyes widened.

“Get inside.” Deaton waved them in, shutting the door behind them after glancing about the parking lot. There was no sign of the dog, good. Entering his building, he turned to see how defensive the wolves were as Stiles stood frozen. “When did you see it?”

“Half an hour ago, it chased me up a tree.”

“It didn’t deliver its message then.”

Stiles shook his head. “No.”

“We need a talisman so it can’t harm him when it does,” Peter growled.

Deaton hummed before nodding. “Yes, you do.” He walked into his office to gather what he’d need.

Stiles glanced at Peter, afraid of what was to come. “It can’t hurt Lunae, right?”

“It shouldn’t.” Derek interrupted. “Its task is to deliver the message.”

“But they also drag people to hell or kill them,” Stiles stated in a heightened tone.

“Pet, we have no proof that it is after Lunae, nor you; it could be stalking you for a variety of reasons.”

“That it could,” Deaton stated as he returned with a few items. “Truly, the possibilities are endless; they’ve been known to deliver all sorts of messages.”

“Yeah, but most of them are bad,” Stiles replied as he watched the druid set about fashioning a talisman that he’d have to wear until the black dog was done with him.

“True,” Deaton replied as he carefully weaved the black ribbon around the holly branches, ensuring that they were tightly wound in the black satin. He gathered the small bone of a raven and wrapped it as well at the center of the talisman. “This talisman will prevent it from harming you...” He frowned and then looked up. “Who is Lunae?”

Stiles sighed. "I'm pregnant. I nicknamed the baby." The druid's eyes widened, and he shrugged. "It's...Yeah, so, kinda like to not have my baby murdered by a black dog."

Deaton hummed even as the possessive werewolves growled upon hearing those words. "Black dogs aren't known for coming at a child's death, Stiles."

"Good." Stiles gave a weary smile upon hearing that. He watched on as the druid dipped the holly leaves in something that looked a lot like glitter. It glistened upon their dark green forms, leaving a sparkly sheen to them. "How soon do you think it will be back?"

"Hard to tell," Deaton replied. "Some return hours after they've been denied, others take days." He looked up at the scared teen. "It depends on what their message is."

Stiles nodded his head. He'd just have to wait until the black dog returned to give him its message. He sighed when Deaton waved him forward. He stepped to the exam table and didn't bat an eye when the man poked his finger and smeared the dewdrop of blood upon the raven's bone. He smiled when the man offered it to him.

"Keep this on you at all times."

Stiles nodded. "Yeah. Thanks." He tucked it into his overshirt's pocket.

"Once it's delivered its message...You'll have some time to act, to circumvent whatever event is foretold to take place. It's imperative you act swiftly."

"We will," Derek replied with a firm nod.

"Yes, we'll let it weave its message and then deal with whatever it is." Peter smiled down at Stiles when the teen gave him a weary expression. "You and Lunae will be fine." He promised.

Stiles nodded his head. He had to have faith in the pack to protect him and Lunae. Whatever message the black dog had for him, he prayed it wasn't one of death. He'd just have to wait to find out.

Chapter 15: A confusing message

Chapter Summary

The black dog arrives to deliver its confusing message, the pack put the wayward spirit to rest and Stiles gets to share something special with Peter.

Chapter Notes

I hope you all enjoy this chapter; it was a fun one.

To say that the pack was out of sorts at the news of the black dog stalking him was an understatement. More than once, Derek or Peter had to calm the pups; they were angry, upset, and frightened at the prospect of what the message might be. Stiles had to state that he quite agreed with those sentiments. He was constantly looking over his shoulder, anxiously waiting for the dog to return. Yet, it didn't return that day, nor the next. It was made all the worse each day that went past. He wasn't sure if waiting days to come for him was a good thing, proof of a weaker offense, or if it was proof that whatever it had in store for him was truly on the death scale. Regardless, he'd chosen not to tell his dad about the apparition; he'd put his faith in the pack and wait for the messenger.

More than once, he'd pondered if this was a sign of time not being done with him. If this was the end of things, its final punishment, a way for it to ensure the necklace returned to the Chiranjeevi. He was half tempted to go and return it beforehand, but he doubted that would prevent the black dog from seeking him out. He'd avoided freezing time, uncertain if doing so would protect him from the dog. He'd much rather be sure of its placement than wonder if he'd be cornered when no one could bear witness to it.

It was three days after it first appeared to him, when he was seated on the couch with the pups as they went over the last preparations for the ritual for the spirit...Who they had yet to discover the identity for, that he heard growling. Stiles froze. "Oh shit."

"Stiles?" Scott frowned at the wash of fear that came from his friend. "What's wrong?"

Stiles frantically looked at Peter. "I hear growling."

Peter growled upon hearing that the black dog was near. "Don't try to run, darling."

Stiles nodded his head. "I know."

“Will we see it?” Isaac questioned warily.

“It depends on whether it wants to be seen.” Derek irritably grumbled. He kept his eyes on Stiles, aware that the teen was going to be their most likely interaction with the hellhound.

Stiles glanced about, trying to place where the growling was coming from. It seemed to just radiate all around him, as if it didn’t truly need a direction to seek him out. He frowned at the oddity of that. “You know...If it wasn’t for how fucking terrifying this was, it’d be interesting.”

Scott snorted. “Yeah, sure, buddy.”

Stiles twisted his head to give a weak smile to Scott. “I mean, it sounds a lot like Derek or Peter when their wolves...Looks the same too.”

“That’s why you mistook it for a wolf?” Erica questioned, gaining a nod. “Hm...I thought they were really dogs?”

“They are, but their appearance is...Unique.” Peter chimed in, his eyes narrowing when Stiles twisted abruptly and faced the door of the loft. He loathed this, this fear that blanketed the beautiful teen. He knew he had the talisman, that the black dog couldn’t physically hurt the teen, but the very notion of something such as that creature being near him made his fangs descend.

Stiles’ eyes widened when he watched a dark mass begin to twist into being. “Um...” He pointed, the whole pack turned, and given the noises they made, he asked. “You’re seeing it?”

“Yes,” Derek growled, watching as the newly formed hound growled and snarled as it slowly began to walk towards Stiles from the door. “Stiles, get up from the couch, give it space.”

Stiles hated the idea of walking near it, but he knew there was no running. Rising from the couch, he walked around the coffee table and, being so bold, sat upon it. He was at the center of the room, the pack all around him, but unable to help him.

Peter glared as the dog growled, its head swaying as it took in that the boy wasn’t alone. “Deliver your message and go.” He growled at the beast, and it snarled back at him, baring its fangs.

Stiles swallowed tightly as it came upon him. He held still, frozen as it bared its teeth at him. He nodded. “Do it.” He wasn’t sure what exactly it was supposed to do, how it went about delivering its message. The texts on them were a little vague in that, but he flinched when it jumped onto its hind legs, its front paws bracketing his form. He stared into those dark red eyes, eye to eye, and gasped. The air sucked out of his lungs as a series of images flashed before his very eyes.

He frowned as image after image played out, a really shitty movie in his books. It was disjointed, flashing in and out of his vision as he took in how he was stationed in the loft, his hands on either of Peter and Derek’s chests, seemingly holding the wolves away from each other. The dark snarls on their faces were quite telling in what was going on, or rather, their

mood when in that confrontation. Then a flash, both the wolves staring at him, their confused, conflicted gazes weighing him down. An image of him clutching his chest, his hand wrapped around the time necklace. A bright flash of white, it was so blinding. His vision cleared, and he saw the images spiral. He was kissing Peter, chastely, nothing deep and dark like his shame. He was hugging Derek, as if...Yes, he was saying goodbye? It showed him looking back at them, at the loft door shutting. And then, the stupid, beaten-up sign that said you were leaving Beacon Hills.

He grunted, sliding off the coffee table as he was yanked out of those visions to the floor. He looked up, no longer held captive by its vision, and the black dog growled at him. He-He didn't grasp that vision, why it had shown him those things...But he nodded. "Okay." The dog raised its maw to show its teeth before it swirled out of existence. Stiles gave a shuddering breath as Peter and Derek came to his side to help him up.

"What was its message?" Derek questioned with a dark timber to his voice.

"I-It wasn't words," Stiles replied with a frown. "It was pictures. Like, a slow movie, but one that didn't move." He looked at the Alpha and shook his head. "It didn't make any sense."

"Tell us what you saw, darling."

Stiles frowned harder and said. "I was...I was stopping you two from fighting."

"Fighting?" Scott interjected. "How?"

"I was in the middle, keeping them apart from one another." Stiles glanced between the two Alphas. "I don't know what you were fighting about, but you looked like you were going to murder each other."

"I thought they were supposed to show visions of the person, not others?" Isaac questioned in confusion.

"It does," Peter replied. "It has something more to do with Stiles than he knows." He looked back at the teen and frowned at the confusing message. "Is that all it showed you?"

Well, there was that kiss, the hug, the clear goodbye, and the leaving Beacon Hills sign. He knew what that meant; he was leaving town. He didn't yet understand why he would do such a thing, but the message was clear. Something was going to happen that involved Peter, Derek, and himself. Something so bad that he'd leave town. "Something bads going to happen."

"Darling, we need more than that."

Stiles shook his head; he couldn't tell them more. He met the wolf's furrowed gaze and said. "There was no sign of why you were fighting."

"That's all it showed you?" Derek questioned.

Stiles knew better than to try to lie; he nodded instead. "It didn't make any sense, Derek. I don't know why you two would be at each other's throats, why I'd be trying to stop you." He

looked rather lost at the two Alphas. “It doesn’t make sense.”

“Were we there?”

Stiles shook his head at Boyd. “No, it was just the three of us.”

“No sense of...Pain or anything else? We weren’t hurting you?” Peter questioned, though it made him queasy to know that it might be possible that they’d accidentally harm Stiles in their impending argument.

“No, I seemed fine.” Stiles reached out and placed his hand on the wolf. “I just had my hand on both of your chests. I was pushing you apart. Neither of you was touching me.”

Derek frowned at the rather lackluster message; it didn’t make sense. He glanced at his uncle. “We have no reason to fight, least of all like that.”

Peter hummed. “No, we do not. A perplexing encounter, I have nothing to hide from you.”

“Me either.”

Stiles huffed. “So great, we have no fucking clue why you two would fight like that, just that sometime near in the future I’m gonna be in the middle of you two having an epic throw down.”

“We were here?”

Stiles nodded back at Derek. “Yeah, just here at the loft.” And then, he left. He walked out of the loft after saying goodbye and left town. What the fuck could cause that? Something truly bad, something world-shattering. He’d never leave the pack, his dad, no, this didn’t make any sense. Sighing, Stiles muttered. “Would have been nicer if it used words for that shit.”

Isaac snorted. “Yeah, not really helpful in the warning message.”

Stiles shook his head. He was left to ponder it, to dread it. He reached into his pocket and pulled out the talisman. He smiled upon seeing that the bone was burned; it had protected him from harm, but now its powers were spent. He tossed it onto the coffee table. “Well, at least that worked.”

Peter smiled. “Yes, as angry as it was, it couldn’t harm you.”

Stiles sighed. Now what? What was he supposed to do with the knowledge of that? Fear some looming encounter with the Alpha’s, the impending notion that he’d just up and leave everyone he loved. He had no way to circumvent that event, not to his knowledge at least. If he’d known what the two wolves were fighting about, he might have had a chance to stop it, but as it was? There was nothing to be done. “I can’t circumvent this. I don’t know what you two are fighting about.”

Peter scowled upon hearing the teen voice that weary thing. “No, but Derek and I have no reason to fight. We’re pretty good at keeping the peace, sweetheart.”

Stiles looked at the wolf he loved and smiled. “A black dog is never wrong, Peter.” That stilled the wolf; he saw how it did. No, there was no avoiding this. Someday soon, the two wolves would fight, and Stiles would be caught in the middle of it. He sighed to himself, fearful all the more to know that whatever they would fight about would see him leaving the pack and his father behind.

Stiles warred with those visions the black dog showed him, his mind going over and over again what they meant, what they foretold. He feared greatly that this was time having its way; he’d found himself time and again clutching the time necklace and asking it why. It was stupid; time wouldn’t answer him with words, but he was desperate for answers. Still, no matter how many times he asked it what to do, what it wanted from him, he got nothing. He was left in turmoil with the ever-present fear that someday soon the wolves he cared deeply for would fight and spell his doom, leaving town. He’d stoutly denied telling his father anything about the whole altercation. His dad didn’t need to know that he’d been visited by the prophetic hound. He knew his dad would just worry about whatever doom it spelled for him.

He spent his days locked in deep thoughts about that ever pressing future, only freezing time a few times to vent out his frustrations where no one could hear him. It didn’t truly help all that much, well, in the moment it did, but afterward it just left him feeling tired. He did his best to focus on his day-to-day life, spending time with the pack. Tonight, they were set to do the cleansing ritual as Derek had finally discovered just who the apparition was.

Stiles smiled as he walked into the loft. Everyone was prepared to go to the cemetery and do the unthinkable. Unearth a corpse. “So...I warned dad, and as utterly grossed out as he was, he promised to keep his deputies on the other side of town. All we have to worry about is other people.”

“Good.” Derek nodded, relieved that the sheriff could help them in this. He glanced at the rest of the pack. “Let’s get going.” It was already late at night, and no one should catch sight of them, given the late hour. Still, he wanted it done and over with. Once the spirit was taken care their lives could focus on keeping Stiles safe by having him and Peter not fight. That was still perplexing to both himself and Peter. They had no reason to fight with one another; they governed the pack with relative ease. Even when they disagreed with one another, it had never come to blows. The knowledge that Stiles would step in between them because of some heated argument didn’t sit well with him.

“File in, pups.” Peter smiled as he waved at the pups to head down to the cars so they could travel over the cemetery where their wayward spirit's body was waiting to be unearthed. He tilted his head curiously upon seeing that Stiles was playing with their quartz crystal, the teen seemingly enamoured with it. “Come along, pet. Time to go put a spirit to rest.”

Stiles smiled and nodded, carrying the crystal with him. He trailed after the pack, allowing Peter to shepherd him out of the loft and down to their cars. They all piled into Derek and Peter’s cars, and off they went towards the cemetery that was to be their battle with the undead.

Stiles smirked as he watched the wolves take turns digging into the grave. Turns out you were buried really far down, given all the dirt they'd unearthed already. He had stoutly been denied the chance to labor away at it, rather rude in his opinion. Just because he had Lunae didn't mean he was incapable of doing things. Still, the pack wouldn't hear of it, so he settled for taunting them.

"You guys are gonna be mud monsters by the time this is done." Cue glares from the dirty werewolves, he smiled in return just as Boyd handed the shovel off to Scott. His friend jumped into the hole and began to throw out meaty shovels of dirt. Stiles glanced at the headstone, Jeremy toulish. Poor bastard had been murdered, and apparently, it had been so deeply traumatizing, its method so evil that his spirit couldn't find rest. He'd asked his dad about his case, but it was unsolved despite his dad's best efforts to discover who had murdered the man. From the coroner's report, he'd hacked into thanks to the time necklace he'd discovered that the man had systematically been tortured by someone, the death blows being twenty-seven stab wounds to the torso before his neck was sliced open. Not a pleasant death, and Stiles couldn't really blame him for wanting to haunt the place that had failed to catch his killer. A sharp clang had him jerking his head around to see Scott slamming the shovel down once more eliciting another clang.

"That's the coffin," Derek told the pup. "Just unearth its edges, and we can yank the thing open."

Scott nodded and set about finding the edges of the coffin. It took a bit more digging, but they finally could see the entire thing.

"Out of the way, pup." Peter exchanged places with Scott, jumping down into the hole, where with ease he broke into the coffin. He lifted its lid with a grimace, the scent of death and decay prevalent, given that the man's body had only been interred a month ago. He coughed at the unseemly odor. "Innsense if you please."

Stiles smirked as Erica went about hastily lighting the incense. The smell of death was bad to his nose, so he could only imagine what it was like for the wolves. Still, a moment later, the odor began to give way to the pleasant scent of vanilla. An odd thing in a cemetery, but whatever worked. He watched as Derek slowly handed Peter things to line the corpse with. The decaying body still looked like a human, but the rotting flesh was giving way in certain places and showing the underlying tissues. Herbs were laid about the body, the quartz crystal gently placed upon the man's chest, where Peter gently poured some blessed water upon it.

The wolf climbed out of the grave and nodded. "Time to secure it."

Stiles helped Erica with the salt, layering thick layers of salt all the way around the grave to ensure that once they conjured the spirit, it wouldn't be able to lash out at anyone. He stepped back to appraise their work and muttered. "That's a lot of fucking salt."

"But effective, darling." Peter nodded as Scott and Isaac went about placing the candles, steadily lighting them and leaving a rather somber ambience to this activity. He glanced at his nephew and nodded. Derek took up the tome that would help them conjure the spirit, beginning to say the Latin that would see the spirit rise from its grave that night. "Outside the salt pups."

Everyone moved, and he made doubly sure that Stiles was outside the salt's grasp. A flickering form began to appear, bright splatterings of white, trails and wisps of the wind that began to howl. The wind in the area sprang to life as the sparks of light collected and brought forth the form of the angry spirit. He was in the middle of his twisted transformation, given how he still appeared mostly human. Still, the large claws he'd sported and gnarled teeth proved that much longer, and they'd have truly had a monster on their hands.

"Holy fuck." Scott grimaced at the strange apparition before them. It screamed at them, trying to lunge at them before it hit the salt barrier and was pressed backward. It raged, screaming and lunging over and over again at the barrier that held it at bay.

"That dude is pissed," Stiles muttered, grimacing at how the creature reared its head to glare at him. "Sorry, dude, but you've got to go."

"Indeed, he must." Peter listened to his nephew's pronunciation of the Latin, ensuring that the younger Alpha didn't stumble over his words as the spirit raged. No doubt it was beginning to feel the magic in those words ensnaring it. It wouldn't be long before it was trapped inside the quartz crystal, put to sleep due to the ritual. His eyes narrowed as the spirit tried to fight back against the power of the ritual. It clawed at the air as its form began to be drawn into the crystal. Screaming and thrashing about as bit by bit more of its translucent form was caged.

Stiles watched on in both horror and fascination as the spirit was slowly drawn into the crystal, which was glowing with a supernatural light that hadn't been sparked by anything other than the ritual's power. The wind whipped around them in a tumultuous fury as the spirit tried desperately to avoid entrapment. He bit the inside of his cheek to see the tarnished soul so discontent. "Time to rest, dude." He knew his dad wouldn't rest until he found the man's killer, but it was just taking more time than anyone would like. Still, the man's spirit needed to find peace in whatever afterlife existed. Stiles blew out a strained breath when the spirit was drawn into the crystal. It glowed for a few moments more before falling dark. He glanced over at Derek when the wolf finished the last line of Latin.

"Is it over?" Isaac questioned as he glanced about from pack member to pack member.

"Yes." Peter smiled. "He's set to rest. Time to tidy this up, pups, we can't have anyone seeing that a recently murdered man's corpse was disturbed."

"Yeah, better bury him again." Stiles watched as Peter jumped into the hole and went about shutting the coffin's lid once more. Once he hopped out, the pack began to take action to cover up what they'd done that night. The candles were collected, though the salt couldn't really be moved that much; they kicked it around to hopefully discard how it had been a perfect circle around the grave. Then, shovel by shovel, the dirt was replaced over the grave. The wolves took turns with the task while Stiles watched the whole thing. He smiled at the pack when they'd tidied up their activities. "Well, that was interesting, hope that's the first and last time we have to do shit like that."

"Yeah, ghosts are just...Weird."

Stiles chuckled at Boyd's opinion on the spirit they'd just faced. "At least he hadn't hurt anyone."

“A small mercy, alright pups, time to go home.” Peter waved at them all to head towards the gate of the cemetery. Ensuring everyone was gathered, he let his nephew lead them forward while he kept them moving. He smiled when he caught Stiles glancing over his shoulder back towards the grave that they’d disturbed in an effort to create harmony in the town once more. “Come along, darling, time to let the dead rest.”

Stiles smirked and cattily threw out. “You’re one to talk, you were among them at one point.”

Peter laughed. “Yes, I was for a time. Somehow death just didn’t suit me.”

Stiles rolled his eyes and continued to walk on. “You cheated it.”

“Hm, I wouldn’t call it cheating so much as planning ahead.”

Stiles gave a bored expression towards Peter. “Yeah, ask Derek how he feels about that little ritual of yours.”

Peter smiled. “I think that’s best left in the past, sweetheart.”

Stiles nodded his head. “Yeah, I know it is.” The pack all poured out of the cemetery and quickly found their respective places in the wolves’ vehicles to head back to the loft so they could all return to their respective homes. A job well done, the town once more safe from the supernatural.

Stiles frowned. He twisted and turned a bit before his mirror and hummed. His hand came down to push upon his belly. It was soft, yet firm; his muscles were still toned, but somehow, it was different. There was a little swelling in his own body. It took a moment for him to register just what that was. He blinked in surprise, his eyes going away from the mirror to stare down at the proof of his baby. “Lunae.” He smiled a bit when he realized that he was starting to show. He gently laid his hand upon the small swelling of his lower abdomen. He marveled at it, at the proof of his and Peter’s baby. He’d known the likelihood of him showing a bit sooner, given his lithe form, but seeing it for real was quite otherworldly. Just more proof that what he already knew was true, he had a baby inside him. He heard the front door open and shut and bit his lip. Was this something to show off? It kinda felt like it, but the monster inside him screamed that it was just proof of his dark shame. Sighing, Stiles lowered his shirt, his hand lying over the cloth-covered stomach. He looked up when his dad came to his doorway. He smiled weakly. “Hey, pops.”

“You okay?”

Stiles was quiet for a moment before saying. “I’m not really sure.” He wasn’t sure if he should be happy for this; the monster inside his head said he should feel ashamed both for liking it and for not acknowledging that it was all his fault. That this was not some joyous occasion, it was the repercussions of time punishing him.

“What’s wrong?”

Stiles sighed and lifted up his shirt. He saw his dad tilt his head at the odd action and rolled his eyes. "I'm showing."

Noah chuckled. "Where?"

Stiles groaned and walked over to his dad. He twisted a bit to the side and waved. "See?"

Noah smiled at his son. It was true, there was the slightest of distension. "That is barely anything." His son glared. "Alright, does it bother you?" His son shrugged.

"Don't really know how to feel about it...I mean, I already knew Lunae was real. But...Seeing it, it's different."

Noah hummed. "Well, you're not really showing all that much, Stiles. Just looking at you from the front, I wouldn't see anything."

Stiles nodded his head as he lowered his shirt. "I guess it just stands out more to me."

"Probably." Noah smiled good-naturedly at his son. "Are you scared of seeing it?"

Stiles shrugged. "I mean...Most people freak out, like, big wow factor moment and all cause they can see their baby."

"Right, but--"

Stiles knew he couldn't say anything more, not really. The noose that was ever present when he talked about Lunae threatened to strangle him if he wasn't cautious. "It's just...Different."

"Hm. It is." Noah agreed. "It's proof that your baby is alive, that your body is changing."

Stiles nodded his head. "Yeah, kinda seems too real." He looked back down at his belly; his t-shirt covered it entirely, but he liked to think that he could still see the proof of it. "I know I'll get bigger, like...Whale-sized before they're born, but seeing it for the first time just kinda weirded me out."

"Makes sense. Well, you don't have to look at it right now, it's not really all that apparent."

"True." Stiles smiled back at his dad. "I wasn't sure if I should be excited or...I don't know, upset?"

"Well, I think that depends on whether or not you're looking forward to having this baby. It's a big change, Stiles, life-altering, but it's not necessarily going to be a bad thing. It will make things harder for a while, but...Well, I've never had regrets for having you."

Stiles huffed. "Yeah, well, I was planned, and you had mom."

"Fair enough." Noah smiled. "But you're also not alone, you have the pack and me."

That was true. For as long as he guarded his deep shame, he'd have them. Stiles nodded his head. "Yeah, I know."

“Alright, well...Try to enjoy it, even if it is a tad strange.”

Stiles smiled and nodded his head. “Might hold off on showing everyone until there’s a little more to see.”

“Probably wise, they might not notice even if you pointed it out.”

“Yeah, I’ll wait until there’s more to see.” Stiles rocked back on his heels before he said.

“Well, I am off to Scott's place. We’re set to go and see that new movie.”

Noah huffed. “The axe murderer one?”

“Yep.”

“Alright, well...Have fun, I guess.”

Stiles chuckled at his fathers less than stellar reaction to them finding joy in a horror flick like that. “I mean, it’s more of a comedy to us seeing what we deal with.” His father scowled at him. “Bye!” He ran past his father before he could catch a lecture about how not funny real murder was. Time to go and enjoy something and worry about Lunae and his impending baby bump later.

The town was pretty peaceful after they’d vanquished the spirit; their days were spent hanging out with movies and bonding with one another rather than anything. Stiles got to tease his wolfy counterparts as Derek and Peter had resumed the pups' training. There was nothing quite like having the entertaining show of two Alphas throwing your friends into the dirt over and over again. Surprisingly, his commentary was not appreciated for some reason. He still gave his unsolicited opinions on things, much to Derek and Peter’s amusement, and the pups harrasment.

It was a few weeks later, after that initial surprise of Lunae showing that Stiles arrived at Peter’s place prepared to share it with the wolf. He officially had a baby bump now; it wasn’t huge or anything, he wasn’t far enough along for that, but cresting the four-month mark, his belly had distended quite enough to be clearly pregnant. His billowy shirts had always hidden the growing bump, but now he felt ready to share it with the pack. He just wanted to share it with Peter first, some stupid way of assuaging himself of the guilt that the wolf would never know that Lunae was really his child. So, he’d waited until he and Peter had set up a date for him to come over so they could spend an afternoon reading with one another, a peaceful activity that he didn’t take for granted anymore.

“Hey.” Stiles smiled as Peter answered the door.

“Hello, darling.” Peter stepped back, allowing the teen to walk into his apartment. He inhaled softly; he never could quite get over the delectable scent of Stiles being layered thickly in the scent of his pregnancy. He cast aside the lustful thoughts it gave him; he once more had to remind himself that Stiles wasn’t his, nor was the pup in his belly. Coming into his living

room, he found Stiles had already found his placement in his favorite chair, but surprisingly, he looked nervous. “Something troubling you, pet?”

Stiles bit his lip a moment before he stood back up and said. “I-I wanted to show you something.”

“Oh? A new book?”

Stiles chuckled and shook his head. “No...I was gonna share it with the pack tonight when we go over to Derek’s, but since I’m here I figured I’d show you first.” And because he truly needed to see Peter’s visceral reaction to seeing Lunae.

“Alright, what do you have to show me?”

Stiles reached down, his fingers curling around the hem of his t-shirt before he lifted it to bare the handsome swell of his belly. “Lunae is getting big.”

Peter’s eyes widened at the beautiful dome of the boy’s belly. “Oh, darling.” He walked across the gap between them, captivated by the sight of the teen’s lithe form being burdened with the growing weight of Stiles’ pup. He looked up and questioned. “May I?”

Stiles blinked. “May you what?”

Peter chuckled at the boy’s ignorance. “Can I feel them?”

Oh. Stiles nodded his head. “Sure.” He looked down, biting the inside of his cheek to stop himself from making any unseemly noise as he felt the supernatural heat of Peter’s hand land upon the swell of his baby. Of their baby. “I didn’t want to share it before there was more proof, but it happened pretty fast...Probably because of how skinny I am.”

“Hm, probably.” Peter marveled at the gentle feeling of that firm flesh that domed with the beautiful splendor of the growing pup in the teen’s belly. He looked up at the teen and smiled. “You’re beautiful, sweetheart.”

Stiles blushed at the compliment, at the heartfelt words. “Thanks...It’s been kinda cool to see it.” He watched as Peter pulled his hand back, done feeling their baby. He let his shirt fall back down and shrugged. “At first I was weirded out by it, I mean...I knew that Lunae was real and all, but it was another thing altogether to see the proof of it. No avoiding that I’m pregnant now.”

Peter snorted. “No, you can’t avoid that anymore.” His eyes flitted down to the t-shirt covering the proof of Stiles’ pup, that beautiful appearance made his wolf hunger all the more for the beautiful teen. He cleared his throat and met the teen’s gaze so as not to get too entranced with the prospect of seeing the pup blaze upon the teen’s flesh. “I’m sure the pack will marvel at it as I did.”

Stiles smiled, yeah, but they weren’t the baby’s father. Stiles felt that dark monster remind him once again how he was denying Peter the right to know this due to his dark shame. **It’s**

all your fault. Stiles blinked away the vision of that dark monster and smiled at Peter.
“Kinda neat.”

“It’s more than neat, pet, it’s beautiful.”

“Kinda afraid of how big I’m gonna get though.” Stiles frowned before revealing. “I remember what Mrs. Markson looked like when she was pregnant, and god she got huge.”

Peter chuckled at the teen's reservations about how large he might get. “Everyone carries a pup differently. Some show it more than others.”

“I mean.” He waved at his belly. “I showed earlier than most, and it’s only gotten bigger over the last few weeks. I think I’m gonna be large before Lunae comes.”

“A possibility, but I’m sure you’ll just be captivating, darling.”

Stiles smiled at the wolf's sweet words. “Well, the way I figure it, I’m conning you lot into taking whatever back pain I get.” He grinned as Peter laughed.

“We’ll be more than happy to help.”

“Hope so, because I have a feeling that it won’t be fun when I’m huge.”

Peter hummed. “Are you set to have your second ultrasound?”

Stiles nodded his head. “Yeah, not this week, next Friday.”

“And are you going to find out what Lunae is?”

Stiles chuckled. “Dad said one way or another he was gonna know, I think he was really afraid that I’d want the surprise.” He shrugged his shoulders. “I don’t see why someone would want to wait. I wanna know.”

“We’ll be excitedly waiting to hear what they are,” Peter told the teen honestly. “And then you can wage war with Erica on baby names again.” He laughed when Stiles groaned as he reminded him of the constant barrage of names the girl kept giving him.

“She won’t stop,” Stiles whined. “She keeps finding more.”

“She’s taken the task of naming our newest pack member to heart.”

“It’s not her kid!”

Peter chuckled. “No, but she dearly wants to play a role in it.”

Stiles huffed. “I think you’ll all play a pretty big role in it.” Then he smirked. “Frankly, I wanna see how freaked out Derek gets when I let him hold Lunae.”

Peter snorted at the teen's assumption that Derek would somehow freakout for holding the pup. “He’s held children before.”

Stiles huffed. “When?” He challenged.

“When he was younger, back when our pack was alive. He... Was quite perplexed by them, but they did love him.”

“Hm... Babies just love certain people, I think. Well, I’m still looking forward to whatever expression he gives me when I hand Lunae to him for the first time.” He grinned quite feral. “And Scott.”

Peter smirked at the cunning grin that the boy wore. “I take it he’s already mentioned his reservations on the subject?”

“He dead stop said that he’s terrified of dropping Lunae.”

“He’s young and hasn’t had the chance to hold a pup before; it’s natural that he’d be wary. I’m rather looking forward to holding your pup.”

Stiles smiled upon hearing that, it was just... Nice to know that Peter was looking forward to that. Granted, the wolf didn’t know that the baby was his... That deep, dark shame flared brilliantly again. He swallowed against the noose that threatened him to be silent on the topic. “I think I can trust you not to drop them.”

Peter snorted. “I’ve held many a pup, darling, your pup will be safe with me.”

“I know.” Stiles smiled; he knew that empirically. Truthfully, he wanted nothing more than to see Peter hold their baby. To see... What he hoped would be joy upon welcoming their baby into the world. It wouldn’t be the same as if Peter knew, but it would be as close to what it would be like as he could get. “Though, I do have a question.”

“What’s that?”

“You guys can take all sorts of pain from things; it doesn’t really matter where the pain is coming from, right?”

Peter nodded. “Yes, that’s correct.”

“So... You could take labor pains?”

Peter smiled. “In theory, pet, but doing so in a hospital would be hard to cover up. People would notice the side effect of that.”

“Not if you wore a long sleeve.”

Peter chuckled at the teen's forward thinking. “All the same, you should have those who you wish to share that special moment with you. It’s a vulnerable time, Stiles, giving birth to a pup is-”

“I wouldn’t mind you being there.” Stiles blurted out with ZERO filter, where the fuck was that noose? He swallowed. Oh dear, the look of shock on Peter’s face would have had him

laughing if he hadn't just said something like that. "I-I mean...I don't know. It wouldn't be bad."

"I would think Scott a better option given your bond."

Stiles snorted. "He would dead ass faint Peter."

Peter smiled at the sharp rebuttal he was given. "Fair enough. Well, it's not something you have to decide right this minute; however, I would be honored to help you if you decide that it's what you want."

Stiles smiled, a genuine, bright smile. "I do." He wanted Peter there; he wanted the wolf to play a part in their baby's life, and it was only fitting that he be there for the birth. Even if the wolf didn't take his pain while he underwent the rigors of giving birth, having him there would mean the world to him.

"Is your father going to be with you as well?"

"We haven't really talked about it," Stiles admitted freely. "I brought it up once, and he seemed a little shellshocked. I honestly think he was desperately wishing Mom was still around because the notion of seeing me starkers while giving birth was not on his to-do list."

Peter chuckled. "I'm sure he'll adapt to that knowledge, though that does make my point. You'd be very vulnerable then, and although I could promise to avert my eyes, you would still, in fact, be naked in front of me." He frowned when Stiles shrugged. "That doesn't bother you?"

It did, but it didn't. "I don't know, I'm just comfortable around you." It was the truth, and the closest he could get to the real issue. Peter NEEDED to be a part of this. "I get it if it weirs you out or something, not a normal request despite us being pack."

"No, it's fine, darling." Peter smiled. "I'd be honored if you're sure this is what you want."

"I think so." Stiles smiled back at the wolf, pleased to know that Peter wasn't against being there. He knew the wolf would always have a backseat to their child's life. That he could only be included so much, but Stiles needed him to have a say in things. Peter deserved that much; if he was never to know about Lunae being his, he deserved to be heard in other things. The dark monster in his head grumbled in the back of his mind, stoutly reminding him that Peter could have had a say in everything if he weren't a monster. If he hadn't abused time and taken advantage of the wolf. Stiles forced a smile; this was times punishment, but that didn't mean he couldn't try to make the best of it. He'd be haunted with the knowledge of it all for the rest of his life, but he'd do what he could to make sure that Peter had a say in what happened to Lunae.

Chapter 16: Run boy Run

Chapter Summary

Stiles finds out whether Lunae is a boy or a girl, and faces the consequences of the black dog's message.

Chapter Notes

This is a doozy of a chapter folks, things are heating up and I do hope you all enjoy it.

“Killer pigeon would be my guess.” Stiles rambled off as he turned the page of the book he was reading. “Those feathers were fucking huge. Everyone thinks they’re something like a movie prop.”

“That is not the case,” Peter stated as he flipped through another book. He spared a glance at the teen when he caught movement from the corner of his eye. He smiled upon finding that Stiles had just shifted about and was gently rubbing his belly, a trait he’d adopted now that Lunae had grown inside his womb. The burgeoning swell was a tantalizing treat for him whenever the teen's shirt rose up, a dark delight that he knew he couldn’t or rather shouldn’t get lost in. The pup wasn’t his, Stiles wasn’t his, but seeing the pregnant teen flaunt little bits of his pregnancy did rile him quite well. It made him dream of more, a future that he wouldn’t have. His gaze shot over to his nephew as he walked back into the loft after taking a phone call from an allied pack. “Any problems?”

Derek frowned as he re-entered the loft. “They had issues with an interloper.”

“Interloper?” Stiles looked up with a frown. “What the fuck does that mean?”

“Someone tried to infiltrate their pack.”

Stiles blinked. “Um...How?”

Derek sighed and muttered. “Through mateship.”

Oh. Oh fuck. Stiles grimaced. “I do not foresee that going well for the interloper.”

Derek snorted. “They’re dead.”

Yeah, that sounded about right. One did not fuck around with a pack of werewolves without repercussions, more so if you tried to sneak your way into the pack in some duplicit manner.

“But they’re okay now?”

“Healing,” Derek muttered. “The packmate that was taken advantage of isn’t faring too well, but the pack is healing.” He spared a glance at his uncle before, with a resigned sigh, looked back at Stiles. “Stiles.” The teen hummed from where he was glancing once more down at the book he was scouring for intel on the strange feathers that had been found near a massacred corpse. “We need to know who the baby’s father is.”

Stiles froze. His hand stilling dead stop on the page he’d been about to flip. He looked up in surprise. “What?” He’d heard him, heard every word, but he was desperate that his ears had deceived him.

Peter sighed when his nephew brought up the sore subject. They’d tried all of two times to navigate that debacle, and each time Stiles had lashed out and distanced himself from the pack. It wasn’t unprecedented that Derek’s phone call with the wounded pack would cause this to be brought up once again, but he knew, or at least thought he knew, how this would go. “Sweetheart, he’s not wrong. Pack dynamics are...A difficult thing to manage. I know that you say they want nothing to do with you or your pup. That you’ll be Lunae’s only parent, but, well, we have to be sure we know who is in play.”

Stiles swallowed. He hated this. It made him want to vomit. Being faced with this question, this horrid question, yet again. It just fed the monster inside him, just tightened the noose around his throat. “I can’t tell you.”

Peter sighed. “Darling, whatever threat they leveraged against you, you have to know you’re safe with us.”

Stiles shook his head. There had never been a threat, well, the monster threatened him daily, but Peter had never said an unkind word about any of this. Mostly because the wolf had no fucking clue that Lunae was his baby. “I can’t tell you.” He spoke harder, in a more desperate tone.

Derek scowled when Stiles, yet again, argued against informing them of who had sired the pup in his belly. “Stiles...We know it was a wolf.” The sharp gasp that Stiles gave had him holding out his hand to help brace the teen as his scent flushed with fear. “It’s fine. We’re not angry, Stiles. We just need to know who they are so we know if they’re a threat to the pack.

“How do you know that?!”

Peter sighed. Well, his nephew had opened a rather large can of worms. “We’ve known from the start, darling.” When Stiles glanced his way, he smiled. “Scott told us what you said...How the pup came to be. The condom broke, and the morning-after pill didn’t work.”

Stiles scowled. “So?”

“Stiles, werewolves...Such things don’t work on us.” Peter smiled kindly at the teen. “Surely you realize that the chances of that pill not working on a human are nigh impossible. A condom breaking happens, but the pill on top of that is just unlikely.”

Derek ground his teeth together before, in mild embarrassment, said. "Condoms don't work on us for...Obvious reasons, you're aware of now."

Oh, boy, was he aware. He glared back at Derek and snapped. "You don't know that! This shit happens."

Peter sighed when Stiles tried to deny it. "Sweetheart, we don't care that the pup was sired by a werewolf. Truthfully, it's quite grand to us that they might be a wolf pup."

Stiles blinked upon hearing that. He frowned. "What?" Both Derek and Peter nodded. "B-But shouldn't that like...Fuck with you?"

Derek huffed and smiled. "It's just a new wolf joining the pack, that it's a pup and not some bitten beta is just precious to us, Stiles. We don't care who sired the pup, but we need to know in order to protect the pack."

Stiles felt all the more ashamed to know that they were so accepting of the fact that he might have been knocked up by some strange wolf...Yet, he still couldn't tell them. Stiles looked down at the book he was holding. "I can't talk about it...Please understand."

Peter frowned. He held up his hand to still his nephew before his temper could get the best of him. "Why can't you talk about it, pet? Did he threaten you?"

Stiles shook his head. "No."

Peter scowled. "Then what makes revealing him so hard for you?"

Because he was sitting ten fucking feet from him and didn't know! Stiles shook his head and muttered. "I just can't talk about it." He heard Derek growl; he knew he was impatient with him now that he'd denied him answers once more. He tried to salvage their time together. He looked up at Peter and asked. "What are the chances that it's a wolf pup?"

Peter smiled at the curious question. He was a tad upset that the boy was avoiding the important question, but he answered. "Quite good."

Stiles nodded his head. "Um...When do they get their wolfy side?"

Derek huffed. "They always have a wolf, Stiles." When the teen glanced his way, he shook his head. "But they won't really unlock that until they're a teen. As a child, the most they'd have is sharper teeth."

"Oh." Stiles frowned. "So...What? They're just gonna be normal until they're a teen."

"He didn't say that." Peter smiled. "They'd be quite rambunctious on the full moon, too much energy and no way to know how to use it properly. They're quite a handful to raise, but it is rather fulfilling."

Stiles offered a weak smile. "I mean, so long as they're not going to be chewing on people."

Derek rolled his eyes. "Human children bite all the time."

“Well, yeah, but I just figured it might be more prevalent in a wolf pup.”

“Hm, not overly so,” Peter replied with a soft smile. “Some pups are more tactile than others, and there’s plenty of things to help keep sharp little teeth occupied.” He appraised the teen silently for a moment, quite perplexed as to why Stiles wouldn’t just tell them who had sired his pup. He figured it was some manner of shame now that he was embarrassed by who he’d chosen to mate with. He’d trusted himself with only to be taken advantage of by some wolf who hadn’t taken responsibility for their own actions. “I know...I imagine you’ll continue to ignore our quest to find out who sired Lunae.” He saw how Stiles closed himself off. “So answer me this, darling. How close to home are they?”

Stiles frowned. He looked up at the wolf. “What?”

“How close to our territory are they?” Derek questioned. “Were they just passing through, or does their pack belong in a territory near ours?”

Oh. Well, that was rather fucking hard to answer. He couldn’t lie; they’d hear it, but he also couldn’t explain that the wolf he had fucked was DEFINITELY in their territory. Ever the cunning one, though, Stiles stated. “They come and go as they please, but they’re not a threat.”

Derek sighed. “Stiles, you don’t know that.”

“I do.” Stiles smiled. “I know they’re not a threat.”

“Then why have they abandoned you and Lunae?” Derek snapped; he grimaced when his uncle growled at him as Stiles flinched at his hard tone.

Stiles looked away and muttered sourly. “It’s not what they wanted.” He knew, in his heart of hearts, that this wouldn’t be what Peter would want.

Peter frowned at how heartbroken the teen sounded when he explained why he’d been abandoned by the wolf. “They took advantage of you, sweetheart, you were ignorant about wolves...About what mating with one of us is like.”

Stiles clenched his jaw. He had been ignorant, but it wasn’t as if the wolf he’d fucked had been capable of warning him. No, he’d misused time and taken advantage of Peter. “I didn’t know any of that.” He agreed. “But that was stupid of me anyway.”

Derek sighed. Well, this had gotten them nowhere. “There’s a chance they might change their mind, Stiles, they might come back and try and claim Lunae.”

Stiles shook his head. That would never happen. Peter wasn’t aware of Lunae being his; he’d never try to claim their baby. He looked back at Derek and smiled. “That won’t happen.” The wolf didn’t seem soothed, but there was nothing more he could say. His phone going off literally saved the day. He dug it out to find it was his dad, he answered. “Hey, pops, what’s up?” Stiles frowned, then his eyes widened. “Oh fuck. I forgot!” Stiles bolted for the door.

“Stiles?! Where are you going?!”

“I’m going to miss my ultrasound!”

Peter chuckled as the teen went racing out of the loft to go and try to make that important appointment. Looking at his befuddled nephew, he reminded him. “He’ll get to find out if Lunae is a boy or a girl today.”

Derek smirked. “And he’s late.”

Peter laughed. “So it would seem. He might have to wait longer if they reschedule that.”

Derek shook his head in amusement. As displeased as he was to not have learned who the sire of Lunae was, he was quite curious to know just what the little pup in Stiles was. They’d all marveled at the growing baby bump Stiles had shown off, the visceral proof of Lunae growing inside the teen. Sighing, Derek met his uncle’s gaze and muttered. “Guess we’ll just have to wait and ask again.”

Peter shook his head. “I don’t think he’s prepared to tell us nephew, whatever reason he has for staying silent...It means something to him that we don’t understand.”

“I don’t get it.” Derek agreed. “Why shelter some deadbeat?”

“I think he’s embarrassed, he let some wolf woo him into bed, and then when he confronted them about Lunae, he was told to get lost. He probably thinks we’d judge him for whatever wolf he let mate with him.”

“I mean, they’re an asshole, but it’s unlikely we know them personally.”

“Yes, very unlikely, but Stiles still feels the shame of that.” Peter shrugged as he reclined in the chair he’d taken as his own. “He might change his mind once he gets to see Lunae in person.”

“That’s a long way off,” Derek grumbled. “And we’re left waiting to know if some wayward wolf is going to come yipping at our heels.”

Peter smiled back at his irritable nephew. “I can put any wolf down that comes for that pup. Lunae belongs to our pack, not whoever sired it.” His nephew nodded back at him; at least, they were on the same page there. Now, they just had to get Stiles to accept that they wouldn’t judge him for whoever he’d let sire Lunae.

Stiles stared at the second ultrasound picture, a small smile on his face. He could not wait to show this off to the pack. To show Peter. Lunae, a beautiful nickname that he’d keep until the baby was born, now had a gender. He knew what he was carrying inside him; his hand came to the gentle curve of his belly, even as he got lost in the sight of the picture in his hand.

“Let me guess, you’re going to go running off to tell the pack the moment we get home.” Noah smiled over at his son.

Stiles glanced at his dad and chuckled. "Oh, you bet your ass I am." His father laughed, but he couldn't help but state. "Lunae has a gender, Dad! I know what I'm having, that is HUGE!"

Noah nodded his head even as he chuckled at his son's exclamation at what they'd just learned. "I know it is, son, and I'm sure they will be just as excited as we are."

"Oh my god, Erica is going to go nuts with names!" Stiles laughed happily. Now that they didn't have to get names for both genders, they could start to narrow down something that would fit Lunae. He couldn't wait to hold another round table where they argued over baby names; it had been a rather fun use of their pack bonding time. He enjoyed hearing the pack's ideas, though he paid careful attention to those that Peter liked. Dear God, he could not wait to share this with the Alpha. He was giddy, just entirely excited with his entire being about sharing this with him.

"So...Any ideas on names?"

Stiles smirked over at his dad. "Dad."

"What? You just said that Erica has been giving you ideas."

"She's never really stopped, but that doesn't matter. Once I know what I want, I'll tell you."

Sighing, Noah muttered. "Fine. Just don't keep me in suspense for long, kiddo. I want to gloat."

Stiles chuckled at his dad's decree that he wanted to gloat to his deputies about his grandchild. "I promise, the moment I have a name, I will tell you." He was ever grateful when they got home. The excitement of the day was starting to hit him, and as much as he wished to go running off to tell the pack, he wanted to have some energy to do it with. He sighed, glancing down at his belly, and he smiled. "I'm getting tired." He got out of the car and walked to the house as his dad said.

"Been a big and exciting day, sure you want to go driving halfway across town to tell them?"

Stiles sighed. "I really want to tell them, Dad, but yeah, I guess I'll wait until tomorrow." He smiled as his dad patted his back and they walked into their house. "I'm going to go mercilessly tease Scott over text, though." His father laughed, and he happily made his way to his room. He flopped onto his back on his bed, holding up the picture of Lunae with a smile. "You're beautiful." He lowered his hand with the picture, settling it atop his breast even as his other hand came to lay upon the swell of his baby.

He couldn't wait to tell the pack, to tell Peter. He hoped that the wolf was pleased with what they were having; nobody had given any clue that they preferred one gender over the other...But he hoped that they would be excited once he told them. He was sure that Peter would be happy to hear what Lunae was; the wolf had seemed happy for him throughout the whole thing.

His bright smile dimmed somewhat as the dark beast inside him reminded him, as it always did, of how wrong this was. **This is your fault.** Stiles swallowed. Peter was going to be happy about the baby...But he'd never truly know his ties to it. That deep dark shame of his would never be released, could never be released. He'd lose everything if it were, and the noose helped safeguard that secret.

No, it was just the monster that made him feel that dark shame. That reminded him time and again that all of this was his fault, that Peter would never truly know Lunae as he'd be apart from them due to his lies. **This is all your fault.** Stiles closed his eyes tightly as he felt tears come to his eyes. How he wished he could share this with Peter, truly share it with him. His baby would never know who their father was, never know that Peter was there the whole time. It wasn't just Peter he was wronging, it was his baby as well. God, he truly was a monster. He gave a teary hiccup, reaching up after he released the ultrasound photo. He wiped at his face and took a shuddering breath. He had to make the best of things, or so he told himself; he tried fighting against that dark beast.

He was used to how it sank its fangs into him, but it never got any easier. He had to content himself with what he had, with the punishment time was giving him. He wasn't avoiding it; he hadn't, he'd accepted his part in all of it. Was it so bad that he found some measure of happiness in loving his baby? The monster always said yes, but his heart said that he should enjoy this.

That he should cherish this time with Lunae, when the baby was safe inside him. It would only be a few months before he welcomed his baby into the world, then he'd be a mom, he'd be responsible for a real-life human being. That was terrifying, but he was also oddly happy to know that he'd get to meet his baby for real. He looked down, his moist hand coming to pick up the ultrasound photo once more. He smiled at the proof of Lunae's growth, and the beast screamed at him. **This is your fault.** Stiles sniffled and muttered. "Fuck off, you can't take this from me."

Sadly, his intention of telling the pack about Lunae's gender reveal was put on hold, not one day, but two days. His dad and him had gone a little overboard in how excited they were about the baby, so rather than doing the responsible thing of informing the pack of what Lunae was, he spent the next two days geeking out with his father about turning his dad's office into a nursery. It was a spur-of-the-moment decision; he'd gone downstairs intending to go see the pack and reveal the happy news to them, only for his dad to waylay him and question if he wanted to go see about buying a crib. Hell yes, he wanted to buy a crib, and from there, things spiraled.

Now, two days later, he'd come up from that baby fog of planning a nursery and was about to enter the loft. He knew that chances were it was just Derek and Peter there, the pups had other responsibilities during the day, but he was eager to share it with someone, and sharing it with his Alpha's was a good start.

Ultrasound picture in hand, he threw the barn door to the loft open and, with an oddly proud grin, entered the loft. For once, he got to gloat about something. He ran for Derek as he was the closest wolf to him, as he'd just come out of the kitchen with a mug of something.

“Derek, look!” He flared the picture in front of the Alpha’s eyes. “Luna-” He was cut off by the most visceral growl he’d ever heard Derek make. “Derek?” He took a step back from the wolf, watching warily as Derek slammed his mug onto the side table beside his chair. “What’s wrong?” Derek was staring at him with this...Unreadable expression, something torn between pain, anger, betrayal, and confusion. He gave a fleeting glance towards Peter, confused and a tad alarmed. “What’s going on?”

Peter shook his head from where he was seated. “I don’t know, pet. Dere-”

“You hid this?!”

Stiles jumped at the hard accusation. The anger that was ripe in Derek’s tone caused his spine to shiver. “Der-”

Peter frowned as his nephew snarled at him with those accusatory words. “Hid what? I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“The fuck you do!”

Stiles swallowed, glancing between one wolf and the other. Peter was calm, but confused; Derek was enraged. “Derek, what’s going on? Why are you so angry?” The wolf took an aggressive step towards Peter, and instinct just kicked in. He threw his hand against the wolf’s chest. “Stop! Calm down, we don’t know what you’re upset about.”

“Of course, he knows, both of you know!”

Stiles glared back at the angry Alpha. “I DON’T KNOW!” Derek grimaced at the hard shouting, a stupid plan of his to try to garner the wolf’s attention. He heard Peter groan in pain from his loud shouting, but he was desperate for answers. “Calm down, tell us what you’re talking about?”

“You smell like Peter.” Derek snarled.

Stiles blinked. “Um...Well, yeah...I go to his place all the time.” The growl that spurned had him frowning. “Derek, I smell like the pack all the time.”

“That he does.” Peter got up from his seat, curious and on guard, given his nephew’s sudden change in temperament. His wolf didn’t like that he was so aggressive, so near Stiles, not while the boy was pregnant. “Now use your words and tell us what’s wrong?” Oh dear, the dark reverberating snarl his nephew gave sent a minute shiver down him, his own Alpha growing incensed at the challenge. Eyes narrowing, he replied. “Stiles smelling like me is not something to grow angry about.”

“He doesn’t just fucking smell like you, Peter.” Derek snapped at his uncle, who was trying to play coy, trying to act as if he and Stiles hadn’t lied to him and the pack for months. “You lied to us! You lied to me! You claimed him.”

Peter blinked, his earlier irritation at his nephew fleeing. “What?” It was a rather dumb reply, but he was quite caught off guard by that accusation. “No, I haven’t.”

“He fucking smells like you!”

Stiles glanced back and forth between the two wolves and shook his head. “Derek, he hasn’t claimed me...I mean, what do you mean by claiming?”

Peter huffed, keeping his eyes on Derek, aware that his nephew's temperament was working against them in this confusing debacle, he educated Stiles. “Most commonly, it is referred to as mates. For whatever insane reason, he thinks that I’ve claimed you as my mate.”

Stiles snorted. “Well, that’s bullshit.” He flinched when Derek growled at him, strictly at him. “He hasn’t claimed me!” He shouted back in irritation.

“He did.” Derek snapped. “The proofs in your scent.”

“My scent?” Stiles frowned. That didn’t make a whole lot of sense. He glanced at Peter. “Uh, is this claiming thing something...Physical?”

Peter snorted. “It can be, darling.” His eyes narrowed when Derek pressed against Stiles’ hand as the teen used his meager strength to try to keep them apart. “Calm down, Derek. Whatever your senses are telling you is a lie. I haven’t claimed him.”

“That pup is yours!”

Stiles froze, his heart...It stopped, skipped a beat or two, and it failed him in his fear. That wasn’t possible. How could Derek know that Lunae was Peter’s? He looked utterly astonished and stuttered. “W-What?”

Derek glared down at Stiles. “The pup is his, I can smell it.”

Peter scowled. “Derek, that pup is not mine. I’ve never mated with Stiles.”

“Smell him!”

Stiles grunted when Derek shoved him. He staggered only for Peter to lunge forward and catch him before he could trip. The echoing snarl that Peter gave at Derek’s hasty move was not a good sign. “Wait! Stop!” He pressed his hand against Peter’s chest and threw out his hand towards Derek. “Calm down! This is a mistake.” It had to be, because surely there was no fucking way for Derek to know that Lunae belonged to Peter.

“You could have hurt him!” Peter snarled. “The pup isn’t mine, Derek. I haven’t mated with Stiles.”

“Smell him!”

Growling, Peter glanced down at the teen who was giving him the most terrified expression. He felt Stiles’ hand clench into a fist in his shirt as the teen shook his head. “It’s fine, darling.” He leaned forward, intent on scenting the teen to end this rather tedious and short argument. Something was fooling his nephew’s senses, and nothing would come of thi- His eyes widened when he inhaled, and the teen's scent tantalized his nose. Stiles was far enough along now that the sire's scent, the ties to the pups Alpha, was apparent. Stiles smelled like

him, of him. This wasn't the simple scent exchanges they got from touching each other, from cuddling, or anything else. This was a wholly visceral scent that was layered so thickly upon the teen's flesh, that it sank into him, into the pup in his belly. It called out to the sire, an echo in the dark to ensure that it was protected by its pack. He swallowed tightly, his eyes flitting up to his enraged nephew. "I don't understand. This isn't possible, Derek."

"Lunae is yours!"

"I know his scent says so, but I never mated with him, Derek. I don't understand how Lunae can be mine."

"Don't lie! You hid this for months!"

"I didn't!"

Stiles was going to vomit, he was going to vomit or faint or maybe even both at the same time. He wasn't sure, but they all felt entirely possible as he kept the two quarreling wolves apart while he drowned in the tide of their argument. Somehow, somehow, the wolves' sense of smell had revealed his dark shame. He hadn't thought anything could do that; that's why the monster inside him was so strong. His secret was buried deep inside him, the noose strangled his throat and prevented him from speaking too much about Lunae...But now, now the Alphas were arguing over it.

Over Lunae belonging to Peter, and oh, how confused Peter was. Rightfully so, he was Lunae's father; he just didn't have any memory of their time together. He wasn't truly present for it; he'd never played a role in it. Stiles swallowed tightly, his body trembling as he listened to the two wolves fight over who was right and who was wrong. Who was to blame, who held secrets. It was bad, no, so much worse than bad. It was disastrous, world-ending.

"Listen to me!" Peter snarled. "Am I lying, Derek? I've never mated with Stiles."

Derek was prepared to lash out again, but his uncle's petty words saw him stilling, well prepared to catch the lie. His heart rang true, his dark snarl ebbed, a tight scowl replacing it. "Say that again."

"I've never mated with Stiles."

Derek's anger was quickly seeping out of him, being replaced by confusion. "Then how-"

Peter shook his head. "I don't know." He looked towards Stiles, the boy had been silent since their argument grew in its heat. "Stiles, darling, you have to explain...My scent is layered on you; it's a part of you because of the pup. It happens around this time, but for whatever reason, your pup smells like it's mine."

"Who sired Lunae?" Derek asked with a heated tone. "Peter says he's never mated with you, and he's telling the truth. We need to know who sired Lunae?"

Stiles felt like he was watching a bad movie, a horror flick with no clear ending. He was trapped. They knew. Somehow, they knew, and now they had questions. They wanted

answers, answers that he couldn't give them. His eyes flitted up, and he glanced from Derek to Peter. The ripe confusion on their faces, the furrowed expressions that showed their anger, were morphing into something else. He was the one on trial now, and they weren't going to relent this time. Stiles's hand fell away from Peter's shirt, no longer grasping tightly upon the wolf in his attempt to keep the two Alphas from fighting with one another.

His heart was pounding violently inside his chest, beating like a steel drum against his ribs. He couldn't tell them. He couldn't bear to see the looks of disgust they would give him, couldn't bear to be outcast from the pack...To see his father's shame at what he'd done. He couldn't do this. He had to keep his shame a secret; he couldn't let it out. The monster inside him oozed its glee, its silken voice crooned inside his head. **This is all your fault.** Stiles' hand came up to grasp his shirt, his fingers easily finding the time necklace's jewel beneath the bunched-up cloth.

His eyes ratcheted up once more to both wolves; they were both now scowling at him, awaiting an answer. Stiles opened his mouth, but the noose was synched tight. What could he even hope to say? Nothing. Peter and Derek wanted an answer, and he had none that would soothe them. Tears began to form in his eyes as he battled with both the monster inside him and the expressions of the Alpha, which kept morphing from one emotion to the next. **This is all your fault. They're going to hate you. They're going to abandon you. You're a monster. Look what you've done.** Stiles' fingers roved over the jewel, his watery eyes landed on Peter as the wolf asked.

"Darling, tell me, who fathered Lunae?"

You. He was so desperate to scream it out, but the noose wouldn't relent, and the fear of the monster's voice ringing true had him shaking his head.

"Tell us!" Derek shouted. "There's no way for Peter to have sired that pup if he hasn't mated with you. You know who you mated with Stiles, and if Peter's scent is on that pup, then something else is going on."

"Magic would be my assumption," Peter replied coolly, even as he kept his gaze upon Stiles. "Dark magic if it somehow weaved me into a part of that pup."

Dark magic. Yes, that rather did fit in with what he'd done, didn't it? Stiles swallowed against the nausea that clenched tightly inside his belly. His eyes overflowed with silent tears; he looked at Peter, and for one fleeting moment, against the noose, against the monster. He broke. "I'm sorry." His hand clenched down on the necklace, and the befuddled expressions on both Alpha's faces were frozen. Stiles sobbed loudly once he was free of their persecution. He glanced from wolf to wolf, but their frozen visage proved that there was no escaping this. Not if he stayed. Because, sadly, Stiles knew this fight. He knew this moment. He'd seen it before; he just hadn't anticipated how it would come about. The black dog's warning rang true. He knew the only real way to beat that vision was to unfreeze time and bear the fury of the pack, of his father, of Peter...To share his dark shame with them all and allow himself to face the full repercussions of what he'd done.

He couldn't do that. He couldn't live knowing that they hated him. He took the shuffled steps towards Peter, and he reached out and embraced the wolf's face. "I'm sorry I didn't tell you,

I'm sorry that I lied and that I used you...I'm a monster. I never deserved you, I never should have taken you for granted, taken advantage of you." Stiles gave a choked-off sob. "It's my fault, and I'm so so sorry." He leaned forward and kissed the wolf; it was a gentle embrace, one he'd entertained when he misused time. Here, now, it was a somber farewell. He pulled back with fresh tears streaming down his cheeks.

"It was dark magic, but it was nobody's fault but my own. I caused this, and I'm sorry, but I can't take it back." His hand came down to rest on the baby bump that his overly large t-shirt hid. "As much as you'll hate me, would hate me if you learned the truth...I can't regret Lunae. However twisted and wrong this came about, I love Lunae."

Stiles twisted to see the confused anger on Derek's face. He smiled weakly as he approached the wolf. He wrapped his arms around the Alpha and squeezed him as tightly as he could. "I'm sorry. Please don't be angry with Peter; it wasn't his fault. It was mine...It was all my fault." He released the wolf, stepping back, and he appraised the pair. "I love you, but I have to go now." He couldn't live with knowing they'd hate him. So, he was a coward; he walked out the loft door, not bothering to close it behind himself. He had an hour and a half to get things together, he wagered, and he had to make use of that time. Leaving the two wolves behind, aware that they'd unfreeze and get the shock of their life, Stiles ran down the stairs of the loft and barreled out into the parking lot. He climbed into his jeep and started it up, skidding out of the parking lot due to his haste.

He fled, weaving in and out of traffic, around people in intersections, racing home. He slammed the jeep into park as he came in front of his house, running for the door, he entered at a full sprint, only to slam on the brakes when he nearly crashed into the frozen figure of his dad. "Dad." Stiles trembled upon seeing him. "Dad, I fucked up." He wasn't sure why he was speaking to him, his dad wouldn't hear him, wouldn't remember this talk...But if this was the last time he got to see him, he needed to try to ease some of his guilt. "I'm so sorry, I wish I could have told you...But I know you, and what I did, I'm a monster. You can't forgive this shit, it's impossible." Stiles walked over to his dad, staring at his impassive face. "I'm so sorry, Dad. I never should have played with magic like this, I never should have misused time as I did." He reached out and hugged his father as tightly as he could, clinging to him for minutes on end as if he hoped that doing so might yet undo what was happening. He pulled back some minutes later and smiled sadly. "I'm sorry."

He ran for the stairs, taking them two at a time and nearly tripping on the last one in his haste. He rounded the banister and raced into his room. It was easy to find the beat-up duffel bag he had. He threw out the dirty clothes that he'd stuffed into it when he was avoiding his dad's persecution about laundry. He raced about, quickly packing the things he'd need. Clothing, and more importantly, all the money he had stored up in his room.

His hands trembled as he picked up the photo frame of him and his parents, which was gently placed on top. He twisted about and quickly found the only other photo that held true meaning to him. His fingers trailed across the next photo, him and all the pack. He smiled, just staring at it, the monster growled inside him. Stiles quickly shoved it into the duffel bag, zipping it up hurriedly before he darted back down the stairs.

He glanced at his dad, and a part of him broke. He couldn't do this... He had to, but he couldn't do this. He couldn't just leave without telling anyone anything; his father would die of a heart attack if he didn't know what had happened to him. Stiles set the duffel bag down and walked into their kitchen. His eyes flitted to the fridge, which now had the copies of his ultrasounds on it. He turned away from it, grabbing the small notepad they used for grocery lists. With a heavy heart, he began to write. It wasn't much, hardly anything if he was being honest. It gave no details as to why he was running, nor where he'd be going. It was just a simple apology, a means of reassuring his dad that he hadn't just been abducted or murdered somewhere. He tore it off the notepad and walked back into the living room.

Stiles walked to his dad and gently manipulated his hand to clutch the folded-up note. Stiles smiled sadly at his father and said, "I love you, pops, I'm sorry." He dug out his cellphone and set it upon the coffee table. He knew all the tricks and tips it took to be harder to find. His cellphone was the biggest ID tag in the world, and so, it had to be left behind. He had to leave, and that meant he had to leave everything from this life behind, well, aside from those two photos he'd taken to remember them all by.

He ducked down and picked up his duffel bag before leaving his home. He only made one other stop, going to the bank where he used their computers to check his balance, write the appropriate forms, and then take the cash from their tills. He emptied his bank account, aware that if he used it again, his father could track his last known location. No, a life on the run wasn't any fun; it meant using cash for everything and not allowing yourself to be in places with cameras or use cell phones. He'd learned so much from his dad because he was a sheriff, and now, it was serving him well.

He made his way back to his jeep, climbed in, and tossed the envelope of cash aside. He started the jeep and weaved in and out of traffic to avoid people and cars. His eyes grew moist again when he drove past the sign saying that he was leaving Beacon Hills. The black dog had spoken nothing but the truth to him, and it was clear to Stiles that time wasn't yet done with him. The weight of the time necklace rocked around against his breast as his car moved. He had an hour left before time unfroze; then, it would take a further hour at least for people to cage together some means of understanding how he disappeared.

His father would understand first, the wolves soon after. Neither would find him. His dark secret would be his for the rest of his life, and he could live on knowing that although they'd be confused and probably hurt at his choice to run, they wouldn't hate him. Stiles smiled bittersweetly to himself, his eyes flitting up into the rear-view mirror. "I'm listening, time, I am, but that's one thing I cannot face. So punish me however you see fit, do whatever you have to do to make sure that I pay for what I've done. Just...Please, don't hurt Lunae. Please don't hurt my baby; do with me whatever you want. I don't care how I suffer, but leave my family, the pack, and Lunae alone."

Looking forward, he carefully navigated around cars on the highway. He was aware, sad as it was, that he'd have to ditch his jeep somewhere. It was far too recognizable, and his dad would put out a bulletin about him the moment that he realized that he'd run away. He could take it for the rest of today, but by tomorrow morning, it would have to be left behind.

A plan in action, he did his best to floor it the whole way. He had an hour without other people intruding upon his plans, and he needed to get far away from home if he was going to keep his dark shame away from those he loved. Stiles swallowed when the monster inside him gloated. **This is all your fault. They'll never forgive you. They'll find out the truth somehow. They'll all hate you. You're a coward. Run. Run. RUN!**

In a monotone voice, one so very defeated, he said. "I know."

Chapter 17: Farther to go

Chapter Summary

Time unfreezes, and the pack realizes that something is gravely amiss. Stiles goes on the run to avoid the repercussions of his lies to the pack.

Peter blinked and then jerked back. Stiles was missing. He glanced about in a frantic movement even as he heard Derek's noise of alarm. "Stiles?" He scowled. The teen had been right in front of them. He looked, but the teen was nowhere. His eyes caught sight of the door to the loft, which was open. He looked back at his confused nephew and growled. "Magic." Derek's eyes narrowed.

"Someone took him?"

Peter shook his head. "I don't know...But something took him away from us before we could recognize him leaving." He glared at the place that Stiles had just moment before stood. "He said he was sorry."

"For what?"

Peter met his nephew's eyes and shook his head. "I don't know."

Derek growled. "So magic...Dark magic had something to do with how Lunae is your pup."

"I didn't sire that pup nephew."

Derek nodded. "I know. I heard the truth." He glanced at the spot that Stiles had been in only a second ago. "But what dark magic would sire a wolf pup? Would silence Stiles from telling us the truth and then take him?"

Peter growled. "I don't know." His teeth gnashed together at all the uncertainties. "But we have to find him." His eyes met Derek's. "However it came about, that pup is mine, and nobody is going to take it."

Derek gave a firm nod. "We need to talk to Deaton, see if he knows of anything. He should feel magic like that."

"One would hope it's not a simple affair to abduct someone," Peter growled.

"Who would do this, though?"

"A witch, a druid...Death priestess, the possibilities are endless, nephew...Though I'm quite furious to know that my pup might be the target of all of this." He met his nephew's eyes.

“Stiles was sworn into secrecy, to not reveal who sired the pup, but you and I came to know it.”

“So?”

Peter shook his head. “Think about magic, Derek. If there was a spell, a hex of some sort, it might have activated when we realized that Lunae was mine. Stiles’ silence might have been all that was protecting him and Lunae.”

“That’s why he wouldn’t tell us,” Derek growled.

“He was trying to protect himself and his pup from whoever had interceded in our lives. I have no memory of any witch, any altercation with an unknown force. I have no recollection of feeling under a spell.”

Derek frowned. “No, me either.”

“Something is definitely at play here, nephew. Come, we need to speak with Deaton if we’re to have any hope of finding Stiles and Lunae.” He growled as he stormed out of the loft, the light scent of the teen was upon the air, but it was barely wisps of it. It was proof that Stiles had been gone longer than his mind knew about. He growled all the harder upon recognizing that they’d been prevented from helping Stiles due to some dark magic. They were going to find the lost teen, find his pup, and deal with whoever had dared to attack them.

Stiles stood idly by filling his gas tank, his eyes flitted about, fearful that somehow, somehow he’d be spotted by someone and be yanked back home. A really stupid thought considering how far away from home he’d gotten before time unfroze. He’d gone farther before this stop was needed to replenish his car’s fuel tank. He looked around, curious. He found a digital display board and watched it cycle through its advertisements before it showed the time. “They know I’m gone now.”

He looked towards the gas pump when it clicked. He pulled out the pump and hung it back up, closing the gas tank lid before he walked around to climb into the driver’s side. He sat there, heart heavy in the face of the knowledge that by now his father had discovered his note, and Peter and Derek had unfroze to find him missing. He could already imagine the chaos that had brought, he shook his head, started up the jeep, and pulled out of the gas station. He only had today to use his jeep, then he’d have to discard it to avoid someone tattling on his last known location. He needed to get farther away...He had to find somewhere where no one would know him, where he could start over.

It was a horrid thing to know that he’d be alone, but it was the punishment he deserved. Truly, time had been benevolent in how it had allowed him to run rather than failing to let him freeze time. He supposed that it was all the more amused to know that he was feebly trying to escape the persecution of those he loved. Stiles glanced into his rear-view mirror and muttered. “Laugh it up. It’s my fault, I know this is what I deserve...Though I’m kinda shocked that you even let me leave.” He looked back at the road. “Though I guess this is entertaining too, watching me struggle through dealing with having a baby on my own.”

Stiles' throat caught as he thought of what lay ahead of him. He had a few months before Lunae was born, a few months to get established somewhere, get set up to welcome his baby. It wasn't going to be easy, fuck that, it was gonna be a fucking nightmare...But the alternative. Going home, facing everyone, telling Peter what he'd done. Stiles shook his head. "Nope." He shook his head. "Punish me however you want time, but I can't do that. I can't go back. I can't live knowing that they'd hate me, that Peter would hate me." His hand went down to his belly, feeling the dome of it under his shirt. "Let me keep Lunae, and we'll call it good. I can survive whatever else you throw at me...But I just can't live knowing that they hate me. Call me a coward, whatever else, but...Please, just let me have this." His eyes grew a tad moist. "Let me run, I didn't avoid your punishment. I didn't get rid of Lunae, I faced what I did, and...I'm glad for it." He huffed out a laugh. "I love my baby, and as sick and twisted as all of this is...As much as Lunae was meant to be my punishment, I can't regret this baby. I can just regret everything else, and I will, for the rest of my fucking life, I will regret it." He reached up with his free hand to wipe at his face. "And you can punish me until I die, but I cannot go back and face them. I'll have this baby, I will raise it without complaints about how hard it's gonna be...Just don't make me face them." Like all the other times he'd spoken to time, there was seemingly no answer, no clue that time had heard him. He just prayed that time was listening, that for whatever reason, it might yet feel some compassion for him. His eyes flitted over to the road sign as it whizzed past him. He was getting farther and farther away from home, and his heart ached to know that this was the only path forward. Stiles took a shuddering breath. He still had more to go.

Peter ignored how his fist dented Deaton's back door with the fury of his beating upon it to signal the druid that he had guests. His eyes were hard, he was worried, he was angry, he was a lot of things to be honest. He wanted Stiles and Lunae back, and now he was stuck relying on Deaton for some help in that. The druid came to the door with a small frown at the loud banging. "Stiles is gone."

"Gone?" Deaton stepped inside, waving the wolves in out of the daylight where others might catch sight of their rather strange daytime visit to a vet. He shut the door behind them and questioned. "Gone where?"

"We don't know," Derek growled. "But magic is playing a role in this." He saw Deaton frown. "You have to have felt something. He disappeared right in front of our eyes."

Deaton frowned. "Right in front of your eyes?"

"He was there one moment, and then when we blinked, he was gone," Peter explained. "It has to do with Lunae. Stiles refused to tell us who sired his pup; he avoided it at all costs...We found out today who sired the pup. I did. I never mated with the boy, but somehow that pup is mine."

"Magic did that, right?"

Deaton hummed thoughtfully at the wolf's questions. "It is an odd thing. Dark magic can do a lot of things."

“Can it create a pup?” Peter questioned with a growl.

“Yes.” Deaton nodded his head. “But the repercussions of such a thing are massive.”

“Repercussions?” Derek frowned. “For who?”

Deaton pursed his lips. “It depends. If Stiles played a role in whatever was cast, willing or not, he could suffer the consequences.”

Peter growled. “And what would the consequences be?”

Deaton sighed and shook his head. “I don’t know what was cast, but if you say that you didn’t sleep with him and yet his baby smells like yours...The baby might very well be a dark entity itself. Something that is controlling Stiles, making him care for it, protect it as if it truly was his child.”

“For what purpose?”

“To be born,” Deaton replied simply. “To be protected by an outside entity until it was strong enough to fulfill its purpose.” He glanced at Peter. “I don’t know what purpose such an entity might have, not this one, at least, but I know enough of these sorts of magics to understand that nothing good would come of it. It might very well feed on Stiles until it was strong enough to move under its own power.”

“It’s controlling him.”

“Could be,” Deaton replied to the growling wolves. “A mother loves their child after all.” Deaton smiled. “And how easily it is to twist that love into something that would see him doing everything he could to protect that dark entity inside himself.”

“I-I thought that some manner of spell had seen him abducted, that his silence was the price for his staying with us,” Peter replied.

“A possibility, but you say it truly only took a blink of the eye?” Deaton appraised the wolves carefully as they nodded. “Magic is powerful, but moving a mortal with such power isn’t easy. What purpose would an entity have for Stiles if not for the baby?”

“His scent trailed out of the loft, though.” Derek reminded Peter. “It was like he walked out under his own power, but he’s not fast enough for something like that.”

Deaton frowned all at once. “But his scent told you he walked out?” The wolves nodded. “Then this is something other than what I thought.”

“What is it?”

“Stiles used magic.”

Peter scoffed. “He doesn’t know magic.”

“And yet, how else would he get past you two in order to protect that baby? If all he did was walk past you, not run, or truly disappear, then magic did something most peculiar.”

Derek scowled at the intrigued tone Deaton was using. “What do you mean?”

Deaton held the wolf's gaze and said. “Time froze.” He saw the stupefied expressions and went on to say. “It's not impossible; it can be done. If Stiles wielded magic to freeze you into place, then he's been hiding far more than the father of that baby. Dark entity or not, he played a role in his own disappearance.”

“How the fuck would he do that? Peter's right, he doesn't know magic.”

Deaton sighed and informed the wolves. “Outside forces. It wasn't truly him casting magic, so much as using it through another means.” He twisted away and went to rifle through his books a moment before he returned with an old gray book. He put it down on the exam table and sorted through its pages before he found the one he was looking for. He twisted it about and stabbed it. “Devices such as this, ancient artifacts with magical properties...Stiles could have one of those and be using it. Either being compelled by some dark entity or...For his own purpose.”

Peter growled as he read what the page had to say. He looked up at Deaton. “Why would he run from us? Lunae has to be dark magic; he would never run from us.” He glanced back down when Derek turned the page. His eyes widened when he saw something he recognized. “I know this.”

“Hm?”

Peter stabbed the illustration. “I've seen that necklace.”

Deaton scowled. “Where?”

“At the magic shop Stiles and I went to in order to retrieve the things we needed for the blessing ritual.”

Deaton hummed. “Then Stiles has that. He can freeze time on a whim.”

Derek growled. “So he's choosing to freeze time to move about without people knowing where he's going or what he's doing.” Deaton nodded his head. He glanced at his uncle. “We have to go to that shop and find out if they sold it to Stiles.”

Peter nodded in return before asking Deaton. “What are the consequences of using magic like this?”

Deaton sighed and muttered. “Well, time is a fickle thing. It is a powerful force, a hard-to-harness thing. A magical entity of its own, being controlled by that necklace...I'd say the repercussions of using it would be whether or not he was using time well.”

“Using it well?” Derek frowned. “What do you mean?”

“Using it for good acts would see him most likely dismissed by time.” Deaton educated the wolves. “However, if he mistakenly used it for something that time took offense to...Time could lash out at him in punishment for what he’d done.” Deaton pointed to the necklace. “It’s a powerful artifact, something that should not be taken for granted. If he has this, if Lunae is a dark entity, it won’t be easy to retain custody of him long enough to deal with things. He could run the second you find him.”

“There’s nothing we can do to stop that?”

“You’d have to get the necklace away from him before he used it.”

Peter’s growl tempered, darker at the prospect that they’d have to fight the pregnant teen in order to stop him from using the necklace against them. He glanced towards his nephew when Derek’s phone went off. He watched his nephew retrieve it, only to give pause. “Derek?”

Derek looked up and shook his head. “It’s the sheriff.” He answered it and calmly replied. “Sheriff.” He frowned, listening to the frantic ramblings of the man, his eyes widening as he glanced at Peter. “We’ll find him.” He promised the upset man. “He can’t have gotten far...No,” Derek growled. “It’s far more complicated than you know. We’ll be there soon.” He hung up and leveled a dark look at his uncle. “Stiles left a note for his father, but his dad didn’t see him come into the house.”

“He was walking through time.” Deaton nodded.

“What did the note say?” Peter questioned with a dark expression.

“It was an apology.” Derek sighed. “He said he was leaving, that he had to leave.” Derek swallowed tightly before adding. “He said he couldn’t come back, that it wasn’t safe.”

“Hm.” Deaton frowned. “Anything more? What were his exact words?”

Derek scowled back at Deaton. “He said he was sorry, that he had to leave because it wasn’t safe to stay. That he’d miss us, but that it was the only thing he could do.” Derek growled before looking away from Deaton and his uncle. “He said that he didn’t mean to lie to us, but not to worry about him as he’d figure things out.”

Deaton hummed. “Then perhaps Lunae isn’t a dark entity. If Stiles still had enough faculties to write a note such as that, then he wasn’t being compelled in that moment. If Lunae were a dark entity, it wouldn’t have released its hold over Stiles when demanding he run.”

“So what?” Peter growled. “Stiles chose to leave us?”

Deaton sighed and shrugged. “I don’t know, there are far too many variables here. Regardless, if Stiles had fled out of town, it wouldn’t be easy to track him, and harder to contain him if you did. That necklace would enable him to run at a moment's notice.”

Derek clenched his jaw and questioned. “How long does it freeze time for?”

“Legends vary on its powers,” Deaton replied. “Some say a day, others just an hour. I cannot say how long we were frozen for; it creates a bubble of time. No true time passes; Stiles is simply walking through spans of time that don’t truly exist to us.”

“Can that hurt Lunae?”

Deaton shook his head. “No. Stiles is safe, as is his baby.” He appraised Peter a moment before stating. “Though there is still the dilemma of you fathering Lunae.”

Peter shook his head in return. “I can figure that out after we get Stiles back.”

“Hm. Well, I cannot direct you further. Hope that he calls, his father should be able to track his movements for you. With today’s technology, it’s rather easy to find a cell phone or a car.”

“He left his cell phone on their coffee table,” Derek growled. “He was thinking ahead.”

“His jeep.” Peter latched onto it. “It means the world to him; it was his mother’s.”

Derek nodded his head. “The sheriff can put out a bulletin; someone will see it.” Derek thought a moment before stating. “I know it might not do us any good, but we can call our allies. If Stiles passes through another wolf’s territory and is seen, they could alert us.”

Peter sighed, an unlikely thing but worthwhile nonetheless. “Yes. Come on, the sheriff is expecting us. I want to read that note.” He glanced at Deaton and then questioned. “There’s truly nothing we can do to counter that magic?”

Deaton shook his head. “No, I’m sorry.”

Nodding, Peter waved his nephew to leave, his mind a tumultuous place as he considered what they’d learned. Stiles had gotten his hands on that time necklace from the magic shop and had been using it behind their backs. For what purpose, he wasn’t sure, but he knew that it all had something to do with Lunae. He was resolute in his desire to find the teen; he’d break the fucking necklace once he caught him. He wanted answers, and most of all, he wanted to see Stiles safe back at home.

Stiles stared at his jeep. He’d gotten as far as he dared to go in his jeep. He parked it in a brightly lit parking lot of a Walmart. He knew it would be found in a matter of days, but it was safer to leave it behind. He patted its hood. “Sorry, but this is as far as I can take you.” It pained him greatly to leave behind his mother’s jeep, but he had Lunae to think about. He glanced at the Walmart and nodded; he could grab a few things before he figured out another mode of transportation. He knew that his dad would have deputies pull the camera footage, but he figured that it might give his father some relief from his worries to see that he was under his own power and not being forced to go somewhere by some masked boogeyman.

He walked into the Walmart and glanced about. He made his way into the deli and, after glancing at their offerings, picked up a sandwich, snagging a Coke, and a bag of chips. He

made his way to the checkout stand. He wasn't sure where to go from here. He could take a bus and get farther away from the Walmart before he continued. He knew he couldn't rent a car; that was trackable. Taking buses was a good mode of transportation, but it would cost him more money the farther out he wanted to go. Stiles swallowed as he carried his small sack of goodies out of the Walmart. He'd find the bus station and take it as far as it could take him. He might have to hitchhike, not a pleasant thought given the dangers associated with that, but if he was going to ensure there was more distance between himself, his father, and the pack, then he had to do these things.

His hand came down to his t-shirt-covered belly. It hid his swelling abdomen; one wouldn't know he was pregnant in the billowy cloth. It was safer that no one knew he was pregnant, and he'd do all he could to keep himself and Lunae safe. He made his way back to his jeep for one final time. He grabbed his duffel bag and locked up the car, locking the keys inside. "See ya around." He lied with a strained smile. He twisted about, duffle slung over his shoulder and small baggie of food in hand, he made his way out of the Walmart parking lot and searched for the nearest bus stop.

It didn't take long to find it; it was on the far end of the parking lot. He waited for twenty minutes, feeling more anxious by the moment despite knowing that nobody would know where the fuck he was at this point. He sighed in relief when the bus appeared. He dug out what he thought would be the ticket price based on what he knew back home. He smiled at the bus driver when the doors opened, rising up the bus's stairs, and he questioned. "What's the furthest stop?"

The bus driver appraised the teen in front of him. "Shasta."

Stiles nodded. "I want to go there."

The bus stop driver pointed to the sign that showed ticket prices.

Stiles handed over the money and accepted the ticket. He found a seat and stared out the window as the bus pulled away from the sidewalk. He swallowed tightly; he still had farther to go. He couldn't rest, not yet; he wasn't safe...He didn't feel safe. His hand came down to his cloth-covered belly, and he stroked Lunae and sighed. He was doing the right thing, or so he told himself. It was the only recourse he had to hide his dark shame, to ensure that all those he loved would remember him as he was before he'd bought the time necklace.

He was sure they'd give up, they'd move on in time, and Stiles would find somewhere new to live. He'd raise Lunae by himself and try to carve out a happy life outside of his punishment from time. He closed his eyes tightly, his jaw clenching when the monster inside him latched onto his words. **This is all your fault. You're a coward running away from your problems; you couldn't face them. You're a monster. They'd never love you if they knew the truth.**

Stiles took a shuddering breath as he opened his eyes; they were moist, but tears hadn't yet been shed. He reached up to wipe away the moisture and, softly, mindful of people hearing him, acknowledged what he already knew. "I know."

Peter took the note with haste when the frantic sheriff greeted them with the item while demanding to know what was going on. He let Derek fill the confused man in as he appraised the note. It was in Stiles' handwriting, seemingly not hurried. He'd taken his time with the words; no doubt, he'd known he was protected as time was frozen when he wrote it. His eyes narrowed at the rather cryptic message that the teen had seen fit to give his father.

"I'm sorry, Dad, I don't want to hurt you or the others, but I have to go. It's not safe here for Lunae and me. I never wanted to lie to you, but I didn't know what else to do. I'll be alright, try not to worry. I just couldn't live with this, not here, so I have to go. Please forgive me."

Peter growled at the note, the last shred of Stiles' presence in town. There was no hint as to where the teen might have gone, no clue on what direction he chose when leaving town. He looked up and told the sheriff. "You need to get the camera footage for the roads leaving out of town so we know which direction he left."

Noah nodded his head. "I can get that in an hour."

"It'll take an hour?" Derek growled.

Noah sighed. "Even with my pull, I have to have a reason for it, and I have to officially label Stiles as a missing person. Normally, that takes twenty-four to forty-eight hours. As the sheriff, I can fuck the paperwork up to make it seem like he's been gone longer. I can get a bulletin out about his jeep, it'll be statewide at first, but the longer he's not found, the further out that bulletin will go." Noah swallowed tightly, his conflicted gaze went to the wolves. "Stiles has learned a lot from me; he knows how we can track people, which is why he left his cell phone."

"Yes, but he'd never ditch his mother's car," Peter argued.

Noah gave a shaky breath. "I hope not." He pulled out his cellphone, his hand clenched around it, before he dialed the station. The officer on the phone connected, and he said. "Marcy, I need to report Stiles as missing. I need the camera footage of the highways onramps...I know. I thought he'd come home, but it's been too long." He lied. "Please, I'll be right over to do the official paperwork. Thank you." He hung up and held the wolf's gaze. "He can only get so far."

Peter glanced at Derek and sighed, looking at the sheriff, he resignedly stated. "We have something more to share with you." The sheriff frowned back at him, and Peter couldn't help but feel that he was about to break the man with the knowledge that Stiles could very well keep running. The time necklace was a strong artifact, a dangerous weapon of magic if it was misused. He just hoped that Stiles wasn't misusing it. Deaton's warning about time taking offense to such a thing cautioned him of the punishments Stiles might be earning himself.

Stiles groaned in relief when he was able to flop backward onto the motel bed. It was a decent rate to stay a night, and he was dog tired after the day he'd had. Way too many emotions, and then running for his fucking life to avoid his family and friends. Sighing, he stared up at the mottled ceiling that showed that at one point, there had been way too many

leaks in this room. He'd done it. He gave a sardonic smile to himself; he'd gotten as far away as he could in a single day. His jeep had taken him as far north as he'd dared to go with it, and from there he'd taken a few buses, first Shasta, then Yreka, and then he'd crossed the border into Oregon. From there, he'd gone to Ashland, then Grants Pass.

He was only staying the night here, too tired to hop another bus. He'd take the coastline, find somewhere that he could start over. His hand went down to his cloth-covered tummy, and he smiled sadly upon feeling Lunae. "We're gonna make it work." He had to, because the alternative just wasn't possible. His throat felt tight as he spoke to himself and his baby. "Your dad's gotta be fucking confused, well, everyone has to be confused. He was sure his dad was beside himself, worried, confused; it wasn't fair to leave his dad like that, but he couldn't face the look he'd imagined, that he'd feared.

"Your grandpa was so excited for you." Stiles mourned the fact that his dad would never see Lunae. Well, he was sure that he could write him, send a photo or something from a distant city other than the one he ended up setting up shop in. He just knew that it would hurt his dad to know that he was doing everything on his own, far away from home, rather than being safe in the pack's territory with all of them there to support him and Lunae. "I can't imagine how upset with me they are...Running like that." Stiles huffed as he gently stroked his baby bump. "I hope dad doesn't blame Peter or Derek for this; it wasn't their fault, not really."

He looked down the length of himself; his shirt had risen a bit, so he could visibly see his baby bump. He frowned. "Somehow you gave us away." Derek and Peter had said it was his scent; he had no fucking clue how that worked. Sighing, he let his head flop back against the bedding he was lying on. "It's fine...Well, it's not. It fucking sucks, but I deserved this, so it's whatever." He swallowed tightly as he told his baby. "So long as time doesn't punish you, we can make it through this. I can take my licks, I can deal with whatever time feels I deserve...I can make this work no matter how much it hurts."

The time necklace was still slung around his neck, resting against his clavicle in the way he was lying at the moment. His free hand reached up to pick it up, and he stared at its beautiful gem. It taunted him with its powers, with what it could, in how he'd abused it. He frowned at its beautiful splendor and sighed. "I'll use you for good things, I promise...And whenever you choose to leave me, I'll deal with that too." He dropped the necklace, shivering at how it tickled him when its chain slid against his flesh. He stared up at the ceiling and pondered just what time might have in store for him.

He'd foolishly thought that his getting knocked up was the end of it, that living with that deep shame, with the dark monster in his head, would be enough to soothe it. That he was using it for good things now might temper its rage, but clearly he'd been wrong. Time had just been biding its time, giving him a false sense of security until he let his guard down. He sighed, distraught in the face of what lay ahead of him. He'd catch another bus tomorrow, leave Grants Pass, and take the scenic highway along the coast. He wasn't sure how far up it he might go, if he should head up into Washington, or if Oregon was safely far away from the pack. He didn't feel safe, not even here when he was outside of California. He wasn't sure he'd ever feel safe again, not now that he was on his own. "I'll make it work, Lunae, it won't be easy, but I'll make it work."

Peter glared as they watched the various views of the cameras that led out of town. He growled when the sheriff sharply pointed at one of the cameras. "There." Peter nodded his head upon seeing it. Stiles had headed north, but where would he go? How far would he travel to feel safe? He glanced at the sheriff and questioned. "The bulletin will go out tonight?"

Noah shook his head. "My deputy is already putting it in; it'll be released in a few minutes."

"Good." Derek watched as the camera feed looped, clearly showing them the path that Stiles had taken when he'd chosen to run away from everyone.

"It'll be statewide immediately, but other states might not get it for an hour or two." Noah sighed as he glanced back at the verifiable proof that his son had left town. "His jeep is pretty recognizable; if someone sees it, we can find him."

Yes, but how would they keep him? Peter wasn't sure if Stiles would just allow them to capture him. To steal the necklace in time before the teen used it against them. He'd break the thing with great pleasure, ensure that Stiles couldn't run from them, and then discover whether or not Lunae was a dark entity or just a magic-made pup. He had no memory of mating with Stiles, no proof that Lunae was truly his, but the boy's scent hadn't lied to them. Lunae smelled like his, and oh, how his wolf had rejoiced at that. He'd had more than once to remind it that Lunae might very well be some kind of demon or wraith that was influencing Stiles. His note made him question that Stiles hadn't been compelled to leave without leaving a note for his dad. It spoke to the effect that Stiles had left of his own power, but there was no telling if that decision was influenced by the pup in his belly.

"No, we wait."

Peter glanced at his nephew and growled. It was all they could do. Hope that someone caught sight of Stiles' jeep or the teen himself. Pray that somehow they'd be able to reach the teen before Stiles got the urge to run. "Keep us informed. We can reach him, get that blasted necklace away from him."

Noah nodded his head. He had to trust the werewolves to be fast enough to prevent his son from running again. The very notion that his grandchild might be some dark entity that was tainting his son had made him nearly vomit. They'd been so happy, they'd adapted to Stiles' unplanned pregnancy. They'd grown to love the baby, and now, it might have all been a lie. His eyes flitted to Peter; they narrowed a hair. If it wasn't for Derek, he might have cold-cocked Peter when they spoke of him being the baby's daddy. But Derek had reassured him that Peter wasn't lying when he said that he'd never slept with Stiles. The idea that the baby might very well have been conjured into being with magic was mind-boggling, and he wasn't sure if he would have rather that the baby truly be Hales or if it being something else made it somehow better. He surely didn't think that Stiles would sleep with the older wolf, but then again, Stiles' reaction to his pregnancy was quite visceral. No, he'd slept with someone; this wasn't magic. It couldn't be. Lunae was real; it was just a matter of whether or not magic had tainted the baby and turned it into something evil. His eyes fell back to the camera feed that showed his son leaving town. He desperately wanted to find him, to wrap him into his arms

and tell him that everything was going to be okay. Magic, curses, whatever the fuck it was, he just wanted his son home. He turned when someone approached, and he offered a weak smile to his deputy.

“I put out the bulletin like you wanted, sheriff. It went live, now it’s just waiting, sir.”

“Thank you, Frank.”

“Sure, anything else I can do?”

Noah shook his head. “No, now we just let people like us do what they do best. Someone will see him, someone will catch sight of his jeep, and then we can bring him home.” His deputy nodded before tailing off. Sighing, he looked back at the werewolves that were in his company at the moment. “Did Deaton happen to say how the hell we’re supposed to tell if Lunae is a dark entity?”

Peter shook his head. “No, we didn’t go into specifics. I’ll find that out, we’ll be prepared for whatever it is.”

Noah sighed. “He was so excited once we found out about the baby's gender.”

Peter blinked. That was right, Stiles had undergone his ultrasound. He knew what Lunae was, and his heart desperately throbbed at the notion that the pup, his pup, could be real. Swallowing, he questioned. “What is Lunae?”

The sheriff smiled and said. “He’s having a baby girl.”

Peter’s heart beat harder as he heard the news. “A girl.” He smiled softly at the notion that his pup was a girl. He cleared his head; he couldn’t delude himself into thinking this was real. He knew, bitterly, that magic had played a role in this. That, despite the scent, Lunae couldn’t be his. Still, his wolf rallied against that, that the pup was his, that the baby girl was his. Sighing, he said. “Well, that’s rather exciting.”

Noah chuckled. “Yeah, he was rambling about not letting Erica name her.”

Derek snorted. “He’s been fighting that battle since he told us.” He spared a glance towards his uncle to see him frowning at a wall; he knew what this meant to his uncle. It echoed within him, too. Lunae, if she was real, was a pup of their pack. Peter was coming to terms with the fact that he might have a daughter, one who was presently missing. He hoped, prayed, that whatever magic had caused Lunae to be created hadn’t created something evil. He couldn’t bear the idea of them having to do something that would see both Stiles and Peter mourning what wasn’t meant to be.

“Yeah, well, he vetoed my name choice.”

Peter smiled as he remembered. He looked back at the sheriff. “He denied some of mine as well; he was very worried about picking a name that would suit the pup.” He remembered vividly the many conversations he and Stiles had entertained when the teen came over to read with him, their wild ponderings of names back before they knew Lunae’s sex. They’d gotten

lost in that, but now, he wondered if that was somehow bittersweet to Stiles. If he'd known from the beginning that the magic that created Lunae had made him the pup's father, if he had battled with the knowledge of it. He'd never truly seemed displeased to be around him, no, he'd been himself. As time had passed, he'd grown excited for the pup. Peter remembered how he'd come to show off Lunae when she'd grown inside his womb, to where he'd been able to embrace her through Stiles' flesh. He wanted that again. Now more than ever, he wished to have the teen where he could hold him. He just prayed that whatever magic had created Lunae wasn't somehow tainting Stiles.

"There's nothing more we can do," Noah muttered, dissatisfied. "We wait to see if some other jurisdiction catches sight of his jeep or him...We most likely won't hear anything tonight." The wolves gave displeased grumbles. He shook his head. "That's just how things of this nature work; the word has to spread, and then the different police forces have to find him in passing during their patrols. It's slow, but I'm sure that someone will come across him." He prayed that would be the case; he wanted his son home. He wanted to make sure that Lunae was just some random twist of positive magic, something that they could treasure as they had before this day.

Stiles walked up to the bus station office. It was a risk, but one he had to take. His hand coiled around the time necklace before he pressed it. Time froze, he went about the task of ducking under the checkstand. He rifled through things, sorting out how they gave tickets. He typed out his desired destination and printed out the ticket before digging out the cash to place it in their till. He ducked back under the checkstand and went about finding the appropriate bus. He climbed aboard, ensuring that he was safely hidden inside before he allowed time to resume. He smiled at the startled bus driver. "Here's my ticket." He held it out, and the confused man took it, appraised it, and then nodded to himself.

"Take any seat you want."

"Thanks." Stiles carried his duffel bag down the rows of seats, coming to the very back, he fell into a seat and stared out at the bus terminal. It was lively now, people coming and going in droves. No one would remember seeing him, though; he'd frozen time to purchase his ticket and not allowed any camera to see which bus he got onto. He'd covered his tracks, and he promised himself that he'd take another bus away from where this was taking him just to ensure that he wasn't easily found. He still had a long way to go; he was growing tired, but he knew he couldn't relent. He had to get as far away from home as he could.

Stiles grunted when the bus made a loud noise before it sprang to life and lurched forward. Blowing out a breath, he watched them pull away from the bus terminal. His eyes flashed to the sign that showed where he'd just departed from. Grants Pass. He was headed further north, into Oregon. He'd find some place to rest, take another bus tomorrow, and then see about some place to start over. He'd be far enough away that nobody should find him. His hand went down to his belly, cradling Lunae. "It's just us now." There was no going back; he was on his own.

Chapter 18: On the hunt

Chapter Summary

Stiles finds a new home, and the pack search for him.

Peter lay on his bed, his eyes narrowed as he stared up at the ceiling of his apartment. His thoughts were bogged down in the weight of knowing that Stiles and Lunae were missing. How far had he gotten? Far enough, they'd had no hope of catching up to him that night. He'd raged at the notion of just giving up, but the sheriff had said that by morning, someone would have spotted the teens' jeep. He settled himself, tried to rein in his wolf with that knowledge. They'd find Stiles tomorrow. They'd bring him home, let Deaton do whatever fucking blessing he needed to make sure Lunae was just a wolf pup...Then they could move on from there.

He held out hope that the pup resting in Stiles' womb was truly real, not some dark entity that wanted to rob the teen of life. That, through some strange twist of fate, the pup was truly his. He'd always dreamed, fantasized what it would be like to have the teen for his own. He'd slept with many a man and woman dreaming it was him, and when he'd shown up at their door pregnant, his wolf had chomped at the bit that it should have been him. Now, somehow, it was. Lunae was his, and he'd see Stiles home so they could share in the unique joy of welcoming a pup.

He clenched his jaw, if he had his way, if...Somehow, it was possible, he'd claim the boy for real. Not just because he longed for that, but because it was what was right for their pup. Peter closed his eyes, a tight grimace on his face as he remembered what it was like to feel the warmth of that beautiful dome of flesh. To feel the weight of Lunae inside Stiles' belly, how he wanted so very much to feel that again. To hold the teen, to embrace their pup, and shout to the heavens that this is what he wanted.

He gave a shuddering sigh and whispered out into the darkened room. "I'm going to find you, darling. I'll bring you home, both of you home." He opened his eyes, and they flared a brilliant red. "I'll claim that pup, claim you...I'll find some way to convince you. We can be a family, sweetheart." Peter rolled onto his side, his eyes narrowing at the time. He needed to sleep if he wanted to be fit to deal with tracking the teen down once someone caught sight of his jeep. They'd have to race to catch up, but he wasn't against getting a few speeding tickets to ensure that Stiles and Lunae were returned to the pack where they belonged. Closing his eyes as he got comfortable, the wolf let out a deep breath and prayed that tomorrow they'd bring the wayward teen home.

Stiles stepped off the bus with a small smirk. The bright scent of the ocean was rather pleasant. He glanced at the bus as it pulled away before he took in the town. It was smaller than Beacon Hills, much smaller, but it was also quite a ways away from California, far away from home. Sighing, Stiles set about the task of finding someplace to call his own for the night. It was still early, but he wanted to make sure he had a hotel room. He had limited funds, so he had to be careful in what he spent them on until he worked out getting a job or something. Still, he wasn't about to sleep on the streets if he could help it.

He wrinkled his nose at the prospect that if he wasn't careful, if he didn't find a way to support himself that could very well become a thing. "Oh, fuck no." He told himself he was not going to let that happen. He'd bust his ass, find a job, and then save up to have a place of his own. Living on the beach wasn't cheap, well, it was cheaper than back home, but still not cheap. He'd just wanted to be somewhere that he thought would be pleasant to raise his baby. He could already imagine taking Lunae to the beach; he smiled softly at that future. Seeing the little girl play in the sand, getting utterly filthy. He huffed, a vision of a time a long time off.

He wandered the town, taking in the many shops and finding a few grocery stores. A few coffee joints that he most definitely would hit up, decaf, of course. His mouth watered as he came upon a diner. Oh, it was long past lunch time, and he and Lunae were starving. He didn't even think twice before entering, duffel slung over his shoulder. He waited to be served, the hostess waved him forward, and he trailed after her to a booth. He shoved his duffel on one side and sat on the other.

He looked through the menu as the waitress waited for his drink order. He frowned, he knew caffeine wasn't the best for pregnant people, but he really wanted a soda. He smirked upon finding that they did custom fountain drinks. He looked up and said. "A cherry Pepsi, please." She nodded and left him; he looked back down at the menu. Flipping through its pages, everything looked good, but he supposed that was a side effect of having a piss poor breakfast. Morning sickness in a dingy motel wasn't much fun with all the lovely odors that were there. He'd made due, but oh, how he'd missed the werewolf mojo. It had taken Lunae quite a while to settle, but thankfully, he hadn't been sick since that morning. He'd ridden the bus in peace until he'd gotten here. He smiled when his drink arrived, and he told the waitress. "Club sandwich, please, hold the tomato."

"Sure thing, babe."

Stiles watched her walk off and picked up his drink, sipping through the straw, his eyes widened. He set it aside and swallowed. "Holy fuck, that's amazing." He grinned at the pleasant surprise at how the fountain drink had been made. He glanced about the diner, which was made to look like some 50's diner. It was pretty neat, and if the smells coming from the kitchen were any indicator, he was sure that he'd get a good meal out of this.

It didn't take long before his sandwich was placed in front of him. His eyes widened; it was fucking huge. "Okay then." He smirked. At least he'd have leftovers. He picked up one of the quarters of the sandwich and bit into it with a groan at the delicious flavor of the well-made sandwich. He chewed and swallowed before staring down at it. "Oh lord, I am going to devour you." He wasn't sure if it was his long travels, the heavy emotions he was bathed in,

or just being pregnant, but he enjoyed his sandwich with fervor. He managed to eat half of the massive sandwich, draining his Pepsi before he felt sufficiently stuffed. He smiled when the waitress came back. "Take out container?" She nodded and quickly returned with a styrofoam container. He settled his sandwich inside and closed it before accepting the check. He paid it with relative ease before rising and leaving the diner. He glanced back at its sign. He'd have to be careful with his money, but he could definitely see this becoming one of his favorite places here.

Stiles twisted about and stared off into the distance, where he knew the ocean was. He knew most of the hotels and motels were right on the beach, which meant he had a long walk in front of him. He gently embraced his belly. "Well, we'd better get going, not gonna get to rest until we find some place to sleep." He took a moment to stuff his leftovers into his duffel bag before slinging it over his shoulder and beginning the long trek to check out hotel after hotel. He needed the cheapest one there was, ever mindful of his cash. Tomorrow, he promised himself he'd go and look for a job. He knew it might not be easy; this was a small town, but surely there was something around that he could do to earn a living. He'd need a stable income to support himself and Lunae; he'd need a place to call his own to be able to raise her.

It took far too long; his legs were killing him by the time he found a decently priced hotel. He shut the hotel door and ambled his way on tired legs towards the window. He threw it open and smiled at the ocean view. He'd had to pay extra for the room because of it, but they hadn't had anything else, and they were the cheapest around. Sighing, he dumped his duffel bag to the floor and dug through it to dig out his leftovers. He put it into the mini-fridge in the room before he took off his shoes and fell onto the bed.

"Dear God, it's been a long day." Sighing, he closed his eyes and rested for a moment. Tomorrow wouldn't be easy, but then again, none of this had been easy. He'd been torn away from everything and everyone he loved. He'd had to desert his mother's car in a fucking Walmart parking lot. He took so many buses that he'd lost count, and all to get here. He opened his eyes as they grew moist, the emotions of the whole ordeal hitting him like a truck. He knew what he was doing was what was best for him and Lunae, what was the only outcome that he could live with. Still, he longed for home; he desperately wanted to go home. To see his dad, to see Peter, Derek, and the pups. Dear god, what Scott must think of this.

He reached up to wipe at his face when he felt tears trail down from the corners of his eyes. His best friend had to be beside himself, worried and confused as to why he'd just bail and not tell him anything. There just hadn't been time; despite time being frozen, he'd just not had the time to do anything other than flee. If he wasn't fearful of a call being traced, he might have called his dad, called Scott, but that just wasn't a risk he could entertain. It wouldn't do him any favors to give in to the fears of what tomorrow would bring. He had to do this on his own. He swallowed tightly when the monster lurking inside him roused, its dark maw grinning back at him as its growl echoed inside his head.

It's all your fault. You can never go back; they'd hate you! They could never forgive a monster like you. Stiles sniffled as tears trailed down the corners of his eyes as he listened to the litany of cruel words that monster had in store for him that afternoon. He blinked past the tears, staring up blindly at the ceiling. "I know. I know I'm a monster...I did those things, and what's worse is that I ran. I'm a coward, and now Peter and my dad will never meet Lunae."

They'd never know her, and it was all his fault that this had taken place. Still, the ever-present fear of how they'd react if they knew the truth. He couldn't bear to see that. **It's all your fault.** Stiles nodded his head silently at the monster. "Yeah, it is...But there's nothing else I can do." Running had been his only choice, truly, it was.

He'd felt so cornered in the face of the confused expressions the wolves wore, of the dark growl Derek gave him when he demanded to know who Lunae's real father was. He was denying the wolves the chance to know Lunae, to have the pleasure of knowing that another Hale existed. He couldn't even imagine how much that would mean to them, and here he was, running and hiding like a coward. Denying them that tie to family. He sobbed, twisting on his side, and he buried his face into the blankets. "I'm sorry!" He screamed into the blankets, desperate for someone to hear him. For someone to have mercy on him, but there was no response to his haggard cry. Just the noise of his painful sobbing, and the slathering voice of the monster who wouldn't relent in its torment of him.

He unlocked the jeep with the spare key, his eyes roving over its interior for any clue as to where his son had been heading. He watched dispassionately as Peter opened the passenger side, the wolf peeking inside and scenting its interior. Noah slid into the driver's seat after picking up the car keys Stiles had left behind. He checked the dash, the visor, the glove compartment, even as the wolves tried to find hints with their supernatural gifts. He'd gotten the call early this morning that Stiles' jeep had been found abandoned in a fucking Walmart parking lot. It had taken hours to get there, and the whole time his heart had broken to know that Stiles had abandoned his mother's jeep in order to keep running.

Now, seeing it for himself, he sighed. He glanced towards the Walmart and knew that was their next step. They'd see if Stiles even entered the shop; the deputies waiting a few feet away were trying to pull up other camera feeds in the area. His pull as a sheriff had gotten him that courtesy. Sliding out of the jeep, he looked at Derek, the wolf shook his head. Nodding, he muttered. "I'm gonna head inside and see if they caught sight of him inside the store."

"I'll go with you." Peter trailed after the sheriff after giving a poignant expression to his nephew. Derek lingered with the deputies, awaiting news on other camera angles. As they walked to the store, Peter's heart felt heavy. He never would have imagined that Stiles would have abandoned his beloved jeep. It was his last tie to his mother, and yet, here was the proof that the teen was so desperate to flee them that he'd give up the safety that it afforded him.

He stayed silent as the sheriff spoke with those in charge of the store, trailing after them to an office where they leaned over a series of cameras as the man backtracked two days to find any trace of him. Peter's eyes twitched from screen to screen until he pointed out sharply. "There." The camera feed was enlarged, and he watched as Stiles went to the deli, picking up a sandwich, chips, and a soda before he walked through another camera angle to pay for things. From there, the teen left the Walmart, with no sign of him. He looked over the Walmart clerk to see the furrowed brow the sheriff wore. All they had now was the knowledge that he'd gotten himself something to eat before disappearing into the parking lot.

"Any angles on the parking lot?"

The clerk hummed and typed a few things; he found the proper angle. “Ah, there he is.”

Noah watched as the man typed through a series of cameras following Stiles' progression through the parking lot until he went outside of their reach. He knew which direction he was going when leaving, but that didn't get them a leg to stand on. He offered a weak smile to the helpful clerk. “Thank you.”

“Sure thing.”

Peter sighed as they left the office; they once more had a direction, but no clear sign as to where he went. They found their way back to the jeep to see Derek leaning over a tablet, staring at whatever the deputies had. “Well?”

Derek pulled back and pointed. “He caught a bus.”

Peter twisted towards where his nephew was pointing. He frowned. If he took a bus, he could have gone in any direction.

“We'll have to see if the buses have surveillance footage or if they're older models,” Noah muttered. “Find where that line could take him and go from there.”

“Sir, that's the mountain pass line.”

Noah frowned at the deputy. “Where's that go, farthest stop?”

“Mt. Shasta.”

Noah's eyes widened. That was so far away. “It-It goes directly there?”

“Yeah.” The deputy nodded his head. “It's one of our cruiser lines for tourists. It makes a stop here for supplies for its guests. If he was able to get a ticket, they must have had a lot of vacancies that day.”

“How expensive is that?” Peter questioned; they'd learned that Stiles had emptied his bank account. Another means of ensuring he wasn't traced, and the knowledge of how little the teen had on him worried him.

“Fifty dollars.”

Derek shook his head upon hearing that Stiles was using money to get farther and farther from them. He'd have to use public transportation to get further if he had abandoned the jeep here. He looked at the torn sheriff. “So we got to Shasta.”

Noah glanced at the wolf; both Derek and Peter were as dedicated as he was in finding Stiles. He gave a bittersweet smile. He gave a nod, unable to voice his fears that his son was getting farther and farther away before they even had a chance to catch up. “I'll take the jeep, I know you two hate it.”

Peter huffed. “It's an abomination to drive.”

Noah chuckled despite the heavy weight in his heart. “You get used to it.”

“We’ll follow you,” Derek told the sheriff, watching as he turned to head for the jeep. He glanced at Peter and muttered lowly. “He’s thinking ten steps ahead.”

“Yes, well, he’s always been smart,” Peter said with a tight growl. “And now he fears he has everything to lose if we find him. He thinks he’s protecting himself and Lunae.”

Derek hummed as they walked towards the Camaro. “But is that because Lunae is dark or because he fears what magic might do if he faces it?”

“I don’t know, nephew.” Peter slid into the passenger side. He buckled himself in as Derek started the muscle car. They pulled out of the Walmart, trailing behind the sheriff. Alone, able to voice their own fears without upsetting the sheriff, Peter remarked. “All we can do is hope that someone remembers seeing him on that bus.”

Derek growled. “It’s a tourist bus, lord knows how many people go on those.”

“If he got off at their last stop in Shasta, there’s bound to be security footage. He probably got onto another bus right away. He’s reliant on that travel if he wants to get farther away from us.” Peter muttered sourly. “He’s got limited funds; he can only take himself so far.”

“Far enough, Peter,” Derek warned. “As you said, he’s smart, and he has the time necklace; money isn’t an obstacle with that.”

Peter glanced back at his nephew. “He’s not a thief.” He growled.

Derek sighed. “I wouldn’t think so either, but he’s acting like a cornered wolf. What lengths would he go to protect Lunae?”

Anything. His instincts told Peter that Stiles would do anything to protect his pup. Looking back out the window, he returned. “Anything.” His nephew hummed in agreement. If Stiles broke down and used the time necklace to steal money or items, then he could truly continue to travel without them knowing about it. It was an endless possibility as to where the teen might go. He wanted so desperately to find him, to break that fucking necklace and drag Stiles home with them.

They’d have Deaton do the fucking blessing to see if Lunae was real, if it wasn’t some dark entity controlling Stiles. He’d get to find out for real if he had a pup, if, through some twist of fate, magic had created a pup between him and Stiles. Deaton hadn’t known just how that was possible, if not for a dark magic, but Peter held out hope that it was something else. That Lunae was real, however she’d come to be, that she was a real pup that they could cherish. They just had to find Stiles to do so.

Stiles huffed as he sat on the bench on the side of the road. “Fuck me.” It was not easy to walk everywhere. Lunae wasn’t so large as to be cumbersome, but going all over town on foot was tiring regardless. He glanced about at the various shops that he hadn’t gone into to

inquire about jobs. Thus far, he'd had shit all for luck. He truly didn't wish to move to another town, but if something didn't turn in his favor, he might have to. He glanced the other way only to blink upon seeing a bakery; the line was atrocious, so that led him to believe that their stuff was good. His eyes trailed the colorful murals across their windows that invited anyone inside for a tasty treat.

Just as he was prepared to move on, his eyes latched onto a small red sign. Help wanted. Stiles smirked and got up at once. He might not know what they needed help for, but he'd do fucking anything if it meant that he could support himself and Lunae. He braved the irritated noises the guests made as he cut in line to go into the bakery itself. It was quite noisy, and people were going back and forth behind a case that featured all sorts of bakery items, Croissants, bagels, cupcakes, you name it, and they probably had it. It all looked amazing, and the smell was even better, but still, he didn't get lost in what tempting treats they had. He walked up to the cash register, waited for the man to finish ringing someone up, and then cut in line to ask. "Your sign says you want help."

The man blinked. "Um, yes. We do." He nodded his head. "We're a little overrun if you...Notice."

Stiles smirked at how the man pointedly glanced at the crowds. "I need a job, I will do literally anything."

The man smirked. "Anything, huh?"

"Dude, I swear to god, I will mop this floor with a toothbrush if you want me to." His candor seemed to stun the man, given how he'd adopted a rather shocked expression.

"Hm...Well, I can't interview you right now, we're far too busy. Can you come back in a few hours? Our rush normally ends around two."

"I will be here," Stiles promised with a bright grin at the prospects of getting a job.

"Good, see you then."

Stiles left the crowded bakery, his heart oddly filled with hope. He glanced back at the crowd that was demanding service. Might be hectic to work there, but it would totally be worth it if it meant he could support himself and Lunae. He had nowhere in particular to go; he couldn't just bide his time shopping or anything. He had limited funds, and he truly didn't want to leave the place for fear that they might close up before he got inside again.

So, he wandered back to the bench he'd occupied before noticing the place. He sat and watched on as the crowd slowly filed through; it grew longer far before it dwindled. Patron after patron leaving with boxes and bags stuffed with goodies. He glanced across the street to the bank that had a display board; he had two hours to kill. Sighing, he got comfortable and contented himself to wait. This was too good an opportunity to pass up. It was important, no, vital that he become self-sufficient. It wasn't as if he could just turn tail and go home if he failed. There was no going home. If things worked out, this beach town would be home for him and Lunae. It was a pretty place, and he could see the appeal of living here. He was sure that once he had a stable job, he'd enjoy it more, once he had some stability.

Stiles waited, eager to return to be interviewed. He rose at 1:50 and walked over to the shop; its numbers had significantly dwindled in the last hour, and as he entered, only two people stood in line. Stiles patiently waited for them to be served before he approached the man once more. "Hey."

The man smiled. "Welcome back."

Stiles nodded his head. "So what do you need help with?"

"A little of everything to be honest." The man walked around the checkout stand. "Come to my office, we can talk there."

Stiles trailed after the man, going through a small hallway that gave him a glimpse of the kitchen, which no doubt created everything in the shop. He entered a cramped office and sat down when he was offered a chair. "So yeah...I will do anything."

"So you said." The man chuckled. "Though I'll admit, mopping the floor with a toothbrush was a new one."

Stiles smiled and shrugged. "I really need a job."

"Well, what's your work history?"

Well, wasn't that just gonna bite him in the ass. "I helped out my dad at the sheriff's station."

The man frowned. "The sheriff doesn't have a son."

"Oh, no." Stiles shook his head as he held out his hands. "I'm new to town."

"Ah." The man chuckled. "Where do you come from?"

"California."

"Oh, that's a ways away. What brought you to town?"

Stiles smiled despite how it hurt his heart. "Just needed a change of pace."

"Sure...Alright, well, I'm gonna go out on a limb and say that police work is a bit different than bakery work."

Stiles snorted. "I mean, it depends on how many coffee runs you do." The man chuckled once more, and that bolstered him. "But I'm a fast learner, I can pick up anything."

The man nodded his head. "Have you ever baked before?"

Well, shit. Stiles shook his head. "No." The man frowned at that. "But my mom always did, and I watched her all the time; I really can learn this."

Humming, the bakery owner gauged the teen before him carefully. "I'll tell you what. You come in tomorrow, and I'll give you a chance. Just one day of work, I'll pay you for your

labor even if it doesn't work out."

Stiles smiled and nodded. "Great, what time?"

"Five o'clock."

Stiles kept the smile despite fearing how Lunae might rebel at that time frame. "I'll be here."

"Good." The man nodded. "Go around back when you get here; we always come in from the shipping door."

"Sure thing. Uh, anything I need to bring?"

"Just yourself promptly at five."

No problem whatsoever. "Great. I'll be here, I promise."

"Alright, son, I'll see you then."

"Thanks." Stiles rose and left the man's office. He passed the display with all the tempting treats. He promised himself that if he somehow managed to pull this together and land the job, he'd splurge and buy something to celebrate. Leaving the bakery, he took a deep breath of the salty air and said. "We're gonna make this work, Lunae." He left the bakery and headed back towards their temporary home. He'd paid for a week at the hotel, but it was a serious hit to his funds to do so. He'd need this job if he was going to keep having a roof over his head.

He returned to the hotel and quickly dug out his laptop. Sitting cross-legged on the bed, he got connected to the slower than fuck internet that the hotel offered and began to look at listings for apartments. He knew that was far off; he'd probably have to float in shitty motels for a while, but he wanted to get a feel for what he needed to save up for. He looked through various listings, humming as he clicked on one after the other. "They all look good." He was pleased that they seemed well-kept; he'd need someplace safe to have his baby. He scoured the internet for a few things, apartments, other jobs in case this little test at the bakery didn't work out...And then, finally, curiosity.

Stiles swallowed as he stared at the image of himself. The missing persons file was clear as day. His dad was looking for him. He wasn't surprised; it was just natural that his dad would hunt for him. Still, it was rather haunting to see the proof that his family was doing all they could to try to find him. "They probably found the jeep by now." It'd been three days since he left town. What his dad must think, to find that he'd abandoned his mother's jeep. It was probably his one hope in finding him, and Stiles had squashed that.

Now, it was all personal accounts, a rare thing to work out. People went missing for decades without someone identifying them as a missing person. Stiles had no doubt that he could stay hidden in this little beach town without anyone being aware that he was presently a missing person. "Sorry, Dad, I don't mean to worry you. I just can't come home." He shut the laptop lid with a sigh, he set it beside himself, and lay down on his bed. "Tomorrow I will get that fucking job, and I'll save up for an apartment for us, I'll make this work...It won't be easy, I

know that, but I can make it work. I'll bust my ass at that job, make sure they don't regret hiring me. I'll probably have to work right until I pop with you." He joked with a huff of laughter as his hand came down on Lunae. "But if that is what I have to do to make things work, then I'll do it."

He'd do anything to ensure that he and his baby were taken care of. Anything to keep his secret safe. He swallowed as the monster inside him roused. He shook his head. "I'm doing the right thing. They're better off without me; they won't be disgusted with me if they never know what really happened. They can just remember me as I was...Before everything happened. They'll move on, they won't like it, but they'll move on...And once you come, I'll send a photo of you. I'll just send it without a return address and make sure the stamp is a plain one. He won't be able to track me then, and he'll get to see what you look like." Stiles smiled bitterly. "It'll be all they get, but it's better than nothing, seeing as I'm robbing them of knowing you."

The monster stirred more, waking from its slumber as it heard his doubts and fears, his regret at what he'd done. "I know what you're going to say." He told the monster. "And you're right. It's all my fault." He closed his eyes and sighed. "But all I can do is move on from that...All I can do is hope that this will get easier with time." **It won't. You're still a monster. You'll always be a monster. They'd never love you if they knew the truth.** Stiles swallowed against the lump in his throat. "No, they'd hate me." He admitted his darkest fear. "Peter would hate me; he might even hate Lunae." That he wasn't certain of, given how she was conceived, he might be repulsed by her. He hoped he was wrong in that, but he knew he had nothing to worry about there. It wasn't as if Peter would ever know the truth; he'd never meet Lunae.

You're robbing him of knowing her. Stiles nodded his head. "I am. I'm taking something precious from him and Derek." That was unforgivable on its own, never mind all the things that had come before it. He was stealing a pack member from them, one that they'd been looking forward to greeting. He hoped that maybe in time, they could forgive him for running, but he knew it wasn't his place to seek forgiveness. He was past redemption; there was no taking back what he'd done. Before, or now.

He gave a shuddering breath and reached down to fondle the time necklace. "Are you done with me yet, time? Or are you waiting for something else?" He looked down at the amethyst stone, which glimmered in the light. "You must be pleased with how much this hurts, punishing me this way." Stiles dropped the necklace and stared back up at the ceiling. "I'd feel the same way if I could punish someone like me. They'd deserve it just like I do. I can't blame you for wanting to punish me; it's really what I deserved for abusing your gift. I just hope...I just hope you're not disappointed in how I'm trying to make do with the price I'm paying for it. I don't know if you'd be angry that I ran from them, if you find it funny, or just think it's part of my punishment in general. I just hope that you won't be so cruel as to take Lunae from me." Technically, he was outside the normal timeline for having a miscarriage, but he knew those could happen at any time for any reason. He knew accidents happened that caused people to lose their babies, and he feared all the more that time meant to make him fall in love with Lunae and then rip her away from him.

“Please don’t do that. Please don’t take her from me. I’ll do anything you want.” Stiles bit his lip. “Almost anything, I can’t go back, but I’ll do anything else you want me to.” He promised time itself in the shelter of his motel room. It was silent beside his breathing; there was no answer, no hint or clue that he’d been heard. It left him feeling quite drained, but there was nothing to be done for that. Stiles was sure that he’d have many more conversations with time, and all he could do was hope that it was listening.

Chapter 19: Harder than it looks

Chapter Summary

Stiles tries to find employment to take care of himself and Lunae. Peter and the pack continue their search.

Peter growled as they saw how the camera footage showed Stiles walking up to the bus stand to purchase a ticket, only for the camera to suddenly freeze. Then, a moment later, it unfroze, but Stiles was nowhere in sight. He'd frozen time to avoid detection. He'd sneaked his way onto a bus without anyone being aware of where he was going.

"Sorry about that, some of our cameras are old. I can't say what bus he got onto, and our buses don't have cameras aboard them."

Noah sighed and nodded. "Thank you." He turned back towards the wolves and, with a heartbroken tone, said. "There's nothing else we can do. We have to wait for someone to see him."

That wasn't good enough! Peter growled. "He'll freeze time again and leave if someone stops him." He had no doubt about that. If a cop stopped Stiles because they recognized him as a missing person, the teen would run again. He looked at the sheriff with heat in his eyes. "There has to be something else we can do."

Noah shook his head. "He's not leaving a fingerprint, he's using everything he knows about cops against us...And using that necklace to skirt by things that might report his presence." Noah glanced at all the buses they were surrounded by, how daunting it was to know his son had climbed aboard one and gone somewhere farther away. "One of these could have taken him anywhere...He could be halfway across the United States." The wolves growled at him, pointing that out, he shook his head. "We can't do anything more, it's out of our hands."

Peter turned away, anger bright inside his chest at the notion that Stiles was outside of their grasp. That he and Lunae were somewhere that he couldn't follow. He couldn't speak reason to Stiles if he didn't know where he was. Stiles still had months left before he gave birth, but the very idea that he wouldn't be there...That he wouldn't see their pup be brought into the world. That he might not know her, his wolf snarled at the notion that their pup was somewhere out in the world, far outside his grasp.

Derek sighed upon hearing the deplorable news that Stiles had done everything right in avoiding them. The sheriff had nothing else he could do to help them track Stiles. They couldn't follow his scent trail; it had been days, and he'd boarded a bus. It would have been different if he were on foot. Now, however, they had no way of knowing where Stiles was, if

he was safe, or if he was in danger. He clenched his jaw at the notion that Stiles and Lunae were outside of their protection.

His eyes trailed to his uncle; he knew what this was doing to him. No matter how they knew of Lunae, his uncle's wolf was reacting the same way his was. Lunae was pack. Lunae was family; she was a Hale. She belonged to them, and now, she was where they couldn't protect her. His eyes pivoted to the sheriff when the man walked past him, heading back to the jeep, or so he wagered. Sighing, he walked over to his uncle and laid his hand upon his shoulder. "We won't stop looking." Peter met his eyes, and he shook his head. "We'll contact all the packs we know, we'll make our own missing persons bulletin."

Peter huffed, chuckling errantly. "Yes, I suppose that's one way to do it." They knew quite a few packs on this side of the country; there was hope, small though it was, that someone might encounter the teen. He let Derek direct him back towards the Camaro; his heart was heavy with the knowledge that it would be some time before he got the chance to see Stiles again, to see Lunae. He just hoped that they found him before he gave birth to their pup. Deaton's warning that if Lunae were a dark entity, it could feed itself upon Stiles haunted him. He needed to make sure that Stiles was safe, verify that their pup was just a little wolf pup who had somehow been created from magic.

He slid into the Camaro and watched dispassionately as it started and began the long journey back towards Beacon Hills. They were returning to the pack empty-handed, and he didn't wish to see the hurt on the pups' faces when they returned without Stiles, but it was unavoidable. Stiles was missing, and despite their best efforts, they hadn't managed to find him. Peter sighed and closed his eyes as he rested in the passenger side, inwardly praying that Lunae was just a wolf pup and that she and Stiles were safe somewhere. He'd find them, he knew this; he wouldn't relent until he had them back. It was just going to take more time than he or his wolf wanted.

Stiles knocked somewhat nervously on the solid metal door. He waited, then knocked again. He sighed in relief when a woman came to the door. "Hey, I was supposed to work today?"

She smiled brightly. "Come on in, sweetie, we've been expecting you. Eric said he hired you for the day."

"Yeah, thanks." Stiles walked in and said. "I'm Stiles, by the way."

"Marcy, nice to meet you."

Stiles nodded his head before questioning. "So what do you need me to do?"

"Oh, we're prepping today's orders." She waved at the teen to follow her into the kitchen, where large mixers were already churning ingredients, while other workers were rolling out dough. "We've got a lot of work to do. I hope you can keep up."

Stiles was undeterred. "Show me what to do, I'll keep up."

“Well, let's start with something easy.” Marcy drew the teen over to a metal table where some evenly cut pieces of dough were. “We’re making croissants, it’s one of our specialties. Now, you take these little triangles, and put some filling inside them.” She demonstrated by coiling some of the dough into a roll before using a piping bag to squeeze some gooey filling, before she commenced rolling the rest of the croissant. “Just like that.”

Well, that looked easy enough. “Alright.” He smiled. “I can do that.” He got patted on the shoulder.

“Just put them on this tray when you’re done, we’ll put them in the oven after we have a full tray.”

“Sure thing.” Stiles reached out and gently molded the dough into a roll. He grimaced at how squished it looked. Okay, not as easy as it looked. Shit. He grabbed the piping bag and squeezed some filling into the mushed-up dough before setting the piping bag aside to finish mashing the poor dough into a croissant-shaped bundle. It was not pretty. “Fuck me.” Sighing, he set it on the tray and hoped that it might somehow pass inspection. He moved on to the next, gently trying to manipulate the dough to roll in an even fashion. It was not easy; it was anything but easy.

He glanced at the other workers and frowned at how effortless it was for them. How the fuck did he suck at this so much? Shaking his head, he grabbed the piping bag and squeezed filling into it before rolling up the rest of the dough. He set it onto the tray and grimaced at their deplorable appearance. Yeah, he wasn’t gonna get fucking hired with that shit. Determined, he grabbed another and set about trying to improve his skills. He gasped when the piping bag spilled a giant, slopping glob of filling out of the back of it. “Fuck!” He glanced up when he heard laughter. He blushed at the other workers mocking his idiocy.

“Oh, sweetie.” Marcy returned and, with effortless precision, twisted the piping bag at its ends to cut off the flow of filling. “You gotta grab it from the back, like this.”

Stiles nodded, grimacing at the mess he’d made. He watched as Marcy went to wash off her hands, and he looked down at his and decided that he definitely needed to do the same before he botched up more croissants. Once he was clean, he returned to his set task, ever mindful of the piping bag once it was time to fill them. In the end, it looked horrifying, and he was deeply embarrassed by his failure. Sighing, he left it behind and walked over to Marcy. “I’m done, but I’ll warn you now that they’re humunculi.” She laughed and walked over to his station. The frown she wore had him sighing. Yep, he was totally getting fired.

“Hm. Alright.” Marcy glanced at the teen to see the clearly defeated expression on his face. “Come on, let's find something else for you to do.”

Stiles nodded, not arguing that she was clearly choosing to reassign him because he sucked at making croissants. He followed her to another table where row after row of pastries were laid out.

“These have to be topped with berries and powdered sugar.” Marcy showed the little shaker can with powdered sugar and then waved to the trays of sliced fruit. “Just try to make it look appealing.”

Stiles smiled tightly, sure, that was...Possible. He looked at all the offerings before him and then looked at the pastry in question. Alright. Time to not fuck this up. He selected some strawberry slices and delicately laid them on the top of the pastry, humming at how simple it was. He looked at the other fruit and selected some kiwi. He added it around the strawberry and appraised it. Kinda looked neat. Going with it, he grabbed the powdered sugar and sprinkled it on top. Okay, that was done. He wasn't sure if this qualified as good or not, but he set it aside and grabbed another. He picked up some blackberries and dotted them around the pastry before adding a few blueberries, then topped it with powdered sugar. He did what looked nice to him; he wasn't sure if it would pass with flying colors or be another assault on their senses, but he did the best he could. When he'd run out of fruit, he went in search of Marcy, who looked up from where she was kneading dough. "I'm out of fruit."

"Oh, sure thing, honey." Marcy left the dough and led Stiles towards a large walk-in fridge. She pulled out another tray of fruit and handed it to him. "Let's go see how you did."

Stiles forced a smile because he was entirely nervous about how this was gonna go. They walked back over to where he'd been working. He set the tray of fruit down on top of the empty one and glanced at Marcy when she gasped. Oh shit. He'd fucked up again. "Um...My bad?"

Marcy glanced at the teen before pointing at one of the pastries. "That's beautiful."

1. Stiles smiled. "Oh, well, thanks."

"Have you done this before?"

Stiles shook his head. "No, I've never done that before."

"Well, you're quite good at it." Marcy smiled and waved at the other trays of pastries. "Keep up the good work, there's more fruit in the fridge."

"Sure...Uh, thanks." Stiles watched Marcy go back to her station and looked back at the tray of treats he'd finished. He smirked, okay then. He could do this. He went about making pastries that he thought looked pretty. He stared in awe at the table that was covered in the fruit pastries that he'd finished decorating. They were rather nice to look at. He was oddly proud of himself.

"They look gorgeous, honey. Our guests are going to love these."

"Thanks, what else do you need help with?"

Marcy smiled. "Well, I don't know if you're...Up to the challenge."

Stiles' smile wavered. "I'll try anything."

Nodding, Marcy drew Stiles over to a table that had been covered in cinnamon rolls. "They need icing." She showed the tub of icing and the pastry blade. "Think you can manage this?"

Stiles nodded his head. "Yeah, I think so."

“Alright, give it a whirl. I’ll be right back to check on you.”

More like ensure he wasn’t fucking up the pastries, but sure. Stiles picked up the pastry blade and got a liberal scoop of frosting on it before lifting a cinnamon roll. He smooshed the frosting across it, frowning as he had to fight to manipulate it across the circular pastry. He set down the pastry when he was done and grimaced at the mess he’d made. His hands had frosting all over them, and the pastry itself looked like an ogre had drooled on it. “Fuck my life.” He glanced painfully at Marcy when she returned. “I don’t think piping bags or frosting are in my future.” She laughed before waving at the teen to put down the messy pastry knife.

“Alright, let’s see about something else.” She beckoned the teen to follow her and drew him over to a section of a table that had small circular cakes. She glanced at the teen and said. “You seem pretty good at decorating things. Let’s try this.” She pulled over one of the small three-inch cakes and showed the teen how they put a chocolate wafer across it, added some strawberry slices after gently dipping them in chocolate sauce. She grasped a pair of plier-like tongs and picked up a circular golden chocolate to put at the center. She looked back at the teen. “That is the centerpiece, it’s important.”

Stiles nodded his head, assured that they had a way about things that had to be respected. “I’ll do my best.” He was truly worried about dipping the things in chocolate, but he’d give anything a chance if it meant that he could land this job. She patted him on the back before leaving him in charge of such an important thing. He pulled one of the delicious-looking cakes to himself before glancing at the various offerings he had to adorn it with.

He grabbed one of the wafers and placed it down upon the cake, humming. He looked at the other things on the table. He grabbed the small fork she’d used to dip the strawberries and skewered a piece of banana. Dipping it cautiously, he cursed when it fell off the fork and fell solidly into the chocolate. God damn it. He dug it out, hoping that it wouldn’t matter if it was completely covered in chocolate. He gingerly placed it next to the wafer and blinked in surprise at how it kinda looked good.

Humming, he purposefully dropped another piece of banana into the chocolate and went about fishing it out before placing it beside its brother. He smiled, alright, not too hard. He grabbed a slice of strawberry and chose not to dip it, hoping that it would be okay, as he gently layered three pieces of strawberry in a row; they overlapped each other, leaving a trail of bright red fruit. He grabbed the tongs and carefully picked up one of the golden chocolates. He gently placed it at the center of the cake. He tilted his head as he appraised this rather strange creation. He twisted and called out. “Marcy, I think this is okay.” She wandered over to inspect what he’d done. He prayed that she’d be okay with it. The grin she wore gave him hope. “Is it okay?”

“It’s great!” She patted the teen on the back. “The chocolate bananas look great, keep up the good work.”

Alright then. Stiles smiled to himself and went about decorating the other cakes that were stretched out across the expansive table. One by one, he decorated them all, he dipped things in chocolate and white chocolate, layered delicate pieces of fruit, and placed the jeweled chocolate as the centerpiece. When they were all decorated, he appraised his work. Not bad, not bad at all. He twisted and smiled when Marcy returned with a bright grin.

“Oh, these look fantastic.” Marcy glanced at the teen. “You’ve got a good eye for decorating.”

Stiles shrugged. “It just looks good.”

Marcy chuckled. “Alright, well, I do have one piping job that needs to get done, and you really would need to learn this.”

Stiles sighed. Well, there went his hope of pulling this off. He followed the woman to a rack that had layer after layer of trays. She grabbed one of the round pastries and showed him the three different piping bags. She grabbed one and shoved it into the pastry before gently depressing it. She was filling it with something. She smiled when she was done and set it back on a tray.

“Just like that. Now, remember, you keep the end of a piping bag twisted so it can’t explode on you. Just shove the tip into the pastry and gently put some filling in it.”

Stiles nodded his head. “Sure.” He took the piping bag when she handed it to him. Carefully manipulating it into his hand so the end was twisted to prevent it from exploding on him. He picked up a pastry, examined it, and then shoved the metal tip of the piping bag into its center. He squeezed the piping bag a moment before pulling it out. He appraised the pastry and smiled, okay, that wasn’t hard. He set the filled pastry on the tray and grabbed another. He had a feeling that he was meant to make trays with all the various fillings, but he was scared of putting the piping bag down and picking it up again, so he kept using the one in his hand until it was nearly empty. Then, carefully, he set it down and picked up another. He took his time to twist its end, securing it before he went about selecting a pastry. He shoved the metal tip into the pastry, and like the many dozens before it, steadily filled it with the new flavor of filling. He pulled out the piping bag and smiled. Okay, he could do this.

Marcy walked back over to see if the teen had managed the task she’d set before him. She smiled upon finding that the pastries were all still intact and the workstation was only a little messy. “Good work.”

Stiles glanced up from where he was filling a pastry. “Oh, thanks.”

“You did a wonderful job. Well, we’re nearly done, so let’s start putting things in the display case.”

Stiles nodded and quickly put the piping bag down to follow the kind woman. They came into the store section of the building to find that numerous workers were navigating each other and the cases. Stiles swallowed at the rather intimidating sight.

“Now, each pastry has a set place where it belongs. It’s imperative that we don’t get things mixed up because some customers have food allergies.”

Oh fucking fantastic. He could very well kill someone if he fucked this up. “Um...Sure.” He smiled despite feeling a tad queasy at the notion of fucking something like this up. He watched as she took a tray down from a rack and pointed it out. “These are our eclairs.” She

pointed to a shelf in the pastry display, one that was clearly labeled eclairs. “Not all of them will fit, but just fit as many as you can.”

“Sure.” Stiles took the somewhat heavy tray of pastries and then slowly set about filling the display shelf with the tasty morsels. Once he was done, he set the remaining eclairs back on the rack. He turned to find that Marcy was busy. Now what? Did he wait for her to come back? He glanced at the rack, which was overflowing with goodies, and a quick glance at the display case showed it had vacancies. He could only recognize a few items, but it was pretty easy to recognize a cinnamon roll. So, he took them off the rack and gently began to lay them into the display case. He smiled when it quickly filled up with the tasty pastries. He set the remaining on the rack before appraising if he knew anything else. He sadly didn’t. He looked over and called out. “Marcy, I don’t know what these other pastries are.” She came over with a kind smile.

“Alright, let’s go over these.” She pointed to the rack. “These are our dessert tarts; they come in three flavors. Strawberry, raspberry, and blackberry.” She picked one up and twisted it a bit to show a little dollop of filling on the back. “The color of the filling tells you what flavor it is. Strawberry is a lighter red than the raspberry, and blackberry is just black.”

Stiles nodded his head as he watched her place the pastry in the case before she pointed to another shelf on the rack.

“These are our parfaits; it’s a thing that we only carry on Fridays, so it’s in high demand. There’s lemon and strawberry, obviously, the colors show you which.”

That was easy enough to distinguish, given that the layers of cake and creamy filling showed their colors quite clearly. “Sure.” He watched her place one into the display case before she pulled back to point out another item on the rack.

“These are our turnovers, just like the others. The filling color shows you what kind it is. We’ve got quite the selection.”

Yeah they did, there were so many colors. Stiles smiled as the woman picked up a lemon-filled one and placed it into the display case. “They all look amazing.”

“Thanks, we’re rather proud of it. Well, you recognize these, I’m sure.” She pointed to the two different fruit desserts that Stiles had decorated. “Our chocolate mouse cake goes on the bottom row of the display case, and the fruit tart goes near the top.”

Stiles nodded along and was a little wary as she told him to put things where they belonged. Okay, no fucking pressure there. He started at the top, taking tray after tray of pastry and placing them where their labels stated they should go. He prayed inwardly that he didn’t fuck this up, but he thought he was doing the right thing. It took time, and it was when he was nearly done that he happened to look up to balk at the sight of all the people waiting outside. He smiled; they were waiting for all of this. He quickly finished up what he was doing, relieved when Marcy came and double checked a few things to ensure that he didn’t accidentally poison people with allergies.

“Good work.” Marcy smiled at the teen. “Well, we’re about to open, so all that’s left for the kitchen staff is to clean up and do a little prep work for tomorrow. Come on, I’ll show you what to do.”

Stiles blew out a long breath. Okay, cleaning he could definitely do. It always fell to him to clean the house, and cleaning a kitchen was a normal part of that. Oh, how terribly wrong he was. He watched as she pointed out all the large mixers that needed to be cleaned. The many trays that needed to be washed, the kitchen implements, and the dastardly showed him how to fill a piping bag so that tomorrow the piping bags would be full and ready to be used. Dear Lord, there was so much to do. Still, undeterred if not a little amazed at all that went into owning a bakery, he set about helping the other workers to clean up and prepare for tomorrow's labor.

It took hours, but when it was done, he was amazed at how put-together the kitchen looked. He could hear the chaos going on in the bakery from all the people buying things. It made him smile to know that they were pleased at least some, in part, by what he’d done. He twisted around when he heard his name. Marcy smiled and waved him over to her. He walked over and sighed when she said.

“Eric wants to see you in his office.”

“Sure...Thanks.” Stiles resignedly headed for the man's office, unsure what kind of reception he’d receive. The man was waiting for him, and he quickly took a seat when he was offered one. “Hey.”

“So I heard how your morning went. Promptly on time.” Eric smiled. “I appreciate that, but I cannot do frosting, croissants, and piping bags are a bit above your pay grade.”

Stiles ducked his head. “Yeah.”

“Also heard that you designed some beautiful cakes and tarts. Marcy was really impressive with your eye for them, and I went and took a peek at your work.” Eric appraised the teen before him and said. “We need someone who’s here five days a week, working shifts from five am to two pm. They need to know how to make all the things in our cabinet, use all the implements to make them.”

“Right...Yeah, sorry.” Stiles muttered, God, he was an idiot to think that this was going to work out.

“I think we’ll call the frosting and piping bag a work in progress and start you off small. Get you to design our tarts and cakes, and teach you how to make them. Practice working on croissants. Marcy said you cleaned like the best of them, and only stumbled a little with using the display case. I think you’ll work out just fine.”

Stiles’ head jerked upwards in shock. “You’re hiring me?”

“I am.”

Stiles laughed and said. “That’s fantastic!” Eric chuckled in return. “You don’t know how much this means to me. I promise you won’t regret this.”

“Keep doing the kind of work today, minus the piping bags, frosting, and croissants, and we’ll get along just fine. I expect you back here tomorrow bright and early at 5 am.”

“Yes, sir.” Stiles’ eyes widened when the man pulled out some cash and offered it to him. He frowned. “What’s this-”

“For today’s wages, it’ll take a few days to get you added to the system and all, so until that’s sorted, I’ll just pay you in cash.”

Cash worked. It worked the best. “Cash actually works out the best for me.” He admitted shyly. “I don’t have a bank account.” Eric seemed surprised, and Stiles bit his lip and muttered. “It’s a long story, but if you don’t mind, I’d like to be paid in cash.”

“Hm...Not something we normally do, I couldn’t pay you, every day son.”

“I know, that’s fine.” Stiles smiled. “But when you can, please can we keep it to cash?”

Eric nodded his head. “Alright, we’ll work out a pay schedule that works for both of us. Your only job now is to show up tomorrow and keep working hard.”

“I promise, you won’t be disappointed.” Stiles went on to joke. “And I honestly don’t think I can do worse than what I did to the croissants.” Eric laughed. He shrugged. “I’m sure I’ll pick it up eventually.”

“I’m sure you will, well, have a good day, and we’ll see you tomorrow.”

Stiles nodded, and with an uplifted heart, he made his way back through the kitchen and through the loading bay door. He stepped out into the crisp sea air and smiled. He glanced down at his t-shirt-covered belly and said. “I told you we could make this work.”

“No, thank you,” Peter stated into the phone. “Of course, my thanks.” He sighed as he ended the call. He shook his head at Derek, his nephew growled upon hearing that the initial lead they thought they’d had turned out to be nothing. “I texted him a picture of Stiles, but it didn’t match.”

“Damn it.” Derek scowled down at the floor. They’d thought they had a lead with the pack in Canada, but now they had nothing. They’d spread the word through the packs they knew they could trust with such important information. A pack mate was missing, and that was a siren call to wolves. If Stiles ever crossed paths with a wolf who knew of him, they’d report it back to them. It was just that it had the same likelihood of a stranger spotting Stiles and seeing the news bulletin the sheriff put out. It had gotten them nowhere thus far.

Peter stared down at his phone; his hand was clutching it tightly, but he was careful not to accidentally break it. He’d already broken one that first week when Stiles was missing. His frustration mounted day after day as the teen remained out of their reach. Now, so long after,

his frustration was a tired thing. He still longed, was desperate to find Stiles and Lunae, but they'd gotten nowhere despite their best efforts. Hell, Scott and Isaac had even traveled down California towards a beach that Scott remembered them going to when they were kids in the vain hope that maybe Stiles had double-backed and gone there because of his familiarity with it. They'd returned disappointed. Despite it not being needed to be spoken aloud, that they both knew how long it had been, he muttered. "He's six months along now."

Derek growled. "I know." He'd been missing for two fucking months, and they'd found no trace of him. Stiles had made no efforts to contact them or his father; he'd just...Disappeared. Vanished without a trace due to his usage of the time necklace and the lead it gave him over them. He could be anywhere now, literally anywhere. He might not even be in the United States. There was no telling how far he went to try to avoid them finding him. His eyes swept over to his uncle, who wore a tense scowl. He knew what this was doing to him, how it was eating at him.

Deaton had done some research on dark entities, ones that had to be born at least. It had helped ease their fears; the dark things Deaton had found were so rare that even the druid felt it was impossible that Stiles carried such a creature inside him. He promised to ensure that was the case once they found Stiles, but now the pack had come to terms that somehow magic played a role in Lunae being conceived. It wasn't dark magic, just magic that had somehow created the pup that they'd all fallen in love with. A pup that they were missing in sharing its growth, in the joy that its life brought to them.

Peter sighed, leaning back in his chair, and he stared up at the ceiling, muttering just between the two of them. "I got to thinking the other night...Trying to recall what Stiles favored." He smirked. "He asked my opinion on names multiple times."

"He was aware that you were Lunae's father; he was trying to include you." Derek surmised when his uncle brought up a new conversation.

"Oh, entirely is my guess. Still, I tried to recall what names we discussed most. What he might choose to name her for real." Peter looked down at his nephew, who was frowning at him. "I had a good chuckle when I remembered how I'd stoutly told him that he wasn't allowed to name his pup Selene."

Derek smirked. "He wanted to name her Selene?"

"He found it attractive."

Derek huffed and shook his head. "What'd he say when you told him no?"

"He gave me this most frustrated look, and now, I can't help but consider that he took the weight of my no more than he should have if the pup wasn't mine." Derek hummed in return. "Oh, and he stated on more than one occasion that certain names were just off the table by principle alone."

Derek snorted. "Like what?"

Peter smiled and told his nephew. “Kate.” His nephew growled. “As Stiles so eloquently put it, fuck that bitch.” Derek gave a bark of laughter. “Aside from that, he informed me that Samantha was off the table because the only Samantha he’d ever met was a raging bitch.”

Derek chuckled at Stiles’ stark opinions on names. “Is that all?”

“Oh, he loathed it when Erica suggested Eve.” His nephew frowned and tilted his head. “I don’t know.” He shrugged. “I just know that he got visibly upset by it.”

“Huh. Strange.” Derek knew he’d tread on dangerous ground, but he asked. “What name did you like?”

Peter smiled softly at the curious question. “I had a few that were...Rather charming to me. Stiles said he wanted to honor his mother, but that his mother's name was far too outdated for Lunae. So I suggested Chloe. He liked that one, and I do think that’s a good name...Though I’m unsure if I would love it more or less if I applied it to our pup.”

“You think of her as Lunae.”

Peter nodded his head. “Yes, it’s all I’ve known her as. I didn’t know she was mine until Stiles ran. It’s rather hard to wrap my brain around the whole thing even now. I realize that Stiles most likely isn’t going to have that be her name, but until I see otherwise, that is what my pup is named.” Derek nodded in reply to what he’d said. “I just hope they’re safe, wherever they are.” Peter sighed and shook his head. “They should be with us, safe with the pack.”

Derek growled lowly. “They should. We’ll find him, Peter.” He saw how his uncle hesitated to believe him; he knew, as time went on, it was harder for his uncle to face the possibility that they might not find Stiles before Lunae was born. They only had a few months before that happened, and they were desperate to find him before he was so vulnerable on his own.

Peter nodded his head, though the hope of that was growing hard to achieve. It had already been two months since Stiles had left them, since he’d fled for some unknown reason. If Lunae truly wasn’t a dark creature, then why would Stiles run? It made no sense, no matter how he looked at it. Stiles had no reason to run from them, if it wasn’t a dark entity seeing him act in its best interest, if it wasn’t a hex or spell...Then why would he leave the pack, leave Peter all because they’d learned Lunae belonged to him? He frowned at the question that haunted him the most. Why was his learning that Lunae was his so scary to Stiles? Was he afraid that Peter would somehow blame him for whatever magic had caused her creation? Afraid of his reaction that Stiles had lied the whole time? He didn’t truly care that Stiles had lied; he knew the teen had felt pressured by something. Magic or otherwise, but he wanted to see the teen, to see Lunae again. To share in the beauty of her birth and welcome her into the pack. Peter smiled faintly; he could imagine just how large Stiles’ belly would have grown with their pup, swelling with the life that was growing inside him. It was a handsome thought, something that he held onto in this time of great uncertainty.

Chapter 20: Not so far after all

Chapter Summary

Peter gets a very important phone call, and Stiles gets a promising task from the bakery.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the long delay folks, I hope this chapter makes up for the wait. We're getting closer and closer to the end of this story, enjoy.

Stiles huffed as he walked past Martin to place another tray on the rack. He gave a passing glance to the newest recruit of the bakery; it oddly made him proud to know that he'd never sucked as badly as Martin did. He rolled his eyes at the man's blunders and returned to his own work. He came back to the chocolate mouse cakes, and with nimble fingers who had practiced this for months now set about decorating them so their guests would delight in them.

He shifted and smirked when his growing belly bumped the table. Lunae had grown quite a bit in the last two months, and he treasured being able to stare at the bump as it had grown. He'd kept his pregnancy a secret from the bakery for as long as he could, fearful that they might fire him if he made them aware that he was pregnant. Marcy had discovered it first when he'd inadvertently revealed his stomach when he'd reached up to grab some more powdered sugar early one morning.

Both Marcy and Eric had been understanding and had promised him that his job wasn't in jeopardy just because he had a baby on the way. He could tell that they wanted to know more, that he kept so many secrets, or rather, that he didn't share himself with others as openly as those around him. He answered what he could and let the noose and monster have their way. He'd let slip that his baby's nickname was Lunae, and much to his surprise, everyone had rallied towards fawning over his baby.

It wasn't the same as what he had in the pack, nothing ever would be, but he did feel welcome here. Thankfully, Eric kept to his word, and they worked out a payment plan that allowed him to be paid in cash. The kind man had only asked once if there was something untoward happening in his life. Stiles had easily reassured him that he wasn't some criminal on the run; he just had family issues and was afraid of being found if he used a bank account. That had stumped the man for a moment before he had just nodded and accepted it. It wasn't spoken of anymore. Everyone accepted him as he was, secrets and all.

Stiles pulled back and smiled when the cakes were fully decorated. He set about loading them onto trays on a rack. Each perfect creation was loaded and prepared to be placed in the display case later that morning. A loud crash had him jumping; he twisted and sighed upon finding that Martin had somehow managed to upend an entire tray of cherry tarts, sending the precious pastries everywhere. Stiles shook his head at that and watched as a haggard Marcy went to deal with it. Honestly, despite them needing the help, he wondered why they allowed the bumbling man to continue working there. Stiles did all he could to ensure that he helped pick up the slack; he loved this place, and he didn't want to see it suffer because someone else took it for granted.

Stiles paused in loading a cake when he smiled. He set the cake where it belonged before reaching down with a powder sugar-covered hand to embrace his baby, who kicked. "Hush now, it's too early for you to be awake." Lunae kicked him again, regardless, making him chuckle. "Fine, be rebellious." He returned to what he was doing, assured that he could play with his baby later. He loaded up the rest of the cakes and appraised his work with pride; he was good at this. He'd never thought that he'd find some pleasure in this; it had all been about guaranteeing a future for him and Lunae, but it hadn't taken him long to fall in love with it.

He twisted and walked over to Marcy, who had somehow managed to contain the mess of Martin's folly. He leaned against her as she kneaded some dough. "So...Can I?" She sent him an impish grin. Stiles grinned in return. "Chocolate mouse cakes are all decorated and shelved. I've finished my other assignments, so...Unless you have something else in mind." He hedged, gaining a small chuckle.

"Alright, you've got half an hour."

Stiles grinned and tore away from her. He quickly set about taking over one of the large mixers. He dumped ingredient after ingredient into the mixer. He knew this concoction by heart now. It was something he'd been experimenting with for the last four weeks, and he was just waiting to get final approval to actually put it in the display case. He anxiously awaited the mixture to be fully incorporated before, with a mighty groan, he lifted the lump of dough onto a tray and carried it to a clean table. He flopped it down and began to cut it into small squares.

Once the entire lump of dough was divided up into equal sections, he set about manipulating them until they were perfect in his eyes. The chocolate-laden dough ready for the next step. He walked over and picked up a piping bag of raspberry preserves, and one by one began to fill the little squares with tasty filling. He filled them all onto a baking sheet and loaded them into an oven with a set timer. He stood back and waited; he was eager to finish them in time for their opening to see if Marcy wouldn't let him sneak them onto the display. He smiled brightly when it was time to take them out.

He pulled them out with heavy oven mitts and carried them over to a table where he carefully loaded each beautiful pastry onto a set plate. He adorned them with raspberries after letting them cool for a few minutes. He did a dash of powdered sugar before taking another piping bag with heavy creamy frosting. He left a dollop at the center and placed one of the bakery's jewel centerpieces at the center. He stepped back and appraised the beautiful dessert. Perfect.

He set about finishing off all of them in the limited batch before he picked up a single one and marched over to Marcy and flared it in front of her face. “Ta-da!”

Marcy laughed and took the plate. She appraised the dessert being offered to her. Humming, she lifted the pastry to see if it was fully cooked on the bottom, nodding, she spared a glance at Stiles before she bit into it.

Stiles watched as she sampled his creation. He grinned when she made a noise upon tasting the filling. “Well?” He watched her chew and swallow the bite before she gave him an appraising look.

“How many?”

“Twenty-eight.”

Nodding, Marcy looked at the pastry that was sitting primly on the plate Stiles had put it on. She nodded and looked at Stiles. “Put them in the case.”

“YES!” Stiles gleefully ran to do that as Marcy laughed behind him. He was careful with each one, aware that a limited-run item would sell out fast. He went to the front of the shop and quickly made a label for them, sliding it into the front of the display case before he set each pastry into place on the shelf. He stared at them with a smile. “Fucking fantastic.” He twisted when a rack was rolled in, ready to be placed in the display case. He didn’t doddle in how he began to offload the regular desserts they offered.

Once everything was put in place, he step back to smile, pleased with that day's work. He walked back into the back of the shop, and people were already cleaning up. He set about his tasks, ensuring all the areas where he worked were spotless, cleaned the mixer he’d used for his pastry, and refilled pastry bags in preparation for tomorrow. Once he’d ensured that everything was as it should be, he jogged his way to Eric’s office, and he peeked his head in and smiled. “There’s a new limited batch in the case.” Eric’s head jerked upright.

“You made something?”

Stiles grinned cheekily. “Maybe.” He laughed when Eric rose and passed him by with ease. He trailed after his boss and watched on in amusement as he ducked under the counter to get to the display case. He nodded when the man pulled out a plate with one of his creations and pointed at it.

“Alright, what filling?” Eric appraised the creation.

“Raspberry.”

Eric nodded and gingerly took a bite of the confection. He moaned at the sweet burst of their raspberry preserves hitting his tongue alongside the chocolaty dough, powdered sugar, and frosting. It wasn’t overly sweet despite these things, no, the chocolate tamed it quite well. He chewed, swallowed, and gave his worker a thorough expression. “What have I told you? You’re not allowed to make this shit. I cannot afford to get fat.”

Stiles laughed at the man's false irritation. "Sorry-sorry." It wasn't his fault that he'd picked up baking, gotten rather addicted to it, and then started experimenting with things. "So you like it?"

Eric nodded after he swallowed another bite. "Tomorrow, I want some of those lemon creme puffs you've made."

"Sure." Stiles smiled brightly at the man's decree that he needed to make a special dessert. It was strange to find so much joy in something so simple, but he never took such things for granted anymore. "Well, I'm all cleaned up, so I'm gonna head out."

"Ah, paychecks in the envelope in my office."

"Sure, thanks." Stiles made his way back to the man's office and found the stealthily hidden envelope. He smiled at it, the cash that would get him through the next week. It wasn't ideal to work week to week, waiting for smaller amounts of cash, but it's what worked, so he made do. Leaving the bakery for the afternoon, he made his way down the busy streets of the coastal town to his apartment. It was just a studio, small, cramped, but his. He stopped by the leasing office and sacrificed seventy-five percent of his paycheck to ensure that it remained his. The surely old woman who ran the place always double checked the bills despite his never stiffing her. Once that was completed, he made his way up the flight of stairs to his apartment, digging out his keys, he entered it and sighed.

Safe at home, another day at work over, and the bright, bubbly sensation of having done something worthwhile soaring through him. He locked his front door and wandered deeper. He grabbed his kettle and set it on the stove. Digging through his cupboard, he smiled, if a bit sadly, at the lemon tea. He set it aside and waited for the water to boil. He put a tea bag into a mug and poured the hot water over it. Taking the hot beverage with him, he wandered to his sliding door and opened it.

The salty tang of the ocean crept in with ease, and he went out onto the narrow balcony to sit in the single chair he had out. Cradling his tea, he enjoyed the salty tang of the air and watched the neighborhood. He wasn't well off enough to afford one of the higher units that actually had a view of the ocean, but smelling it was free, so he delighted in it. Blowing on his tea, Stiles took a tentative sip and hummed at the flavor that he'd grown quite attached to since his pregnancy began.

Now, it did more than soothe Lunae when she grew upset; it reminded him of a time before here. One that he did his best not to linger upon anymore. The monster in his head still dwelt there, still chomped at the bit to remind him of his crimes...But slowly, he'd raised his defences as he found worth in this new life he'd carved for himself. His hand went down to his swollen belly. "What a day, huh, baby?" He smiled to himself and sat back to enjoy his tea. He'd get up and make himself something to eat in a moment; for now, he'd just sit and enjoy the distant sound of the ocean.

Peter frowned when his phone went off. He'd only just left the pack, so it was rather odd that someone would be calling him. Still, he answered. "Hello?"

“This Alpha Peter Hale?”

Peter’s eyes narrowed at the question. “Who’s asking?”

There was a growl before the gruff man snapped. “Cut the bullshit, look, I think I found your missing beta.”

Peter’s eyes widened at the promise in those words; he scrambled to reply. “Who are you? Where are you?”

“Just passing through, but I heard the rumors about your missing pack mate from the Florence pack. I’m in Lincoln City at the moment, pretty sure I saw him.”

Peter grinned in a feral manner at the news. “I’ll text you his picture, one moment.” He quickly set about sending a text to the number that the man was calling him from. He put the phone to his ear and waited.

“Hm. Yeah...Well, he’s not that skinny anymore.” The wolf chuckled. “He’s quite pregnant, so have fun with that.”

“He was already pregnant when he left us.” Peter drolled in a bored tone to the wolf, assuming that he’d be angry at Stiles being pregnant. “Lincoln City then?”

“Yeah, saw your boy at a bakery in town.”

“A bakery?”

“Mmhmm, he works there.”

Peter smirked, oh how delicious. “My thanks for this.”

“Eh, just seeing something returned to where it belongs...Though I’m quite curious as to why he abandoned your pack if you’re hunting for him.”

Peter replied in ease. “He’s ashamed of the pup in his belly; he feared that we’d outcast him for it, so he ran.”

“Ah, well, yeah, that would do it. Well, he seems healthy, good luck.”

Peter hummed as the line went dead. “Oh, darling.” He grinned as he rose; he knew he should contact Derek. That he should rally the pack, but his eagerness to get to Stiles. To see for himself that the teen was well, that Lunae was safe, having grown inside him. No, he had to leave NOW. He knew Derek would be angry with him, the pups as well, but he needed to see this through.

It was a long drive to Lincoln City, but he could make it there in one day if he was quick about it. He had one thing going for him; the other wolf hadn’t revealed themselves to Stiles. The boy had no idea that Peter knew where he was, and Peter could use that to his advantage. He all but ran out of his apartment, jogging down the stairs rather than taking the elevator to

get to his challenger. He didn't care how many speeding tickets he got; he was going to go and collect his missing Pack mate, to collect his pup.

His challenger roared in fury as he flared the pedal down and shot off out of the parking lot and into the side road that he could branch into the main stretch of road that would lead him to the highway. "I'm coming, pet." All he had to be sure of was that he didn't give Stiles a chance to use the time necklace against him. His eyes narrowed; he'd have one chance, just one. He had to ensure that if the boy was wearing it, he ripped it free of him before he could activate it. Then, they were going to have a very long talk about things before he dragged Stiles back home where he belonged.

Stiles shoved the rack of pastries into the corner; they were all set to be loaded into the display case as needed. He twisted about upon hearing Marcy lecture Marvin yet again about how to handle the newly made dough. Rolling his eyes, Stiles wandered away from that chaos and to his own little sliver of nirvana. He took pride in what he did, in making delicious things that people adored. He was solely in charge of the chocolate mouse cakes now, both Eric and Marcy deciding that his decoration of them was what saw them sold out every day.

He'd blushed quite a lot when the pair had admitted that to him, so he did his best to make sure not to disappoint them. He'd taken to making scones, finding that he was quite adept at it after he'd attempted to make them at his apartment. He'd brought in a sampling for his boss and the other workers, and now it was something that was a special item sold only on Sundays. It had bolstered their popularity in town, and today was the day that he was adding a new one.

Stiles smiled as he threw the ingredients into the large mixer. He set it to mix all the ingredients together before walking over to prep his workstation. He'd need a few things to ensure the scones came out properly, and more importantly, were flavorful. It took time, a lot of effort, but it always paid off. While the dough was mixing, he set a double boiler on the stove and threw in a whole bag of cranberries into the pot. He added some sugar and just a tiny bit of butter before he carefully whisked the concoction until it had boiled down into a rich burgundy syrup. He stirred it repeatedly before setting it on the lowest setting to ensure that it stayed primed for his purpose.

He returned to his dough and gathered it onto a large baking sheet. Carrying it over to one of their oversized tables, he stretched it out and went about piecing it out into perfect portions of the scones. He dusted them with flour and a small coating of butter to see them brown well and put them into the oven before returning to his sauce. He cooked it down so it would thicken, becoming a luxurious mixture that he was sure would tantalize their guests that day. He waited patiently for the scones to come out of the oven, taking them out when they were perfectly baked. He set them to cool while he walked over to retrieve his sauce.

He carefully brought the pan over to his workstation and, after grabbing a spoon, delved it into the rich burgundy liquid. Raising the spoon up to catch all it could, he drew it over to a single scone and drizzled the dark red syrup across the pastry. It painted it in stripes that, in only a moment, would solidify and leave a tasty afterglow of its fragrant taste. Stiles smiled

as he went about finishing his scones, decorating them in the cranberry syrup before topping them off with a small shake of powdered sugar.

He stared at the bounty before him and nodded. They were perfect. He twisted, having picked up a single one, and with a grin said. "So...I did something new." He laughed when everyone rushed over, demanding to try it. He happily shared his concoction with them, and based on the overwhelming amount of moans, it had turned out well. Eric glared at him, but he knew it wasn't anger; it was the same glare he gave whenever Stiles made something that was too good for him to avoid eating. "Sorry." The man huffed as he walked away. Stiles chose not to comment on how he snatched up a scone on his way past.

Snickering, he went about plating all the scones individually, so they'd be prepared to be sold. He took them to the front of the store and made a label before carefully feeding them into the display case. He left the backup rack of them behind the display case, assured that they'd be sold out before noon. Hell, probably by nine o'clock. Scone day had grown quite popular, and although his scones weren't the only ones featured, Stiles had to admit that his sold out first. An odd pride he had whenever he made something new that did well for the bakery. He watched with a smile as Marcy brought out some blueberry scones to add to their special for the day. "Smells good."

Marcy smiled and leaned over to whisper a secret. "I may, or may not have left something for you by the blender."

Stiles smiled and tore away from the woman, blatantly ignoring her laughter at his haste. He found the little hidden treat tucked behind the blender, the little sneaky hiding place that Marcy used to share things with him exclusively. It was probably wrong that she favored him to some degree, but he liked to think that part of that was because he made good desserts for her shop. He scooped up the blueberry scone that had been liberally drizzled with lemon frosting. He groaned in pleasure at the first bite. He didn't buy things from the shop, and everyone knew that.

He couldn't really afford to be wasting money on dessert when he had a baby on the way, but Marcy tended to leave him little treats here or there as some kind of reward for all his hard work. He savored the scone, every bite just as good as the last until it was sadly gone. He wiped his hands off on his apron, his hand stroking down the dome of Lunae. "Was pretty good, wasn't it?" He smiled as he talked to his baby. "When you can actually eat these things, I promise I'll make some for you." He was looking forward to sharing things with Lunae.

"Hey, Stiles."

Stiles glanced towards where his name was called to find Eric peeking his head into the kitchen. "Yeah?"

"Come here a second."

Nodding, Stiles made his way into the man's office and took a seat as the man directed him to. "What's up?"

"Well, aside me hating you for making my waistline worse."

Stiles laughed. “Uh-huh.”

“I wanted to pay you and ask if you could come up with something special. The mayor is having a big gala in a month, and we could really use something special, seeing as he’s hiring us to cater.”

“Oh.” Stiles flushed brightly. “Y-You want me to design something to serve the mayor?” Eric smiled and nodded. “Are you sure?”

Erica huffed and waved towards where the front of the shop was. “Your scones are about to be sold out in under an hour, Stiles. Your chocolate mouse cake doesn’t make it till noon, and whenever I give you the leeway to make other stuff, it goes just as fast. You’re talented kid, so yeah, I want you to design something special for the mayor’s gala.”

Stiles smiled, quite happy to hear the man’s praise of his work. “Alright...Um, flavors?”

Eric shook his head. “He doesn’t care what we do; it’s totally up to you.”

Well, that was rather tempting. “Anything that’s off limits? Food allergies or anything?”

“Hm. No.” Eric shook his head. “He’s more of an eat it if you like it and don’t bitch if you die sort of man. He doesn’t bother with explaining what’s on his menu. Don’t worry about it, the way I figure it, they’ll die happy if they get one of your desserts.”

Stiles snorted. “Yeah, well, as nice as that is in theory, I’d rather not have a murder charge against me. Dad kinda drove home how ill-advised that was.”

Erica laughed at the teen’s retelling. “I’m sure he did. Well, come up with something that you think will wow the socks off of those hoity toity government officials.”

Stiles smiled. “Sure thing. When do I need to have it done by?”

“As soon as possible. This weekend, when the whole staff is on, would be great, not sure if that is doable or not. We need the recipe and a demonstration so the rest of the crew can make them.”

Stiles nodded his head, a tight deadline to make something special, but he was up to the challenge. “Alright, I’ll do my best.”

“Trust me, you’ll do fine. You’ve never let me down.”

Stiles smiled, quite happy to hear that. “Thanks.” He got up and then laughed as the man tossed him an envelope. He smiled and nodded at his paycheck. Stashing it into his apron, he left Eric’s office and went back into the kitchen to finish cleaning up things. Once he was doubly sure that he’d left his section as spic and span as one could in an industrial kitchen, he hung up his apron and went to take off for the day.

He paused and glanced back at the kitchen, where the other workers were tidying up and prepping for the next day. He smiled; it felt rather like home to him now. He ducked out the back door and began the slow walk towards his apartment. It was going to be a cold day in

hell before he could afford a car, and if he did, it would have to be some beater that he paid cash for. No, he was likely going to be walking everywhere for the foreseeable future. He glanced down at his belly, it was only getting bigger as time went on, and he did truly fear just how large he'd grown with Lunae. "Babe, you're gonna make me look like a beached whale by the end of this." He smiled good-naturedly as he spoke to his baby while walking home. "But that's okay, I can forgive you."

He looked up and gave a small wave to one of his neighbors. The man nodded his head to him as he put out his trash can. He came to the bottom of the stairs and sighed. "And somehow I fear these will grow more like Mount Everest the longer you're in me." Shaking his head, he grabbed the railing and made the short trip up the stairs. The teen fished out his keys and unlocked his door. Stepping inside, he shut and locked the door before sighing. He twisted about and headed into the living room/ bedroom. He climbed onto his bed with a groan, kicking off his shoes in haste before falling to lie on his back.

"Ugh, long day, but a good one." Stiles smiled. It wasn't every day that you were told to make a custom dessert for the mayor. He hummed, what to make. He sprang upward and twisted about, rummaging through the basket on the side of his bed until he lifted his laptop onto his burgeoning belly. "Time to do a bit of research." He grinned as he began to type in various keywords to see if something might trigger inspiration when it came to creating things in the kitchen. He hummed and hawed over many things, frowning at the complex and marveling at how the simple could be so elegant. He had to do this right; he couldn't let Eric and Marcy down. He snatched up the notepad he kept next to his bed and began quickly scribbling down ingredients and the base recipe before him. He'd expand on it, of course, but one had to learn the basics before one dabbled in expanding on things. He was entirely absorbed in his project, happy, content, and safe inside his apartment.

Peter's eyes narrowed, and he stayed secluded, quiet. He knew the teen had no clue that he was there; he'd been ignorant of how close Peter had gotten to him. He'd kept his distance, choosing to watch him from afar for a bit. If he was going to catch Stiles off guard, then he'd need to know his patterns, but now, at least, he knew where he lived.

It had taken a day to hunt down the bakery Stiles worked at; he hadn't seen the teen there the first day and had thought it was another bakery across town. He'd been a little less than stealthy when he'd approached a smoking worker and inquired about whether or not a pregnant man worked there. He hadn't revealed his name, nor why he was asking, the bored man had shaken his head and muttered that they had nobody there who was pregnant. So, he'd been forced to return to the first bakery.

He'd been quite shocked to find that the alarming line he'd seen before had grown worse by the time he'd returned today. He'd dared not to enter it, afraid that Stiles might catch sight of him if he was working. He stayed across the street and observed things through the windows, waiting to catch sight of the teen if he was working. It had been luck that he'd turned his head away from a blaring car horn to see Stiles walking away from the back of the building. He'd been frozen, captivated to see the teen once more. It had taken him a moment to gather himself enough to follow.

He'd abandoned his challenger on the side of the road to tail the teen on foot, wanting to ensure that he wasn't caught while also figuring out where Stiles went in his day-to-day life. He'd stalked many people, most of whom he killed, but this was something all the more important than any of that. Seeing the captivating form of the teen after two and a half months, it was enthralling. Stiles' belly had certainly grown with Lunae, their pup growing enough that the teens' billowy t-shirts couldn't hide the proof of his pregnancy. It was a dark attraction he now had, the notion that Stiles carried his pup. It was something of a dark fantasy of his, but through some twist of fate, it was real.

He'd trailed the teen all the way to a rather drab-looking apartment complex, and he'd watch him go up a flight of stairs to an apartment in the corner. The wolf, taking in that there were no cameras about, good, it would make what he had to do the next time Stiles went out all the easier. He'd quickly returned to his car and backtracked, parking down the street from Stiles' apartment complex, further down so he wouldn't be spotted as he was in the opposite direction from the teens' path to his workplace. He was quite interested in the bakery that Stiles apparently worked at, curious to know what the teen did for them. Given how popular they were, they had to be quite good at their craft. He wasn't sure what had brought about Stiles working for them, but he hoped the teen hadn't struggled for doing so. He knew that come tomorrow, it wouldn't matter; he was going to see Stiles. He was going to break that fucking time necklace and bring the teen and their pup back home to the pack.

Peter hummed thoughtfully when he felt and heard his phone go off. He dug it out of his pocket and saw that it was Derek. He contemplated ignoring it, but ultimately answered it. "Nephew."

"So this is going to be a great one for you."

Peter smirked at the drawn-out tone his nephew was using. "Oh? Do tell."

"Isaac and Scott went into the preserve, don't ask me why, I don't fucking know."

Peter chuckled at the clear irritation in his nephew's tone. "Alright."

"And while doing this mystery activity managed to somehow not only disturb a giant wasp nest, but also, in their idiotic attempt to avoid said wasps, fall into a fucking ravine! Isaac broke his leg! I had to go out there and retrieve the two idiots, and they're still not fessing up to what they were doing out there."

Peter laughed loudly upon hearing the absolute rage in his nephew's voice as he recanted what he'd been forced to deal with for their pack. "I-I see...And how are the pups now?"

"Healing. Well, Scott's fine, the wasps' stings weren't an issue. Isaac, however, is still mending that broken leg."

"Hm. How amusing."

"I'm not fucking amused," Derek growled. "I want you to come over here and make them spill their guts as to why they broke our rule of being in the preserve. All they keep doing with me is giving me that kicked puppy look; they won't do that with you."

“Only because I don’t buy it.” Peter countered with a chuckle. “They know you’re soft.” The growl was very real, but he didn’t take back what he’d said. “Regardless, I can’t be of assistance at the moment.”

“Why not?”

Peter’s eyes glanced in the direction of Stiles’ apartment. “I’m not in Beacon Hills at the moment.”

“Where the fuck are you?”

Peter smiled. “Lincoln City, Oregon.”

“What? Why?”

“I’m bringing Stiles home.”

“You found him?!”

The dark timber of his nephew’s tone had him smiling. “An associate of ours learned of him missing from the Florence pack. They caught sight of him where he works and passed the message along to me. I’m sorry I didn’t alert you, but I couldn’t risk him leaving here. I actually don’t think I have to worry about that; he’s quite established here. He has a job and an apartment.”

“You left without telling me!”

“I know, I’m sorry for that nephew, but I couldn’t wait.” Peter sighed as he glanced at the area around him. “The wolf who caught sight of him didn’t reveal themselves; he has no clue that I’m here. I’m going to confront him tomorrow, and then I’m bringing him home.”

“You’re alone, Peter. If he uses that fucking necklace.”

“I know,” Peter replied stonily. “I have one chance before he runs. I plan to make the most of it.” His nephew growled, but he knew it wasn’t anger; it was anxiety about what might play out. “I’m bringing him home.”

“Is...Is he okay?”

“He seems in good health,” Peter reported fluidly. “Lunae has grown quite a lot.” He chuckled as he remembered the beautiful swell of Stiles’ belly. “There’s no hiding that he’s pregnant anymore, that is for sure. He’s quite handsome that way.”

Derek huffed. “I’m sure. What are you going to do?”

“I know where he lives, I’m actually quite near it. Once he goes to work tomorrow, I’ll break into his place and await his return. He won’t expect someone to be in his apartment, so I can catch him off guard there. Providing I can capture his hands, he won’t have a chance to use that necklace.” He heard his nephew hum.

“Good plan, so long as he doesn’t see you.”

Peter grinned his teeth on show. “Oh, he won’t see me until it’s too late. I plan to break the damn necklace the moment I have him contained and find out just what is going on.”

“I’ll make sure Deaton knows that you’re bringing him home so he can prepare for that blessing on Lunae.”

“Thank you. I’ll call you the moment that I have him. I’m sure that without that necklace to help him run, he’ll see things my way and answer my damn questions. I don’t think there will be much of an issue with bringing him home.”

“So long as you’re right about Lunae being just a wolf pup.”

Peter ground his jaw for a moment. “Correct, though truthfully, without the time necklace, I can tie him up in my backseat and drive home without his consent.”

Derek snorted. “Screaming the whole way, sure.”

“Whatever works.” Peter smiled, undeterred by that being a possibility. “One way or another, I’m bringing him home.”

“Call me once you’re on your way back.”

“I will.”

Derek sighed across the call. “Good luck.”

“Good night, nephew, good luck with the pups.” His nephew snorted before the call ended. Chuckling to himself, Peter stashed his phone in his pocket once more and replied. “Darling, I think my task might be a tad easier than reigning in those two pups...What on earth could they have been doing in the preserve?” He scoffed at the notion of them finding anything but trouble out there. Then again, given Derek’s retelling of their present adventure, that seemed to hold true. Shaking his head at the whole debacle, he let his eyes wander towards Stiles’ apartment. All was quiet, the sun had set, and the street lights flickered sporadically along the street. He smirked. Tomorrow, he was going to end this.

Peter yawned. He was ever so tempted to go get coffee, but the nature of this day had him ignoring that desire. His eyes flitted towards the corner of the apartment complex as he waited for Stiles to make an appearance. It was still a god-awful time, so he didn’t think that was liable to happen anytime soon, but he’d stayed up regardless as he feared missing his chance to enact his plan. He pulled his phone off the dashboard and checked the time. He grimaced. 4:30. It was going to be hours still before the teen awoke to go to that bakery he worked at, but Peter was far too cautious to put things to chance. That was probably why he was shocked when ten minutes later, Stiles came down the stairs of his apartment building.

Peter scowled, then realized his idiocy. Bakeries had to prep early before their customers arrived. Peter glanced about; it was still dark as hell out. “Not very safe, darling.” No, he

wasn't a fan of knowing that for months, Stiles had been wandering the streets at this late hour alone while carrying their pup about. Still, he contented himself with the knowledge that this would be the last time that it took place. He watched as Stiles headed down the street. He waited until the teen had turned the corner before he opened his car door.

He shut it and locked the muscle car before walking slowly to the apartment building. There was no rush now that Stiles was gone, but he was intent on getting where he needed to be for this little plan to take effect. He climbed the staircase with ease and wandered to the apartment that was stuck in the corner. He pulled out the handy lockpick that he carried around for such events and fiddled with the lock a moment before it clicked. Smirking, he opened the door and stepped inside, twisting about, he locked it so Stiles would have no idea that he was looming waiting for him.

He hummed as he stepped into the studio apartment, far too small for the teen and Lunae, but Stiles had made do with the restrictions of this new life he was carving for himself. Peter wandered. Stiles didn't have much; the teen seemed far more focused on other things than buying frivolous things. He was sure that this was because he was careful with whatever paycheck he earned from the bakery. The scent of the teen, of the lovely, sweet scent of his pregnancy that was layered with Peter's scent. Well, it was rather divine for the wolf to be swamped in that after so long being without the teen.

He yawned once more and hummed. It would be hours yet before Stiles returned. The teen had gotten off work yesterday at two, assured that he had time, he took off his shoes and climbed into the teen's bed. He groaned at the boy's scent being awash upon the blankets and pillows. "Oh, darling." He got comfortable, and as a last resort to ensure he didn't fuck up his own plans, set an alarm on his cell phone; he wouldn't risk having Stiles return to find him in his bed. Assured that he could catch a few hours of sleep while he awaited the teen, Peter let himself rest.

Stiles smirked when Marcy walked over to him with a perceptive look. "What?"

"What are you making?"

"Hm...M'not sure." She gave him a calculating look, an expression that spoke to her of not believing him. Stiles chuckled a bit as he threw the sticks of butter into the mixer. "The cakes are already done and on the rack." He turned his head over his shoulder and, mindful of his volume, muttered. "And I'm awaiting the tarts due to Marvin." The small sigh Marcy gave proved that she was less than pleased to hear that Stiles' job was being held up by another. "So I figured that I'd get started on this project."

Marcy hummed. "And this project...Would it have anything to do with the mayor's gala?"

Stiles shrugged. "Stranger things have happened." He laughed when she pointed a sharp finger at him amid growling.

"I know you! I want to taste whatever this is." She waved flamboyantly at the mixer.

“Sure thing.” Stiles chuckled as she wandered off to tend to other things for the bakery. He glanced back at the mixer, which was slowly churning the butter into the dough that he was experimenting with. He hoped this worked out, but he was prepared for a little trial and error. He just wanted to make sure that he didn’t let down Eric or Marcy. It wasn’t a small task for their bakery to be given the contract for catering the mayor's gala.

Stiles knew the other bakery in town wasn’t nearly half as good as theirs, but if they fucked this up, the mayor might very well ‘endorse’ the other one to spite them. Stiles huffed, as if they could dare to compete with them. He looked over his shoulder to find that Rebecca was in the process of filling their turnovers, and Evan was finishing glazing the baklava. No, this was the best bakery in town. He turned his attention back to his dough and smiled when he saw it was fully incorporated. Time to get to work.

Peter grumbled when his phone went off, but he didn’t doddle in rising. Throwing the blankets off of himself, he rose from the teen's bed and stretched. He’d needed that bit of rest. Smiling, aware that he still had a few hours to kill, Peter went about snooping in the now-lit apartment. The sun was bright that day and illuminated the room quite well from the large window on the balcony.

Peter walked to the boy's closet, checking it to see if the teen had stashed anything of merit there. Just clothes. He left it alone, wandering to a dresser and pulling it open to find it empty. He frowned. Odd. Stiles had lived here for two and a half months; surely he would have found something to put in here. He shut the drawer and checked the other three in the dresser, nothing. Humming, he moved towards a small cabinet on the edge of the kitchen and the living space.

He opened it to find that it was filled with kitchen equipment. He blinked at all the strange devices that were stocked inside it. “Well, that’s a lot of things to play with.” Then again, Stiles was working at a bakery...Though he wasn’t sure if the teen would do such a thing on his own, this well-stocked cabinet led him to believe that the teen had found some sort of joy in it.

He shut the cabinet once more, hiding all the devices that Stiles had purchased for use in his apartment. He went into the kitchen, putting around and discovering where everything went. It was all rather put together, despite him always seeing chaos in Stiles’ bedroom back home; here, he was rather organized. He wasn’t sure if that was just proof that the teen was growing up, that his being forced to flee them for whatever insane reason had gotten him to take more responsibility for things.

The odd grumble of his stomach had him sighing. Well, time to raid the boys' fridge and hope that the teen wasn’t living off of ketchup packets. He walked over to the fridge and opened it only to blink in utter shock at everything inside it. “Oh, my...Just what have you been up to, sweetheart?” He grinned and reached into the fridge to grab the large pastry box. He pulled it out and set it on the nearby counter before glancing back inside to see that the fridge was filled with odds and ends, little treats, proof of his usage of the kitchen equipment in the cabinet he’d discovered.

"I do hope you're not eating all of this." He frowned. That couldn't be good for Stiles or their pup. Humming, he shut the fridge and turned towards the pastry box, curious to know what was in it. He opened it and smiled at the scones that were there. He reached in and picked up a scone that had some orange drizzle over it. He sniffed it, and his eyes widened. "Oh, dear." He took a bite, and it was heaven. If this is what Stiles did at his job, then he understood just why the teen had all that kitchen equipment. He took a larger bite of the scone and savored its brilliant taste. The scone was dense, but not overly so; it had substance to it, and the light tinge of lemon was delightful. The orange drizzle added just a dash of a complementary flavor. It took very little effort for Peter to devour the entire thing. He hummed appraisingly at the box.

"Did you make these pet or were they just extras from the bakery?" To his knowledge, Stiles had never baked before, but all the equipment in the kitchen and this box of delights did make him curious. He didn't hesitate to grab another, this one smelling heavenly of blueberries. The frosting complemented it well without overpowering it with sweetness; it was just as easily devoured as the orange and lemon scone. Smirking, Peter shrugged and took the pastry box with him back to the teens' living space. There was only one chair there, something that looked quite comfortable, and as he didn't wish to get crumbs into the teen's bed, he took residence there.

He wasn't sure what Stiles had intended for these scones, if they were some experiment of the teen's surprising talent of baking, or if they were meant for the teen to savor, but the werewolf ate far too many of them. Each flavor was unique and tantalized the tongue. When he was pleasantly satiated, he returned the remaining scones to the fridge and picked out a jug of what looked like tea. He knew Stiles had adapted to enjoying the taste of tea because of him, and it brought him some joy to see the teen was still enjoying it even without him.

He found a glass and poured a liberal amount into it, replacing the tea jug into the teens' fridge before he took up the glass and took a sip. He hummed at the rather sweet tea; the abundant flavor of raspberry was quite nice, even if he had reservations about Stiles drinking this much sugar. He swallowed and appraised his glass. "Good darling, but very sweet...Our pup is going to be addicted to sugar if you keep this up." Oh, how he couldn't wait to get his hand on Lunae, to feel the lovely weight of their pup that was safely dwelling inside Stiles' belly. He'd missed out on so much in the few months that Stiles had been gone, but he was resolute that it wouldn't continue after today.

He finished his tea before setting the glass in the sink. He glanced about, seeking something he could do to pass the time. Stiles didn't own a TV, so the teen had to have something else to entertain himself with. He walked over to the nightstand beside the teen's bed when something caught his eye. He smirked upon finding that it was a stack of books he'd missed.

He sat on the edge of the bed and pulled out the first. It was about cakes. He arched a brow when the second was about making bread. "I'm seeing a trend, sweetheart." He set the baking books aside, aware that he'd get little entertainment out of reading them. He sighed in relief when he found a book that didn't have anything to do with baking. He smirked at the folklore book. "Couldn't quite separate yourself from us, could you, darling?"

He got comfortable on the teen's bed and began to read it. He raised a brow when he got to a section that had been earmarked by the teen. Chiranjeevis. Peter read through the section, quite curious about the legends of the creatures being immortal. He held little faith in that; to his knowledge, everything had a weakness. Vampires were immortal and yet so very easy to kill. Whatever this creature was, he knew it had to have an Achilles heel. Still, Stiles had marked the page for some reason; had he come across this creature? Peter growled, Stiles shouldn't be around anything supernatural, nothing without Peter or the pack there to defend him and Lunae.

"It's fine...He's going home with me today; whatever interaction he had with this creature won't be happening again." Settling himself with that knowledge, Peter allowed himself to finish reading the book. He glanced at his phone, which was situated on the teen's nightstand, and gave a feral grin as the alarm went off. 2:00. He rose from the bed after putting the book back where it belonged. Silencing his phone, he patiently hid himself beside the teen's closet, the small wall there would obscure him from Stiles' view as he entered his apartment, and give him a chance to catch the teen off guard. He just had to be patient and wait for Stiles to enter; he was giddy with the notion that in just a little while the teen would once more be in his hold. The time necklace would be dealt with, and he could get the answers that he'd pondered since they'd first discovered that Lunae was his pup. There would be no more running.

Chapter 21: Give me answers

Chapter Summary

Peter confronts Stiles, and Stiles has to face the truth of all he's done and what had led him to this point in his life.

Chapter Notes

As an apology for the long wait for the last chapter here's another one, the BIG confrontation. I hope it tickles your fancy as we head towards the happy ending.

Warnings do include the topic of rape and the duplicity of which Lunae was conceived. So, ya know, heads up for that one.

Stiles sighed as he unlocked his apartment door. He was pleased to be home, even if he had enjoyed his day of work. Entering, he turned about, shut, and locked his door. He carried the pastry box towards his kitchen, all the while telling Lunae. "Well, it wasn't a complete failure, Lunae, but definitely not what is going to be taking place on Saturday." He opened the box and stared at the creation that he'd cobbled together that morning. He frowned, quite disappointed despite the fact that everyone at the bakery had adored it. Shaking his head, he muttered. "I'll just have to try something new tomorrow. Maybe the ganash was just too thick." He opened the fridge and placed the pastry box in his already encumbered fridge. He walked back to the entryway and took off his sneakers before heading deeper into his apartment, intent on putting on some lounge wear before he wrote down a few alterations to his idea for that dessert he was making.

Stiles screamed, literally screamed when he was suddenly grabbed and thrust against the wall of his closet. He grunted, the air forced out of his lungs just as his wrists were contained by a strong hand, his eyes widened in shock upon seeing a face that he hadn't thought he'd ever see again.

"Hello, pet." Peter grinned at the teen who was staring back at him in shock.

"P-Peter?" Stiles stammered, he blinked, but no, this was real. "Wh-How the fuck did you get here?!"

Peter snorted. "With my car, darling."

“No, you idiot! How’d you find me?!”

Peter grimaced at the loud tone before stating. “We put out a call for help to all of our allied packs. Someone saw you at that bakery you work for and alerted me.”

Stiles stared back in shock upon finding that out. “T-There’s no werewolves here.” Or, at least, none he’d come across.

“Nomadic.”

Well, that did make a lot more sense. Glaring, he jerked on his wrists, but Peter didn’t relent. Stupid fucking werewolf strength. “Let me go!”

Peter snorted at the stupid demand, as if he’d be so foolish as to give the teen a chance to use the time necklace. Actually, now that he was thinking about it. “Ah, one moment.” He reached forward with his free hand and, much to the sputters of the shocked teen, fished out the necklace by its chain. He glared at it before looking at Stiles as he yanked it free of the teen’s neck. He dangled it. “Just to be safe.” He stuffed it into his back pocket even as Stiles glared at him. “Alright, pet, let’s talk.” He released the teen and took a measured step back, keeping him contained against the wall without forcefully holding onto him. Stiles remained silent, giving him a rather sullen expression. “Alright, I’ll start,” Peter replied in mirth. “You ran after freezing Derek and me, and all because we discovered that Lunae was mine.” The teen gave nothing away, Peter huffed. “Our current assumption is that magic did have a role in that, seeing as I have no memory of us mating, and I would remember that pet.” He grinned when Stiles looked away from him. “Deaton cautioned us about dark entities, and although we latched onto that at first, I don’t truly think Lunae is something dark. Deaton’s going to do a blessing when we return, regardless, to ensure that, but I’d much rather find out from you what is really going on. Why did you run? What magic made Lunae? You could have told me, darling. A pup is a good thing after all.”

Stiles bit the inside of his cheek. He knew he couldn’t avoid this. There was no more running now that Peter had the time necklace, but he chafed at the knowledge that he couldn’t hide anymore. Hearing those questions, hearing them for real rather than in his nightmares...It was so much worse than he’d imagined. “Lunae is not some dark creature.” He gave a solid glare at the wolf. “Magic...” Well, magic had played a role; he’d frozen time when he’d taken advantage of the wolf. “Magic isn’t why she’s here.”

Peter tilted his head as he heard the truth in those words. “But magic did play a role.” Stiles nodded. “Alright, so she’s just a wolf pup, that’s rather grand news, Stiles.”

Stiles looked away and nodded. He loved his baby, even if he wished that she hadn’t come about in the way she had. He felt the monster stir; it was giddy that he was finally facing this. **He’s going to hate you.** It rasped in his ear. **Answer him, tell him the truth of what a monster you are.**

“Why did you run?”

Stiles swallowed as the wolf repeated that harrowing question. He fought so hard to avoid this, and now, there was no avoiding it. The noose that had always silenced him when he

spoke of Lunae, of how she'd come to be, was tight; it was trying to silence him despite the fact that he had no hope of avoiding Peter. **Answer him.** The monster crooned. **Why'd you run? Tell him why.**

"Stiles, darling, surely you understand that we were excited for Lunae. Yes, the shock that she is mine was startling, but that was no reason to flee the pack."

"You wanted answers."

Peter smirked. "I still do, and I will get them today, pet. Is that truly why you ran? To avoid our questions?" He frowned when Stiles nodded. "With words, sweetheart." Stiles gave him a passing glare for that, and Peter grinned. "I do know all the tricks, darling. Now, you ran to avoid our questions, is that right?"

"Yes," Stiles growled. "That's why I ran." Not all of it, but a good chunk of why he'd run, and that seemed to soothe the wolf's question, given how he smiled back at him.

"Good." Peter smiled upon hearing the truth of it. "Were you afraid we'd hurt Lunae if we discovered that I was the pup's father?" Stiles snorted. Well, that was some relief. "Then I'm afraid to say this, pet, I do not see why you would run. Surely it's not hard to answer these questions. What do you have to lose by being truthful?"

Everything. He was about to lose everything, about to see for himself those dark looks the wolf would give him when he learned the truth of his dark shame. Stiles shook his head at the wolf.

"Words, darling."

Stiles ground his jaw together when the werewolf once more demanded that he speak aloud so he might hear the truth in his words. **Tell him, he deserves to know what a monster you are. Go on, tell him the truth.** "I was going to lose everything."

Peter scowled at the soft response; the timid nature of it had him curious as to why there was so much emotion behind such words. He was confused about what the boy meant about losing everything, so he parroted. "Everything?"

"Yes."

"Why? How? Who was going to make you lose everything?"

Stiles shook his head as he was assaulted with the questions that he didn't want to answer. **There's no avoiding it now, answer him.** He broke, emotions coming to the surface, he shouted. "All of you!"

Peter scoffed. "What would we make you lose?"

"YOU!" Stiles rounded with a sharp shout; he didn't apologize for how the Alpha grimaced at the loud noise. "I was going to lose all of you! It was just easier to go, okay?!" Stiles turned his face away as he felt tears began to slide down his cheeks. This was all his fault; the monster had never lied to him about this. He'd heard it every day since he'd faced the

repercussions of times' punishment, but now, here, with Peter waiting for answers, he felt as if he would choke on the very words that he had to say. "It was just better to leave."

Peter's eyes narrowed at the emotional teen's response. "Stiles, you're not making sense." He hated seeing how distraught the teen was; the echoes of his sorrow, embarrassment, and grief filtered into the air as the teen cried. "Nobody was going to make you lose us. We wanted you and Lunae with us, learning the pup was mine wasn't going to change that."

Stiles shook his head, trying to drown out the monster in his head, which was cackling, he rasped. "I couldn't tell you...I can't tell you. Lunae...Magic played a role, but it's not why she's here."

Peter hummed. "Did you summon her somehow? Wish for this pup?" He nodded his head when Stiles shook his head. "Then I'm quite perplexed in how she came to be, but regardless of that strange occurrence, her being here wouldn't see us abandoning you."

Stiles snorted and shook his head once more, ignoring how his cheeks were growing heated as he dealt with the heavy emotions this confrontation was giving him. "You'll hate me. All of you will hate me if I answer your questions." Stiles looked back tearfully at the wolf and begged, literally begged. "Please go home. Please just leave. I can take care of Lunae and myself."

Peter scoffed at the absurdity of that request. "I'm not leaving you and Lunae here, Stiles. You're coming home with me; it's where you two belong. Tell me what you mean, why would the pack or I hate you? Surely you know, darling, there's nothing you could do to make us hate you." He smiled softly at the teen, trying to reassure him, only to frown when Stiles shook his head and uttered.

"You will. You will hate me, Peter. The pack couldn't forgive this, my dad, and you'd...You'd hate me. So please, just go. Forget about us and just move on."

"I cannot and will not move on without you," Peter growled back at the teen. "You're a part of my pack, and that pup is mine. I'm not leaving here without you, Stiles, no matter what you think would cause me to hate you; that is not true. I could never hate you, darling."

Stiles bitterly looked away from the wolf and muttered in a sour tone. "You don't know that."

Peter huffed in amusement. "I know myself pretty well, pet. I think I know what I'm capable of. Whatever you think is so bad as to turn me against you, I think you'll find the opposite to be true. Now, what do you think is so unforgivable?" When Stiles didn't immediately speak, he reminded the teen. "I'm not angry with you about you hiding that I was Lunae's father, Stiles. I'm not even angry that you ran, more...Hurt that you didn't trust the pack to stay true to you. We've all been looking forward to meeting Lunae, to sharing that with you. Whatever secret you think you need to guard from the pack or me, whatever you think might turn us against you...I can promise you it won't come to pass."

Stiles shook his head; he knew that wasn't true. The monster in his head had reminded him time and again how this would go, and now, here he was with Peter refusing to back down.

“You’ll hate me, Peter.” He met the wolf’s eyes for the first time in a while, his vision murky with his tears. “I know you will.”

Peter frowned back at the teen. “Let me prove you wrong.”

Stiles swallowed against the noose that threatened him to stay quiet, even as the monster shouted at him to give in and speak those horrid words. He was backed into a corner, and there was no way out. Peter wasn’t going to leave him in peace without knowing the truth of things, and so, Stiles said. “Promise me something.”

“Of course, darling.”

Stiles sniffled. “Once I tell you everything, you’ll leave and never come back here.” The shock that registered on the Alpha’s face had him adding. “Promise me that you’ll leave.”

Peter scowled at the pleading request. There was no way in hell he was leaving Stiles behind. Yet, he could see how desperate the teen was. This had meaning to him; he truly feared that Peter would hate him when he spoke about whatever he had seen him hiding from them. “If I hate you, if I’m wrong. I will leave.” He scowled harder when Stiles seemed to sigh in relief, as if that was all he needed to hear to be able to confess things to him. He truly, viscerally feared how Peter was going to take this secret.

Stiles steadied himself, fighting against the noose and the monster's roar. “I was curious about the time necklace. I wasn’t sure if I believed it was possible. So I went home and did a bit of research. There are quite a lot of myths and legends about it, so after I’d read all that, I went back to the magic shop and talked with the shop owner about it. He showed me how it worked, cautioned me on its uses, and I bought it.” Stiles reached up to wipe at his face as he took a deep breath. “I used it at home first, I wasn’t sure if I’d wind up returning it when it turned out to be a fake or not...But when I went downstairs, I found my dad frozen; everyone was frozen. Time was just frozen in place.” Stiles huffed as he remembered. “I played pranks on quite a few people. Even on the pack, but it was all harmless stuff.” Stiles shrugged. “Nothing really that would cause a disturbance. I wore it all the time, and periodically I’d freeze time to explore things. I looked through my dad's case files. When the mutated deer thing came to town, I used it to sneak into the coroner's office to check out the dead body. It was just useful.”

“And so you kept using it.” Peter assumed, gaining a nod. “How does that change things between all of us?”

Stiles took a shallow breath, and the monster grinned back at him. **Tell him. Tell him your dark shame. Watch as he learns what you’ve done, how he sees what a monster you are.** Stiles blinked past the new tears that the monster's cruel words caused. It was cruel that he should have to do this when he’d already been punished, but clearly, time wasn’t done with him. No, Time wanted him to face all he’d done, to see firsthand how reprehensible what he’d done was, as if he didn’t already know.

“Stiles.”

Stiles gave a shuddering breath and muttered. "I froze time in the loft. I tied the pups' shoelaces together, changed Derek's stupid ringtone to the most ungodly noise imaginable."

Peter chuckled. "So that's how that came about."

Stiles smirked a bit and nodded. "Yeah." He swallowed tightly against the noose. **Tell him.** He kept his eyes carefully avoiding the wolf; he didn't wish to see his reaction. "I kissed you."

Peter's eyes widened upon hearing that startling development. "You kissed me?" The teen nodded his head. "Why?" The teen snorted as if he was missing out on something important. "Darling, I'm a tad lost on why you would do such a thing."

Stiles sighed and sourly replied. "Because I've always found you attractive, I'd always wondered what it would be like to kiss you...So when I froze time, I just...I know I shouldn't have, it was wrong."

"But you kissed me while nobody was aware." The teen nodded, humming, Peter remarked. "Well, that is rather amusing." When the teen glanced back at him in confusion, he shrugged his shoulders. "If that is whatever saw you so up in arms, I'm afraid I do not see how that would cause me to hate you, darling. Granted, I would have much rather been aware of that exchange."

Stiles frowned. "I'm not your type."

Peter scoffed at that absurd notion. "Who said that?"

Stiles rolled his eyes at the wolf. "Please. I am 147 pounds soaking wet. I've seen who you date." He gave a small glower at the wolf. "I am nothing like that, I'm too scrawny, my boobs aren't even that big, and I saw the bra of one of those chicks you slept with."

Peter huffed with a wry grin. "I favor all body types, Stiles, not one in specific. I find you quite attractive, sweetheart. I always have."

Stiles blinked upon hearing that startling news. "No, you don't."

Peter laughed and nodded his head. "Of course I do. Why do you think I'd lie about that?" He got a lax shrug. "Alright, well, I'm not lying. I find you very attractive, I just always assumed that the age gap would see you against anything happening-" He frowned, quite confused when the teen suddenly started to cry harder. "Stiles." He stepped forward, unsure if this was just hormones or if something he'd said had upset the teen.

He pulled him into a firm embrace, wrapping his arms around the teen as he snuffled his hair, spreading his scent on the distraught teen in some meager attempt to wipe away the scent of sorrow on him. "It's alright, darling." He felt Stiles shake his head against his clavicle. He let the teen cry against him, unsure what else he could do in the face of this breakdown. He gave a rumbling growl, his voice torn as he spoke. "Darling, it's alright. I don't care that you kissed me while I was frozen, though I'm a tad jealous to know what it might feel like to kiss you."

It might be poor timing to voice his attraction to the teen, but he couldn't deny it any longer, more so now that he knew Stiles had given in to temptation to kiss him. "I would like it very much to kiss you, I just didn't wish to assume that such a thing was possible. You're young, and my attraction to you wasn't something that I could foresee going anywhere." He stroked the teen's back and head to try to calm him as Stiles cried into him. "Pet, I think you were thinking too hard on things. I'm not angry with you, I'd never see you leave us for this."

"It's not that." Stiles cried into the wolf, no, it just hurt to know that if he hadn't given in to temptation...If he hadn't misused time, he might have had a shot at something with Peter. That his own actions had brought him here, that time would laugh it up to know that the wolf might have entertained the notion of them sharing something if Stiles hadn't taken what wasn't his.

"Then what is it? What is wrong, Stiles?" He frowned when the teen pulled back. As much as he hated it, he released the teen. He frowned upon seeing how Stiles wrapped his arms around himself in some sort of mock hug, a means of soothing himself. "What else is there?"

So much more. Stiles' throat bobbed; he had to tell him. **Yes, you do. He deserves to know what a monster you are.** Stiles' eyes were red from crying, feeling dry despite how he was still crying. "I froze time again...When I was at your apartment one day."

"Alright...To kiss me again?" Peter questioned, assuming that the teen was embarrassed that he'd done such a thing without being aware.

"No. I mean. I did." Stiles huffed. God, how fucked up this was. "But...Things got away from me. Curiosity." Stiles rasped. "I was curious."

"About what?"

"You," Stiles muttered. "I was curious about you."

"Well, there's not much you don't already know about me, sweetheart. What did you hope to gain from freezing time? I'd have told you anything you wished to know."

Stiles shook his head when the wolf had no clue what he was talking about. "I knew that I'd never have the chance...That I'd never see all of you, have all of you." Stiles stated through a lynched throat. "And I was curious about you...So when I froze time, I looked at you. I-" Stiles bit his lip, dear god, it was so much worse to voice it aloud than all the times he'd thought about this.

"You looked at me?"

Stiles nodded his head. "I did. But curiosity made me do more." It was petty, stupid, childish to blame curiosity for the reasons he'd gone farther. Curiosity hadn't forced his hand to do what he'd done next. Stiles had chosen to cross that line, but he couldn't quite face that, and so he tried to shelter himself in whatever pitiful way he could. "I undid your pants and looked at you there."

Peter raised a brow at the new development. "You undressed me."

“Yes.”

“I can’t imagine that was easy with someone being frozen.”

Stiles shrugged. “I mean, you’re just holding still, it wasn’t hard...Well, other than that, you wear too tight pants.”

“My pants are appropriate,” Peter argued with a grin. “Alright, well, again. I’d much rather have been aware of this perusal of yours; I wouldn’t have been against you seeing me, pet.”

Stiles bit his lip and shook his head. “It just gets worse.”

“Worse how?” Peter questioned curiously. “At the moment, I’m more jealous that I was denied the right to see your reaction to me than at the fact that you did such a thing. I do feel robbed at that, darling.”

Stiles sent a mild glare at the wolf before he looked stoutly away. “I touched you.”

Peter smirked. “Did you?” The boy nodded his head. “How?” He saw how that question gave the teen pause, and the embarrassment and shame made a lot more sense now. Stiles was ashamed of what he’d done while time was frozen, his perusal of Peter’s body. His touching him, well, that was all the more enticing to the wolf. “What did you think of me?”

Stiles frowned and muttered. “You’re handsome, nothing could change that...And, I’d only seen a few other men before.”

“And how do I stack up to those?” He raised a brow when the boy snorted. “Oh? What’s that mean?”

Stiles huffed at the clear amusement in the wolf’s tone. “You’re the largest I’ve ever seen.”

“Hm. A genetic imperative in wolves.”

Stiles frowned and glanced back at Peter. “It’s a wolf trait?” He got a nod. “That’s...Strange.”

Peter chuckled back at the perplexed teen. “All supernatural creatures have different adaptations, different species traits, Stiles. You’re well aware of this, wolves, at the base of ourselves are ravenous creatures. Mating is no different for us, and it served us well to be able to satisfy our mates and bring many pups into the world.” He could see how the teen was processing that, and allowed him a moment to deal with the influx of new information. “Darling, is that what brought us to today?”

Stiles sighed and shook his head. “No.”

“Alright, well, I’m listening. What happened to bring us to today?”

“A lot of things.” Stiles sourly muttered.

“Start at the beginning, then, I’m sure this won’t be as bad as you’re imagining it to be.” Peter frowned when the teen gave a laugh that was tainted with something foul. Humming,

Peter replied. "I still hold to our bargain, pet. Tell me what I want to know, and if it truly is so heinous to make me hate you, I will leave."

Stiles steadied him in the face of the wolf, reminding him of their deal. "I did more than touch." Stiles' voice was weak in the face of his shame, the noose at his throat was tight and attempting to silence him. Attempting to somehow wickedly protect him from admitting what he'd always feared he'd have to face. The monster was joyous inside his skull, laughing at his torment. "I didn't settle for just touching you, Peter."

"Hm. What did you do?" It was all rather exhilarating to know that the teen was so desperate to explore him that he'd allowed himself that curiosity while time was frozen.

"Touching you...Well, it revealed something peculiar."

"What's that pet?"

Stiles sighed and returned. "You can get aroused while frozen."

Peter frowned as he processed that. "How is that possible?"

Stiles shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose it's cause you're alive, your hearts still beating despite you being frozen. That was my guess."

"Hm. Interesting. So you discovered this when you were touching me, you must have been quite enamoured with my form to arouse me so well." The boy kept his eyes averted, but the brilliance of his shame had Peter huffing. "Again, sweetheart, I'm not angry. Quite perplexed that it took time being frozen to give you the confidence to share such a thing with me, I'd much rather have been present for such explorations."

Stiles shook his head. "Peter, I took advantage of you." He turned his head to glare at the wolf. "You were frozen! You couldn't say yes or no; I did what I wanted despite knowing it wasn't what you wanted. I had no way of knowing you'd want something like that with me; I always figured that it wasn't possible. I was taking something from you without your consent."

Peter hummed. Yes, he understood how this was a tight line for humans. Ordinarily, he'd agree, but the tantalizing treat that it had been Stiles who had been manipulating his body and not someone who meant to do him harm had his heart soothed. "Did you stop at touching me when I grew aroused?" The teen looked away from him at once. "Hm. What did you do? Did you continue to fondle me to see what else was possible? I take it that if I could grow aroused, I was able to come, or did you discover that?"

Stiles clenched his jaw a moment and said. "I blew you."

Peter blinked upon hearing those three little words. "You did?" The teen nodded his head. "And was it possible for me to come?" The teen nodded. How interesting, no, wait. Peter frowned. "Wait, you said that this took place in my apartment."

"It did." Stiles morosely replied.

“Darling, I never scented anything such as my coming without the knowledge of mating with someone.”

Stiles blew out a breath and shyly admitted. “I swallowed.”

Peter scoffed. “Surely you realize how ineffective that is. What did you use to clean up my apartment? I truly never scented something.”

Stiles shook his head and gave a shallow glare at the wolf. “No, Peter. I swallowed it all.” His cheeks grew a tad rosier as he admitted that to the wolf. The surprise that was on the wolf's face saw him shamefully looking away.

“All?” He got a nod. Peter grinned upon hearing this. “Oh, sweetheart, that must have been quite the task for you. Not many of my partners can manage that; most give up, relent in the tide of my passion. But you took it all, you didn't leave a mess anywhere.”

“No.” Stiles huffed. “All I did afterward was use some of those scentless wet wipes you have to clean your cock so you wouldn't smell me there.”

“Hm...Well, that was rather ingenious of you. Good thought because I most assuredly would have noticed that.” Stiles scowled back at him for his odd praise. “Well, that's rather a shame that I didn't get to enjoy the spectacle of you pleasuring me that way. I'm sure it was quite a sight to have you kneeling before me, sucking on my cock.”

Stiles scowled and muttered. “I took advantage of you, Peter. I didn't have your consent to do that; it doesn't matter if I made it feel good.”

“I felt nothing, so truly i-” He frowned when the teen once more shook his head. “What?”

“You felt it.” Stiles swallowed and explained. “Afterward, though...After I restarted time, I guess somehow it just stays with you until your body resumes. You came, I don't know if you came a second time because of it or if you just felt what I'd done...But I heard you.”

Peter grinned in a feral way at the knowledge that, despite not being actually present, he'd gotten a taste of what the teen had done. “Those times where I collapsed in euphoria that made no fucking sense. It was you.” He laughed when the teen nodded his head shyly. “Oh, darling. You're quite good at that.” He praised the teen with a grin. “I hadn't a clue what was overcoming me, but it was amazing. I've never felt passion like that before, so star bright, so robust in how it slammed into me. I suppose that's the time necklaces fault, I didn't have a slow build up to pleasure by what you did...No, it just slammed into me once time resumed. How interesting.”

Stiles frowned as he listened, as he watched the wolf come to terms with what he'd done. Peter wasn't angry; he should be, he should have been violently angry, and yet, the wolf was laughing and teasing him, complimenting him for what he'd done. The monster inside him grumbled at this turn of events, and Stiles felt all the more confused. “Peter!” He shouted, gaining a grimace from the wolf. “I took advantage of you!”

Peter nodded his head. "I suppose you did, you did take what you wanted from me, pet." He grinned widely as he told the teen. "Quite like a wolf then, I'm quite enamoured with what that must have been like. The pleasure I felt was momentous...But it didn't just happen once; I felt that pleasure a few times." The teen looked shallowly away. "Oh, pet." He reached out and grasped the teen's chin, forcing him to face him. He shook his head when Stiles closed his eyes as fresh tears slid down his cheeks. "You're right, you did take advantage of me. You took what you wanted with no consideration as to whether or not I would wish to share that intimacy with you. However, you let me feel the passion of those times together, let me dream that it was you when it truly was." The teen's eyes flared open upon hearing him. Peter smiled. "It was hard not to think of you when those great tides of passion arose when you were so near me. It had tickled my fancy numerous times to think what it might be like to be with you in such a way. I am angry with you, Stiles, that you robbed me of the true knowledge of those moments together, but I do not hate you, pet."

Stiles' vision was murky beyond words as he cried, letting out an errant sob at the wolf's words. It didn't make sense. Peter should hate him. He should want to run at the sight of him, and yet, here the wolf was speaking of the jealousy that he hadn't been present for it all. He gave an airy sob as all those fears of how the wolf would react were twisted apart. There was one thing left to do, and he feared that this strange acceptance wouldn't last. He reached up and grabbed the wolf's hand, gently wrapping his hand around Peter's hand as he drew it down and laid it upon his swollen belly, upon Lunae. "You didn't know, but that is how Lunae came to be."

Peter's eyes widened upon hearing that. "We mated, no, you mated with me while I was frozen." The teen gave a heartfelt sob, shying away from him as he turned his face away, even as his hand stayed wrapped around his, where it was settled upon the firm roundness of their pup. He looked down, his eyes devouring the sight of the beautiful swell of his pup. He smiled. She wasn't some dark creature; the only magic that had been used to sire her had been the time necklace. "The time necklace was the only magic that was around us when she was made." He saw the teen nod as he continued to cry. "And you didn't understand how wolves work, you didn't know how to take proper caution. Oh, darling...It was a foolish risk you took." He pulled his hand out of the teen's grasp. Stiles easily let him go, but he refused to let the teen turn away from him as he wished to. He forced him to face him as he drew him into a tight embrace, laying his chin atop the crying teen's head. "I would have liked to have been present for that. To have truly participated in the making of our pup, there is anger there, sweetheart. That you denied me the pleasure of knowing we were creating a pup together."

"I didn't know!"

Peter chuckled. "No, you didn't. Derek and I never thought it was worth much to educate you on such things, as you're not a werewolf; that was our fault. Our mistake, we'd already educated the pups on it. We should have considered how closely tied to our kind you were. It doesn't matter, though. I do not regret this pup, Stiles. I wish I had been there to truly bask in what it was like to have you. Though I suppose I felt some of it, didn't I?" The teen nodded against him. "Hm. It must have been some event, I remember how startling those great tides of pleasure were. As they seemed to only grow in their passion, you learned what I liked and knew how to set my body on fire. I'm quite surprised that you could manage to take me, let

alone entertain me while I came inside you.” He frowned. “That must have been messy. Did you mop my apartment? Where did this take place? When?”

Stiles sniffled into the wolf’s hold. “We were studying the mutated deer, you were seated at the table when I went to leave...I just didn’t leave.” He cried openly. “I froze time and then...Then I did that. I did that horrible thing, I fucked up, Peter. Time punished me for doing this.”

Peter’s eyes narrowed. “How did time punish you?” He growled. He remembered Deaton’s warning about how time could lash out at those who misused it. He was sure that Stiles’ exploration of him while he couldn’t strictly consent would be treading upon dark ground to such a force. “How did it punish you?”

“Lunae.”

Peter smiled and shook his head. “That wasn’t a punishment, sweetheart, that was just nature. You mated with a wolf, and I hadn’t taken amberweed before you took what you wanted from me. It was an accident.”

“That wasn’t an accident! I raped you!”

Peter hummed at the teen; he wasn’t wrong, he had. Still, the darker parts of Peter weren’t outraged at this conquest; it just pleased him that the teen he was so entranced by had the strength to take what he wanted. “You’re right, that is what it is called. I’ve already told you, love, I’m not angry with you for this. I’m just upset that I didn’t get to participate how I might have liked.”

“Why?! Why don’t you hate me?!”

Peter tightened his hold on the teen when Stiles tried to break free of him in his upset. “Darling, I could never hate you. I love you, you’ve fascinated me from the start, and that has only grown stronger in the many years that we’ve known each other. My attraction towards you was something I dared not voice, afraid of how you would take it. I feared that you’d be disgusted at the notion of an older wolf lusting for you.” He huffed when Stiles gave a sob against him. “Now, however, I am quite pleased to know that despite having no memory of it, I have had you. That our pup was created, that Lunae is truly mine, is something I cannot express to you how much joy it brings me. I know that to many, what you did would be wrong, unforgivable, but you’re well aware that my view on the world is a tad...Skewed compared to most. You never balked at my decision to get rid of threats that Derek and the others hadn’t yet seen; you joked with me about it. We’re not the same as the others’ pet, and there’s nothing wrong with that. We understand each other, what is wrong with that?” He shushed the teen as he held him tightly to himself. Stroking his head and body as he spoke calmly in a soothing tone. “Sweetheart, I do not hate you. I do not hate Lunae or how she came to be. I’m jealous more than anything, sad that you chose to run rather than just coming to me to tell me this. We could have avoided all of this if you’d just come to me.”

“I couldn’t tell you!”

Peter hummed. "Well, it's all tended to now." He reassured the teen with gentle touches. "I do not hate you, Stiles. I'm just as attracted to you as before, as I was before you left us. My wolf is quite pleased to know that you claimed us in such a fashion, quite like a wolf."

"You have consent when you claim someone...Er. I think."

Peter laughed at the boy's confidence sputtering out as he realized that he didn't know what he was talking about. "Yes, consent is important when becoming mates. It's not like a marriage; there's no taking it back once it's done." He smiled as he realized that Stiles' great sobs were giving way to smaller sniffles the longer that he proved that he wasn't angry with the teen. "I cannot help but want to point out something to you."

"What?"

"You're quite like a wolf, darling." Stiles snorted at him, undeterred, he said. "You stalked your prey and took what you wanted from them. I'm quite impressed."

Stiles huffed. "Stop being dumb. I raped you."

"I see it differently," Peter replied with confidence. "You proved you could be stronger than a werewolf, you took what you desired from me and left nothing but pleasure for me to enjoy after you were done with me." He felt the teen give a shuddering sigh; either he was calming down further or just growing frustrated with how he refused to crucify him for his previous actions. "Did we only mate once?" He smiled when Stiles nodded his head.

"Yeah...I told myself that's all I needed to be able to have you near but not have you." Stiles muttered into the wolf's chest. "But then time punished me for it."

"Lunae is not a punishment."

Stiles snorted. "I got knocked up because of what I did to you. I had to hide everything I did because I knew that you'd all hate me if I told the truth, if you knew what I'd done, that Lunae was yours. W-When Derek scented you on me, when the fighting happened...It was just like what the black dog showed me. I knew there was nothing else I could do; I had to run. I couldn't face seeing you all hate me; it was just easier to run. To start over so I didn't have to admit to what I'd done."

"Darling...None of us would have wanted you to leave us."

"They can't find out!" Stiles shoved at the wolf, but Peter didn't let him go, but he did allow him to pull back some. He looked up desperately at Peter. "Peter, they will neve-"

"I know." Peter smiled down at the teen. "They're not like us." That seemed to calm the teen, given how he settled in his arms. "I know how to mislead people, pet, they won't find out how this came about. Easy enough to lie, everyone thinks magic is why Lunae came about, and that's not a lie. Magic played a large role in her being created."

Stiles huffed. "And my being a dumbass."

Peter smirked. "You didn't know enough about wolves to be prepared for such a thing."

“None of this would have happened if I hadn’t taken advantage of you, if I hadn’t misused time.” Stiles swallowed tightly and said. “Times been punishing me this whole time, Peter. It’s angry with how I used it.”

Peter frowned and once more stated. “I do not think Lunae was your punishment, Stiles. I think running was.” He saw the confusion on the teen's face. “You were in fear the entire time you were with us that we’d discover what happened. That we’d hate you because of how Lunae was conceived. When we discovered she was mine, you ran to avoid telling us the truth. You left everything and everyone you loved to take on the responsibility of raising our pup alone. You traveled all the way here and started over because of that fear. That was your punishment, love, fear.”

Stiles processed that for a moment. Was Peter right? Was the constant fear, the monster, and the noose his punishment? Could he have avoided it all if he’d just broken down and told the truth to Peter? He looked away and muttered. “I’m an idiot then, I knew the only thing I could do was either tell the truth and have you all hate me or run. When the black dog showed me that I’d run...When I was faced with you and Derek demanding answers, I just froze. I couldn’t do it. I couldn’t face you, so I ran. I did what the black dog showed me. I ran and ran until I finally made it here. And this whole fucking time I’ve had this voice in my head that’s been screaming at me what a monster I am for misusing time like that. For doing that to you. I can’t regret Lunae, I love her.” He looked tearfully back at Peter. “I can’t regret her, I just regret how she came to be. I never should have done that to you, I never should have lied to you...I just didn’t know how to face this.” Stiles clenched his jaw a moment before he found the words. “I don’t think I can go home...I don’t know what to tell them. They wouldn’t understand why I left if I can’t tell them the truth, and I can’t! I can’t tell them the truth, Peter, so I-.”

Peter gave a compassionate smile to the teen. “I can handle that, darling, but it’s time for you to come home. You and Lunae belong with the pack, with me.” He slid his hand up the teen's back to bracket the back of Stiles’ neck and head before he leaned forward and dastardly kissed the teen. He felt the teen stiffen, the shocked noise Stiles gave, but the teen didn’t pull back. It only took a moment before the teen tentatively kissed him back.

Peter wasted no time in deepening the kiss, in trailing his tongue along the teen's mouth to cause Stiles to gasp in surprise at the teasing gesture. Once he had free rein, he did all he could to show the teen what he might have had if he’d come clean to the wolf earlier about his infatuation with Peter. He growled into their kiss, a hungry noise of want as Stiles gave a soft moan as he allowed Peter to plunder his mouth. The wolf felt Stiles’ hands tighten in his clothing, the teen holding tightly to the wolf even as he kissed the wolf back in the surprising gesture of lust. Peter tightened his arm around the teen's back, pulling him flush against himself, marveling at how he could feel the swell of his pup against his belly. He hungrily ate up the moans Stiles gave for moments on end before pulling back with a lick of his lips. Stiles was blushing and wasn’t that rather cute.

“W-Why’d you do that?” Peter should want nothing to do with him. He should hate him, and yet he kept saying he didn’t. And now, just then, he’d kissed him with such ferocity. Stiles had never been kissed like that before.

“Because I wanted to, darling,” Peter replied with confidence and a smirk. “Because I desire you, and I want more than I’ve ever had before. I want to know what it is like to truly have you, as you had me.” Stiles swallowed and nodded. He pulled his hand around the teen's neck to embrace the teen's cheek, stroking it with his thumb. “Will you let me have you?”

Stiles wanted to cry to hear that question; Peter was asking for his permission. Something he could never get from Peter when he’d used the time necklace. “You shouldn’t want me.”

“But I do,” Peter replied simply. “I do desire you greatly.” He leaned forward and chastely kissed the teen, a soft embrace of their lips as he strove to prove his desire for the teen. Moments later, when he pulled back, he smiled. “I want you, all of you.”

Stiles swallowed at those heartfelt words. How he’d dreamed of this, of having Peter for himself. To know what it might be like to have the wolf for real, not because he was misusing time, but rather because the wolf lusted for him the same as he lusted for him. “Are you sure?”

Peter chuckled and nodded his head at the unconfident teen. “I’m very sure, sweetheart.”

Stiles huffed, shaking his head good-naturedly, he muttered. “You’re insane.”

“I’ve heard that before, most notably before you lit me on fire.”

Stiles laughed when the werewolf brought up their history to one another. “And that’s a good reason for us to sleep together?”

“I can’t see a reason not to.”

Stiles smiled back at Peter. “Again. Insane.”

“Is that a no?” Peter grinned as he played with the teen.

Stiles sighed. “No, that is not a no, I just don’t get it.”

“Get what, darling? That I’m attracted to you?”

“That you’d want me at all after what I’ve done to you.”

Peter scoffed. “I’ve done quite a few...Bad things, shall we say.”

“Uh-huh,” Stiles muttered in amusement. “Were any of those rape?”

“Hm, no.”

“Then it doesn’t count.” Stiles glared back at the wolf.

“I’ve killed all manner of people, pet, good ones, bad ones, it’s all come down whether or not they were a threat. Real or imagined, I should say, the distinction is rather quite small for me. I’d do anything for our pack to ensure our territory is safe from threats.”

“I know.”

Peter nodded his head at that before stating. “I’ve ransacked whole families to ensure that nothing was left to strike out at me or mine. You know I was my sister's left hand, that is a bloody job, my darling. There was no mercy in those acts, and I do not shy away from them. They were needed even if they were despicable, unforgivable.”

Stiles smiled sadly back at the wolf. “Yeah, but those were people who meant to hurt you or your pack. You’ve never done anything like what I did.”

“As I said, you’re quite like a wolf.” Peter grinned at the befuddled teen. “You saw something you wanted, stalked it, and took it, claimed it for yourself. It didn’t matter that I wasn’t aware of such things; you had the same animal drive that I have when dealing with threats. I find that most pleasing.”

Stiles glared. “You cannot be happy that I raped you.”

“Happy no, very jealous pet, I want to experience that with you.” He stroked the teen's cheek once more. “I’m very sure this is what I want, Stiles. I’ve entertained many a thought about you, about what it might be like to have you in my bed. Seeing you round with my pup, well, even before I knew Lunae was mine, I was quite aroused whenever I saw you. Seeing the budding life inside you was a siren song to my wolf, which was ever so jealous that someone had gotten to you first.” Peter shrugged his shoulders. “After I discovered that Lunae was mine, well, it was even more arousing to know that through some twist of fate, we’d have a pup together. Now, here, all of that is put to rest, my dear. We can start over.”

Stiles swallowed tightly at that offer, a new chance, the past gone. His hands fisted the cloth of the wolf's clothing before he lunged forward and kissed the wolf with all the passion he had for him.

Chapter 22: Let me have you

Chapter Summary

Stiles and Peter connect in a new way

Chapter Notes

Fair warning, this chapter is like 90% smut and 10% regular story. Enjoy.

The growl Peter gave was bone-shaking. Stiles gasped as the man's tongue pierced his lips, and Peter thrust him against the wall and began to kiss him aggressively. He moaned into the sinful embrace. His hands came up to wrap around the wolf's neck, embracing the back of the wolf's head and silently begging for more. Peter seemed quite intent on swallowing his tonsils, given how the wolf wasn't relenting, and he soaked in the affection of such a carnal act.

He'd never dreamed this would be real, but how dastardly it was in reality. The taste, the sensation of Peter upon his lips and tongue, the sinful embrace the wolf was giving him as their mouths were interconnected. It was more than even his wildest imagination could have given him.

He gave a short noise of want when Peter pulled back, only to nod when the wolf told him to strip. Peter stepped back and began to deal with his clothing, and Stiles had a hard time focusing once the handsome wolf had pulled his shirt up and over his head. The impish grin the wolf gave him had him hastily going about his own clothing. He pulled his shirt up and over, leaving on his bra for some stupid reason. It wasn't as if he was going to keep it on if they were truly going to have sex, but it sheltered him from Peter's view at least for the moment.

He reached down and began to fuss with his pants, his eyes flitting up only for his eyes to widen in shock upon finding Peter already bare. The proud wolf, not shying away from his own arousal nor his naked form, Stiles had to forcefully focus on attending to his own clothing after that. It was far too easy to get lost in the sight of Peter. He shucked off his pants with ease; that was no big deal, but he'd never been naked before another man before, and despite knowing that he'd been bare before Peter...The wolf hadn't been aware of that. Stiles looked up and shyly admitted. "This is stupid...But I've never been naked in front of someone like this before."

Peter chuckled at the teen's fears. He took a confident step forward and embraced the teen's face, drawing him into a soft kiss before he pulled back to say. "I want to see all of you." His hands skirted down, trailing downward and around the teen's ribs to find the hooks in his bra. Stiles was a tad stiff in his gentle hold, but he reassured him. "I'm sure that I'm going to be quite pleased with what I see, darling." When the bra unsnapped, he slowly drew it off of Stiles' shoulders, pulling it down as if it were silken lace and not the simple bra it was.

He tossed it aside and took in the beautiful sight of the teen's perky breasts. He was stunning. His eyes went up to Stiles'. He saw the hesitation there; the boy truly wasn't confident in himself. "You're beautiful, darling." He reached out without a second thought and gently cupped one of the perky breasts, a nice handful in his palm, weighted perfectly as he gently stroked its supple flesh. His thumb trailed across the teen's sensitive nipple, and he smirked at how Stiles sucked in a sharp breath. "Perfect, sweetheart." His free hand went downward, gently embracing Lunae. "It's far too arousing to see you like this. Bare before me, swollen with my pup."

Stiles swallowed at the decadence in those words. "I wouldn't think this so arousing. I'm kinda big now."

Peter scoffed. "You're quite arousing, pet. You don't understand what this does to my wolf." He let his hand leave the teen's breast, skirting down to gently stroke the swell of their pup before both hands went down to the boy's underwear. He paused, looking up to meet the teen's eyes. "May I?" He got a shy nod, smirking, he took great pleasure in pulling the cloth down. It slid to the teen's ankles with ease, and he was bestowed the beautiful sight of the teen that he'd had lustful thoughts about for years.

Stiles was a beautiful human, entrancing, in both mind and body. Now, through some insane streak of luck, he was going to know what it was like to have the teen for himself. He ate up the sight of the perky breasts, the gravid belly of their pup, and the handsome sight of the boy's half-hard cock. He could smell his arousal; their heavy kissing had done much for the teen, but Peter would see him writhing soon enough. "Get on the bed, sweetheart."

Stiles nodded his head. He stepped out of his underwear to ensure he didn't trip and walked past the wolf to his bed. He sat upon it and scooted as Peter came to crawl atop him. It wasn't until they were at the center of the bed that Peter gave him a bit of space. The wolf was still looming, still holding himself aloft, but he didn't feel cornered in this act somehow. Stiles stared up at the wolf patiently waiting for Peter to direct him. The wolf didn't disappoint. Stiles bucked, giving a short gasp when the wolf suddenly wrapped his supernaturally hot hand around his cock. The feral grin the wolf gave him in return for reacting in such a way had him blushing. "P-Peter."

Peter grinned at how the teen reacted when he took up the teen's cock and began to stroke it. He wanted the boy to feel everything a skilled lover could do for him. He knew that it was going to take a little work to see Stiles accepting him into himself; he was quite curious to know how Stiles had taken him before, as he wouldn't think the teen would have the time to adequately stretch himself before taking the much larger wolf's cock. "Tell me, darling...How much did you struggle to take me?"

"S-Struggle?" Stiles gave a bitten off moan as the wolf pleased him.

“Yes, you’re much smaller, darling, surely it’s quite a snug fit for you to take me into yourself. Did you stretch yourself before you came to my apartment?”

Stiles nodded his head even as he writhed into the wolf's hand. “I-I used my dildo...Then a plug.”

“Oh?” Peter grinned. “Got yourself prepared for me all before you came over.” The teen nodded his head once more. “Cunning little wolf.” He stated in a pleased tone. “And were we able to mate without discomfort? Or was I a tad too much? I’m quite capable of ensuring you’re properly prepped for me, but did you do enough?”

Stiles nodded his head. “W-Was a tad tight...I probably could have used more lube.”

“Fair enough.” Peter hummed and then asked. “Do you have any?” Using natural lubrication wasn’t advisable with a wolf as the partner, but it was a little late to just stop and go and purchase some. He grinned when Stiles flared out a hand and pointed at the nightstand on the other side of the bed. “One moment, pet.” He climbed over the bed and the panting teen to open the drawer, and he grinned upon finding the tube of lube. Snatching it up, he climbed his way back atop the teen and said. “This will make things a far easier time.” Stiles gave a nod back at him, and he set it aside before tantalizing the teen's body once more by returning to affectionately pleasuring the teen's cock. “Granted, a little preparation this way goes a long way too.”

“GAH...Peter.”

Peter grinned at the teen's vocal response to how he’d swiped his thumb across the teen's leaking slit. “Feels good, doesn’t it, darling?” The teen moaned amid nodding his head. “Good.” He slithered downward, his hand still working the teen over, edging him in just the best way. Ensuring Stiles felt nothing but pleasure, all without allowing him to grow so heated as to spill himself. “Open your legs, pet.” The teen spread them, admitting the wolf between them. Peter gently manipulated the teen to gain more room to work. He growled at the beautiful splendor of the teen's shaved pussy. It was moist from what he’d done to the teen thus far, but Peter knew that such simple arousal wouldn’t see them mating.

He used his teeth to uncap the lube before releasing the teen's cock for only a moment to dollop some onto his fingers before resuming his pleasuring of the teen's cock. Lube spread across fingers, he manipulated his hand to spread its gooey texture before reaching down to gently feed a single finger into the teen's moist cavern. He groaned at the tight heat that swallowed up his finger greedily. If this was how tight Stiles was, they were going to have to do a lot of prep work to make sure Stiles could take him. He was careful as he gently stroked and prodded the teen's moist insides, exploring him for the first time.

The lush scent of the teen's arousal was a beautiful bouquet upon his sense of smell, and he hungered for more of the teen. He slowly pulled his finger back, admitting two this time and relishing how Stiles shifted against the intrusion. The teen's tight cunt welcomed him fairly, but it proved just how much smaller the teen was in comparison to him. He did his best to slowly stretch the teen, prying open the moist cavern in preparation for taking a much larger object than his fingers. He thrust his fingers in and out of the teen, gently, but firmly, finger fucking the teen all the while his other hand gently teased the teen's weeping cock.

Stiles whined and moaned in his grasp, overcome with what he was doing to him. The teen was quite decadent, a beautiful treat to his senses; he hungered for more of the teen. Peter kept stretching the teen, ensuring he was taking two of his fingers with ease, loosening the tense muscles of the boy's pussy. He pulled them back and added a third; it was a tight fit. Stiles' body wasn't docile in how it accepted him. It clenched around the invading digits, whether to savor them or try to eject them, Peter didn't know. He took his time in slowly thrusting them back and forth, ensuring that the teen's body adjusted slowly to the intrusion.

He spread his fingers inside the teen in careful movements, plying the teen's tight cunt to accept the wider stance he wished it to take. He was pliable, suggestible, but it was a careful thing as he wanted to ensure that when they mated, the teen would only feel pleasure at their joining. He pulled his fingers free of the teen's moist cavern, releasing his cock so he could spread more lube upon his fingers to ensure that the glide of them inside the teen didn't aggravate the sensitive tissues. He glanced up and grinned upon seeing that Stiles was breathing harder, overcome with the devilish delight of having his body toyed with. "Soon, pet." He promised the teen as he took the teen's cock once more in hand while allowing his fingers to thrust back into the teen.

Stiles keened, bucking in his hold, and what a wonderful delight that was to him. He continued to stretch the teen, careful to ensure that he plied the teen's tight body to accept his fingers with relative ease before he added a fourth finger. A tight fit indeed. Stiles squirmed, but he shushed him. "Just a little more, darling." He wanted to make sure that their mating was a pleasant affair and not some rushed fumbling that would see the teen uncomfortable. He worked the four fingers in and out of the teen, stretching the teen farther, preparing him to take the wolf's large member.

Peter could already imagine how tight Stiles would be around him, how beautiful their joining would be. His cock was solid in its lust for the teen, bobbing against his belly and smearing the pearly drops of his precome against his abs. It was a heady aroma to smell both of their lusts, but a delight he savored. He worked the teen over good, until his four fingers glided easily inside the teen's stretched opening. Pulling his fingers free of the teen, Peter glanced up to see the pleasure strewn about the teen's face. Beautiful, simply beautiful. He released the teen's cock as he settled himself above him, picking up the lube once more. He poured a liberal amount into his hand, warming it before he went about applying it to his thick cock. "Now, darling, you're quite fortunate in that you're already pregnant...I do wish to ruin you, and the joy of coming in you will please me greatly."

Stiles huffed out a dry chuckle. "Yeah, I can't get any more pregnant."

"Granted, it will make a mess." Peter grinned back at the teen. "I don't think you can take all of me."

"I did before," Stiles smirked when the wolf groaned upon hearing that. "I just used the plug to stop it from leaking out of me."

"Oh, pet," Peter growled upon gaining that beautiful piece of knowledge. Taking himself in hand, he stroked himself with a well-lubed hand a moment more, just enticing his eager cock for what was to come. "Ready?"

Stiles nodded his head. This was so much different than when he'd taken advantage of Peter. This was all the more real. Peter was consenting to sleeping with him, to fucking him, and if he was honest, Peter looked quite eager for it. He watched with eager eyes as the wolf lowered himself between his thighs, the wolf's large cock glistening with all the lube he'd used to wet it. Stiles gave a sordid groan when he felt Peter trail his cock between the folds of his pussy. "Peter." He moaned at the sensation of the wolf drawing so near to his opening. The thick cock was pleasant between his thighs, a promise of what was to come. He clenched his jaw, daring not to cry out at the sensation of Peter's cock notching itself at his entrance. Not entering him, not yet, just teasing his moist folds with the presence of it. "P-Peter."

"Easy now, darling. I'll go slow." Peter promised the teen, reaching down, he gently moved the teen's leg a bit more to ensure he had a broader range of motion. He growled lustfully at the sight of the teen, bare, open to him, the flush folds of his cunt so inviting in how they wrapped around his cock. The teen's moist entrance trailed his comely juices that left a fragrant aroma in the air. He notched his cock at the boy's entrance, his growl timbering as he felt the heat of their bodies pressed against each other.

He could do this for hours, gently trailing his cock against him. He didn't, no, he was far too eager to be one with the teen, but a beautiful prospect for another time. With a gentle firmness, he pressed forward, groaning loudly when the teens' restrictive opening took a little incentive, a gentle adjustment to their angle to allow him entrance. The tight heat that wrapped around his thick head was a joyous thing to him. He pushed deeper, admitting the head of his cock into the teen's moist core. Stiles's cunt clenched down around him; such a large intrusion was sure to test the limits of the boy's cunt. Yet, Stiles didn't balk at it; he just moaned at the sensation of his entrance.

"Doing good, darling." Peter crooned as he moved with gentle rolls of his hips, slowly feeding inch after inch of his eager cock into the teen's moist cunt. The lube made it a far easier glide, slickening his path into the teen and ensuring that he didn't aggravate the delicate tissues he was plundering. Peter's growl turned darker when he finally breached the teen, his cock fed into the depths of the lithe teen's body. Their pelvises rocked together as he ground them that final inch. Peter groaned as he soaked in the beautiful sensation of being made one with the teen; it was so much more than he'd ever imagined it to be.

Stiles was so tight around him that he was stretching the boy to the fullest, given how tight his walls were around him. The cloying heat of the teen's pussy, its moist walls that clenched around him, was perfection. He let his eyes come open, unaware of when he'd closed them, to stare with a deep lust at the teen who was basking in the unique pleasure of being made one. Stiles' head was tipped back a hair, his eyes closed, his mouth agape as he breathed harder. "How's that darling?" Peter smirked, quite pleased with himself for ringing such an expression of want from the teen.

Stiles breathed harder as he adjusted to the large intrusion in his cunt, taking Peter again...Feeling this unholy stretch, this dark desire of his to feel full. It was heavenly. He'd missed this, though he'd only had it once before; he did truly miss this. He groaned in pleasure, his eyes slowly opening upon hearing Peter's question. He stared back at the wolf, who was giving him this playful little grin. Stiles swallowed before he said. "I'm full of you." The dark growl the wolf gave sent shivers down his spine, that as pure lust.

“Yes, you are.” Peter rumbled at the seductive response the teen had given him. “How’s it feel?” It felt divine to him, but he wanted to make sure that the teen wasn’t in pain, wasn’t uncomfortable by their joining.

“Good,” Stiles replied before admitting. “I forgot how it felt to be this full, you’re stretching me wide around you. It feels nice to have you there.” The rumbling growl the wolf gave had him smiling. “But movement might be nice.” He teased.

Peter grinned at the little snarky response the teen gave him. He pulled back, enjoying the silken feeling of the boy's walls tightening around him, silently begging him to stay buried deep within the teen. He groaned when he'd nearly pulled free of the teen before he slowly pushed back inside him. He kept his pace slow despite his eagerness to mate. Stiles needed to adjust more to taking him before they grew more rampant with their mating. He basked in the knowledge that the teen enjoyed feeling so full of him, feeling stretched to his limits while he took Peter. He hungrily ate up the expression the teen gave as he sank back into the teen's moist depths.

Peter was quite eager to continue, so he didn't stop to check in with the teen once more. He slowly pulled back, allowing his thick cock to trail the decadent insides of the teen's pussy before nearly pulling free of him. Then, with a great push of his hips, he sank deep once more. The small moan Stiles gave was entrancing, alluring to his senses to know that his partner was enjoying their mating. It was only just beginning, but having proof that Stiles was accepting of their joining was thrilling.

Peter kept up a gentle, slow, deep movement. Slowly enticing the pair of them with the tantalizing sensations of mating, stretching the teen carefully with his cock so they might entertain a more hurried pace in a moment. Peter grinned when Stiles wrapped his leg around him, his heel biting into his back as the teen writhed against him when he sank fully inside him. “That’s it, darling...Just enjoy this.” Peter kept up the solid movements, letting Stiles adjust while he soaked in the pleasant sensations of mating with the teen. He'd never thought he'd get to have the teen in this capacity, never thought he'd get to enjoy the beautiful splendor of the teen writhing against him as they mated. Yet, through some twist of fate, this was occurring.

What made it all the better was that he could feel the gentle brushings of Stiles' belly against his own, the swell of their pup a sordid delight as he got to feel how well his seed had taken root inside the teen those months ago when Stiles had mated with him. He growled and thrust a bit harder, and he groaned at how Stiles' body quickened around him. The teen's tight cunt clenching down around him, even as Stiles writhed, giving a sharp call of pleasure. Grinning, Peter let himself give in to his baser desires, assured that Stiles was properly prepared for more of him.

His gentle rutting slowly grew more feral in its movements. Peter was careful in how hard he pushed the teen as they started out, thrusting just a bit harder, enticing the teen's body to accept his rougher mating. Stiles keened and moaned throughout his exploration of what felt good, allowing Peter to do as he pleased as he soaked in the wolf's eager thrusts. The teen's leg tightened around the wolf as he cried out, and Peter thrust hard into him. Peter drank in the sights and smells of their mating, the beautiful expressions Stiles wore now that he was truly getting them started. His thrusts grew in their fervor, tantalizing both of them with what

was to come. It was a slow buildup, but nonetheless pleasant. Peter's thrust growing harder, deeper, in how he used his body to pleasure the pair of them.

He answered the beautiful noises the teen made with the hard thrust of his hips, with the hard grind of him being buried as deep as he could go, proving to the teen that he could take all Peter had to offer him. It was a dark delight of his to know the lithe teen could take all of him; the sordid words he'd spoken earlier of taking every drop of the wolf's abundant seed had left a sizzle down his spine. He wanted to see that, to see Stiles filled to the brim with his essence.

Peter growled at the sordid thought of how beautiful Stiles must have looked when he'd mated with him, how full of him he'd been; it was no surprise to him now that the teen had conceived his pup from that mating. Peter reached down and grasped the teen's free leg, hitching it up by its thigh to allow him deeper access to the teen. He groaned as he sank deep once more and got a loud cry of pleasure from Stiles for his trouble. Growling, he set about enjoying everything about the teen, his thrusts growing in their strength. His motions deepened in how he thrust deep only to wrench himself nearly free of the teen's sodden cunt, desperate for more of the teen. Stiles writhed upon his cock, giving debauched cries of passion as Peter mated with him. A glorious soundtrack to his fervent desire to mate with the teen. His pace changed abruptly, growing harder when Stiles suddenly cried out to him.

"More...Peter...More. Ugh, deeper."

Growling, the wolf answered in kind to the teen's sharp cries of passion. His cock throbbed heatedly with its desires for the teen, for the pleasure it was entertaining in those tight walls that clenched around it. Stiles' body eagerly accepted the wolf as Peter fucked him with broader movements, thrusting deep again and again. The sounds of their sordid lovemaking spilling out into the room, the slaps of flesh, the moist sounds of bodily fluids being cast off from their joining. Peter soaked in it, drenched in the debauched sensations of his mating with Stiles.

The wolf's mating grew in its ferocity as Stiles gave joyous cries to their union; it fed him, it enticed him to deliver all his partner could desire of him. Peter had always been a generous lover, but now, with Stiles, he wanted to ensure that the teen didn't regret granting him this chance to mate with him. His wolf preened each and every time the teen cried out to him, proof yet that he was servicing his partner well.

"Gods...Yes...Yes...Peter!"

Peter thrust harder, driving himself deep inside the teen who was being vocal in the best of ways. Enticing him to continue as he pleased both of them with his frantic rutting. His body's lust, its growing desires sparking that heat deep in his loins. Having this nubile teen below him crying out for him, it did things to him; it made his lust rampant. He fucked the teen as hard as he dared, mindful of the fact that the boy was pregnant with his pup. He relished each debauched cry the teen gave him; all it did was feed his lust for the teen.

"More." Stiles cried out in great abandon as the wolf fucked in the best of ways. This was so much more than what he'd foolishly believed things to be. Having the wolf for real, having Peter answer his cries with his movements, it was titillating. He cried out in great calls to the

wolf to satiate the lust in his loins. His cock was leaking profusely against the swollen belly of his pup as he was rutted into. His breasts jostling, being thrust up and down as Peter fucked him with sharp movements. How it felt to be so very full of the wolf, to feel him piston that thick cock inside him. It hit the best parts of him, striking deep and letting him enjoy the enticing sensation of being stuffed full. Peter filled him in ways that nothing else did, the stretch absolute, relentless in how it made him fit the wolf like a glove. That give and take of their fucking is just too good, he writhed upon that thick cock. Calling out loudly to the wolf for more, Peter didn't relent in his stride; the wolf gave him all he could desire.

"Peter...More...Fuck. Yes, you're so deep." Stiles whined like a whore, basking in the pleasure of being conquered by the wolf's handsome body. The gruff growls Peter gave were a serious turn on, proof yet that somehow the wolf found him desirable. Something he'd never thought possible, and yet, here he lay with the wolf fucking him. He basked in the pleasure of taking the wolf, in feeling every great tide of pleasure the wolf rang out of him with his harsh movements. He was sure that by the time they were through, his cunt would be tired, sore for having entertained such a large man...He had no regrets.

Peter growled darkly as the teen cried out for him once more, he gave great pushes of his hips to bury himself to the hilt inside the teen. He relished hearing those sordid words, hearing the teen's desire for more from him. His body was being brought closer and closer to the precipice due to the teen. His body was perfect; it fit him like a glove, welcomed him so eagerly. It responded so easily to his touch, to his rampant thrusts. Stiles writhing thickly upon his cock as he cried out his passions.

It was a savory treat that his senses basked in, his eyes glinting in arousal at how he saw Stiles buck into him, desperate for more. The teen's lush scent swathed in his thick arousal, his deep desire for Peter. His eyes devoured the sight of his beautiful form being jostled by his rampant thrusts, his eyes eating up the pleasant sight of the teen's perky breasts jostling with every thrust. He longed to get his mouth on one, but he was too intent on mating at the moment to stop to play with them. Perhaps if they'd been in another position, but not now. He'd save it for another time, because he knew he would have Stiles this way again. Many times, in fact, and he was sure it would take little convincing on his part, given how vocal the teen was.

"Yes...Yes...Just like that." Stiles bowed his back with a sharp cry as he was thrust into harder. "Yes! Again...Keep fucking me...More, oh god, Peter." Stiles cried out in pleasure at the wolf's domination of his body. What he'd had before, what he'd thought was true passion when he'd fucked the wolf while he had been frozen, was nothing compared to this. This tidal wave of passion was something altogether otherworldly. His body accepted Peter so openly now, receiving every punishing thrust of the wolf's hips. Delighting in how he felt that thick cock penetrate him over and over again, shoving itself into the deep recesses of his body. Lighting the fire in his loins that begged for more, and Peter never faltered. The wolf continued to fuck him with great passion.

"Almost, darling," Peter growled thickly as he felt his body reaching its dark, twisting pleasure. With that in mind, aware that he wouldn't last too much longer now that he'd had the teen so long, so thoroughly, he reached down and grasped the teen's cock. He grinned as Stiles cried out sharply as he began to stroke the teen's weeping length. "There we go...Just

feel that, sweetheart.” He loved how Stiles bucked into him, the teen's tight cunt clenching down around him as the teen was overcome with the new sensations of having his cock played with while he was being fucked. He could scent how close the teen was, the subtle change in the aroma of the boy's arousal. His body was prepared, had been brought closer and closer towards its release. Stiles just needed a little more prompting, and Peter kept thrusting wildly into the beautiful teen. Using his skills in bed to satiate the pair of them while his hand did the work of driving the teen's body nuts, it shouldn't take much longer before he'd be able to drink down the sight of Stiles' succumbing to his passion.

“Peter! Oh...Fuck. Yes...Yes...I'm going to come.”

“Come for me, darling,” Peter growled as he stroked the teen's weeping length, all the while he buried his thick member deep inside the teen's smaller body. His cunt was overburdened with the heft of him, but so welcoming. “Come for me, Stiles.” The teen's mouth fell open in a silent cry as he bucked into his hand. “Come on, sweetheart, let me hear you.” He stroked down the boy's shaft, his fingers teasing the base of the boy's cock before his fingers trailed up the thick vein on the teen's cock.

“Oh god...Oh god...Fuck me. Fuck me, Peter.” Stiles's back bowed as the wolf snarled and thrust harder into his stuffed cunt, his body forced to take the wolf's passions as the wolf rutted tirelessly into him. Stiles couldn't contain his scream of pleasure when his body tightened, his leg tightened its hold on the wolf's back, silently begging him to stay deep inside him as his cock gave into all the pleasure Peter had granted him. He cried out as his orgasm slammed into him like a tidal wave, a giant rush of pleasure that saw his cock spilling itself in great torrents of release. His body tightened around the cock that was thrusting wildly inside him. Stiles' loud cry echoed in the room as he writhed handsomely upon the wolf's thrusting cock, overcome in his pleasure.

Peter snarled as he felt Stiles come, watched him come. It was a beautiful sight, decadent in its splendor. The teen's cock spilling its load across his hand and on the boy's swollen belly, marking it with the teen's passion. His essence came in quick, thick spurts even as the teens' cunt quickened around him. It tightened, clenched, and spasmed silently, begging the wolf to finish as it was overcome with the greatness of its release. “Almost, darling.” He growled as he fucked the teen throughout his orgasm, delighting in how the boy's pussy stayed locked tight as his orgasm clenched the teen in a beautiful way.

Peter groaned as he thrust through that tighter passage, his heated cock prepared to spill itself. He just needed a moment more, and the delectable sight of the teen basking in his pleasure, the seductive sight of his panting breaths. Those perky breasts that jostled with every hard thrust he gave, his eyes lowered, and they grew heated as he saw the proof of what their unions could create. The handsome swell of his pup rested against his belly, proof yet that he could fill the teen handsomely. He groaned at the thought of sharing this again with the teen, with possibly siring another pup with the teen after Lunae was born. He grit his teeth and thrust deep, burying himself to the hilt before he snarled, howling out his release.

How star bright it was, how painfully perfect, his body trembled as his cock spilled his heavy load into the teen. He heard Stiles gasp, felt the teen's cunt tighten around him as his cock began to spill inside the lithe teen. He groaned and began to thrust again, gentler than his

rampant fucking, simply a means of ensuring that his essence was placed deep inside his partner. That genetic imperative to sire pups, seeing him trying to push the heavy propulsions of seed deeper than his cock might reach. "Fuck...That's it." He growled as he let himself spill handsomely inside the beautiful teen. He felt every hard ejaculation and relished the splendor of its pleasure. His growl grew heated when he heard Stiles gasp.

"Fuck...Fuck that's it...Let me take it all." Stiles moaned as he felt the thick thrusts give way to the tide of heat from the wolf's cock spilling itself deep inside him. Peter's continued thrusts were tantalizing to his overworked body, but the sensation of the wolf coming deep inside him was all the more thrilling. "Gods...Keep coming in me. I wanna feel it." Stiles moaned as the wolf growled and continued to spill himself in hearty pushes of his hips, the large cock inside him thrusting hearty pulses of the wolf's come into him.

He was perfect. Stiles was perfect; he hadn't even realized in his most distant dreams what this might truly be like. The teen was so much more than his fantasies. Those sordid words, those tantalizing requests that he keep spilling himself into the teen. It stroked his wolf in the best of ways; his partner wanted all of him. He desired to take him in all the ways he could, and Peter couldn't help but think that this orgasm was the best he'd had. Whether that was because he loved the teen or because Stiles answered back all his passions, he wasn't sure. All the wolf knew was that in that moment, his great release was sparked into something higher as he listened to the teen call out for more.

All his previous partners had balked at receiving him; other wolves were the only ones who accepted such things, but other creatures, humans, they all reacted in a less than favorable way to feeling how much he could provide them. And yet, here was Stiles, writhing upon his spilling cock, begging for more. "Fuck...Darling...I can't." He shook his head as he continued to mate laxly with the teen, his cock spilling more and more of his essence into the teen's body. It was just too good, and as much as he wanted it to continue, his higher brain functions told him to be careful. Stiles was pregnant, and there was only so much room inside his cunt before he might harm himself. So, despite wanting nothing more than to stay buried deep to fill the teen, he began to pull his throbbing length back, rutting shallower into the teen a moment longer to soak up the pleasure of being ensconced inside the teen. He panted with the great release he was feeling. "I'm going to pull out love, you can't take all of me while you're pregnant."

"I can."

Peter shook his head. "I'm not risking you." He groaned as his spilling length pulled free of the debauched tightness of the teen's cunt. His eyes flared as he watched his thick cock pull free of the teen's pussy, spilling a hearty pulse of his release upon the teen's opening. He growled as he watched him be painted with his release. Marking him with the darkest parts of himself, spreading his scent in the best of ways. He quickly took himself in hand, stroking his already spilling length, driving his passions higher now that he'd been denied the tight heat of the teen's cunt. He growled as he let his release wash over the teen, slowly tilting himself upward, looming more over the teen as he painted the beautiful swell of their pup, the thick jets of his semen trailing down the domed flesh as Stiles gave a breathy whine to feeling him coming on him.

Peter's eyes drank down the sight of his painting Stiles with his release, the heady aroma of his come a beautiful thing as he scented it, layering the teen's sweet scent. He stripped his cock bare of all the pleasure it could give him, letting it spill its hefty load upon the teen's flesh. He grinned as he watched the thick cream land on the boy's perky tits, trailing down their mounds as spattering after spattering more come was released from his heavy balls. Peter relished the sight of seeing the teen painted in himself, in having this claim over the teen, this visceral marking that proved the teen belonged to him. It was as close to a claiming as he could get without mating the teen, but it was far too soon for something like that. So, he felt quite settled in his conquest of the teen's flesh in this manner.

He sank back on his heels between the teen's thighs and continued to let his cock spill, its beautiful ejaculations falling from the teen's tits, his belly until he painted the boy's pussy once more, claiming that area in particular. It was meant only for him, and the sick knowledge that Stiles hadn't fucked anyone but him in his life did tickle him quite well. Peter sighed as the great tide of his release began to dwindle, his body shivering a bit as it was overcome with the cocoon of his release. He settled, releasing his cock as it slowly spent its last offerings upon the teen. It fell dormant only a few moments later, and Peter was left to enjoy the sight of the painted teen.

Stiles was still breathing hard, his chest rising in quick breaths that subtly moved his breasts in a very appealing way. Growling, Peter climbed up the length of the teen, staring into the bright eyes of the teen, and smiled. "I'd have you again, darling, as many times as I could, but that's for another time. When you're not so heavy with our pup." He leaned forward and gently kissed the teen, growling into the kiss as he made it more heated. His lust for the teen absolute despite having already mated. Stiles' arms came up around him, proof yet that the teen wanted more of him.

He rocked their lips together, gently moving Stiles' head as he fucked his mouth with his tongue. Stiles moaned into his embrace, allowing him complete dominion over him. It lasted for a few minutes before Peter saw sense to pull back, he grinned at how spent the teen looked. "You're beautiful, pet." He chastely kissed the teen once more before he began to trail kisses down the teen's jaw to his neck, where he carefully used his human teeth to worry a mark into his flesh. Stiles bucked into him with a groan, and Peter growled into his flesh as he licked and kissed the area that he'd worried with his teeth. His hand came up in his fervent desire for the teen to fondle a come-stained breast as he trailed heated kisses down the teen's body.

"Peter." Stiles groaned, giving a soft sigh at the kisses the wolf was giving him. The feeling of the wolf's hot hand upon his breast was far too enthralling, but he knew he didn't have it in him to go another round. Peter was right; he might have been able to if he hadn't been pregnant, but not while he carried Lunae. "Peter...I can't...Ugh, that feels too good." He basked in the simple pleasures the wolf bestowed upon him. "Peter." He whined pitifully against the wolf's mouth upon him. He groaned when the man released him, the wolf pulling back to give him that cocky grin he wore. Stiles tiredly huffed and muttered. "You're a wolf, I am tired."

Peter laughed at the teen's stout reminder of the discrepancies of their capabilities. "I know that pet, I just couldn't help myself."

Stiles hummed tiredly back at the wolf before muttering. "And now I have to shower." He blinked when the wolf growled. "What's wrong?"

"Not...Not just yet." Peter glanced down at the boy's painted flesh. "Let me enjoy this a while longer."

"Enjoy what? The mess you made?"

Peter smirked. "It's far more than a mess to me, darling. It's a claim, you're painted in my scent right now...It's far more than the simple scent markings you've entertained in the past, Stiles."

Stiles nodded his head slowly as he took that in, and he glanced down between them to his come-covered flesh. "You like this."

"Immensely so."

Stiles smirked, glancing back up, he said. "Fine, you can enjoy this for a little while." He watched as the wolf, still handsomely erect, climbed off of him to lie beside him. Stiles twisted, aware that he was going to get the wolf's come all over his blankets. Well, it was far too late for that. The heavy spend the wolf had spared his cunt was falling free of him, and that was before the load he'd spilled on his thighs had anything to do with it. Curled up on his side, he got comfortable while staring at the wolf. "Won't I still be covered in your scent even after I shower?"

"It'll be diminished, it wouldn't easily fool someone that I wasn't intimate with you...After you shower, after some time has passed from our mating, it'll smell like an aggressive scenting. You being gone so long would forgive such a scent...Still, I want to enjoy this for a moment longer."

Stiles hummed as he soaked in the satisfied sensations his body gave him for having had sex with the wolf. His body was tired, pleasantly satiated despite his cunts protestments that it was far too empty. He blinked when Peter reached out to trail a hand down one of his breasts. He glanced down and remarked. "I never much liked them, too small or so I figured."

"They're perfect on you, darling."

Stiles hummed, quite pleased to hear that the wolf didn't see the same inadequacies that he did. He smirked and reached up to grab the wolf's hand from his breast. He pulled it lower to the side of his belly and smiled at the wolf, who frowned at him at first before his eyes widened comically. "She's kicking."

Peter grinned brightly upon feeling the fluttering against his palm. "She is." He pushed himself up on his elbow to stare adoringly at the teen's belly, where he could feel for himself further proof that their pup was alive and well inside Stiles' womb. "That's amazing."

Stiles chuckled. "Took some getting used to, but I really like it now." He watched on as Peter pulled his hand back and contorted himself to lean over against his belly. Stiles watched on,

confused for a moment before he laughed as the wolf growled into his naked flesh. “What are you doing?!” It tickled to feel the reverberations in the wolf’s growl against his flesh.

“Telling her I’m here.”

Stiles smirked. “I don’t think the baby can recognize that, Peter.”

Peter grinned up at the teen. “She’s a wolf, she can understand.”

Stiles hummed. “You said the odds were good that she was.”

“Oh, yes.” Peter nodded as he fell back to rest beside Stiles, his hand coming once more to lay upon the area where Lunae had been kicking a moment ago. “Truly, the odds that she’s human are quite negligible.”

“You had humans in your pack before, were they all-”

Peter shook his head, already knowing what the teen’s question was. “No, those who had married into the pack. Some of the children were.” He sighed as he remembered all those they’d lost in the fire. His eyes traveled to his pup; nothing like that was going to happen to them. “She’ll be a wolf.”

“Would it matter if she wasn’t?” Stiles smiled when Peter snorted at him. “Just checking.”

“She’s ours, that’s all I care about, Stiles.” He reassured the teen by saying. “My wolf is attached to her because she’s ours, not because of what she might be. Granted, my wolf will be happy if she turns out to be a wolf.”

“I kinda hope she is,” Stiles admitted. “I mean, I know you said wolf pups are a handful and all, but at the same time, she’d be protected from so much. She couldn’t get sick as I can.”

Peter nodded his head. He wasn’t surprised to hear that Stiles wanted what was best for their pup, even if that meant she wasn’t the same species as him. “We’ll protect her no matter what she turns out to be.”

Stiles smiled at the wolf’s promise. “Yeah.”

“Tomorrow we’re going home,” Peter growled when Stiles shook his head. “Stiles-”

“I need to stay.”

“No, you do not,” Peter stated with a timbre to his voice. “You need to come home with me.” He hummed when Stiles leaned forward to kiss him; such sweetness wasn’t going to stall him, and he glowered at the teen when they parted.

“We have to stay until Saturday.”

Peter blinked at the rather strange request. “Until Saturday?” The boy nodded. “Whatever for?”

Stiles smiled and said. "I was kinda...Asked to make something special at the bakery, and I don't want to just bail on them."

Peter huffed in amusement. "Alright, darling. We'll stay so you can do whatever it is you promised." Then, because he was curious, he questioned. "Did you make those scones in the fridge?"

Stiles chuckled and nodded. "I made everything that's in that fridge. Why? Did you eat some?"

"Far too many to be honest." Peter delighted in how Stiles laughed. "They're very good, darling, you learned that from the bakery, I take it?"

Stiles nodded his head once more. "Yeah, slowly picked things up; they taught me a lot. I'm pretty good at it, or at least, everyone says I'm good at it, and I don't think they'd all conspire to lie to me."

Peter shook his head at the boy's lack of confidence. "They were amazing, Stiles."

"Thanks." Stiles smiled softly at the wolf's praise. "Anyway...The bakery got this big contract to make desserts for the mayor's gala, and Eric, the owner of the bakery, asked me to make a custom dessert for it. I promised to have a demonstration ready, so the other staff can learn the recipe I put together, so I just need to be able to finish that all up."

"And then we'll go home."

Stiles chuckled at the wolf's eagerness. "I mean, provided you're prepared to deal with the epic shit storm that my returning is going to cause." He swallowed tightly before reminding the wolf. "I can't tell them what really happened, Peter."

"I'll handle it."

Stiles sighed at the wolf's kind response. "I still don't grasp why you don't hate me for what I did...But I'm glad you don't." He leaned subtly into the wolf's hand when it came up to embrace his face.

"I do not hate you." Peter reinforced. "I want us to go home and raise Lunae together."

Stiles smiled and threw out. "Dad will fucking shoot you if he finds out we slept together." Peter's laughter had him scowling. "Peter."

"I've survived worse." Peter teased. "I survived you after all."

"That...You cheated." Stiles muttered as the wolf grinned. "Anyone else would be dead-dead."

Peter chuckled at the teen's childish retort. "Yes, well, death just didn't suit me." His hand fell from the teen's face to gently embrace the swell of their pup. "I'm far more suited to this."

Stiles laid his hand over Peter's. "Not how I would have particularly liked for her to come about, but I cannot regret her."

“No, though I demand to be present when the next one is conceived.”

Stiles blinked, shocked to hear such a thing. “Y-You want to have another baby with me?”

Peter grinned back at the surprised teen. “Of course.”

Stiles blushed upon hearing that. “I-I mean...I thought.” He frowned. What had he thought? He’d surely not entertained the notion that them sleeping together would mean something more. Stiles bit his lip a moment before asking. “You want to be with me?”

“Yes.”

“Like...Together-Together?”

Peter smirked. “Yes, together-together.” He teased.

“Are you sure?”

Peter huffed at the teens self doubts; they really must work on that. “Yes, Stiles, I’m sure.”

“Oh.” Stiles thought about it a moment before saying. “Yeah...Dad’s gonna shoot you.”

Peter laughed at the teen's sudden decree that he should fear the sheriff. “He got over the shock of learning that Lunae was mine...Granted, part of that might have been our suspicion that she was conjured from magic.”

“You think?” Stiles drolly stated. “It’ll be different once we explain things...Er, how the fuck are you going to explain that?”

“Simple, pet, magic.” The glare he got was quite cute, but he relented and said. “Everyone believes that magic had everything to do with Lunae being made. We simply don’t correct them. When they ask you, simply say that magic was involved. That is not a lie, sweetheart, if they ask what sort of magic, say the time necklace. I’m sure they’ll be quite confused, but they can’t argue that it’s not the truth.”

Stiles nodded his head. “Yeah, but who the fuck would think that a time necklace would knock someone up?”

“Magic is a rather flexible thing, darling. Deaton even admitted that time could do things outside its normal reign. What’s to say that it didn’t notice our connection and decided to meddle?”

Stiles huffed. “Sure. I’m leaving that to you to fuck around with.” Peter didn’t seem deterred by that; he just smiled back at him. “You and Derek didn’t continue to fight, did you?”

“No.” Peter shook his head. “He heard the truth in my words; to my knowledge, I’d never mated with you. He had no reason to stay angry; I hadn’t hidden anything from him. He was just very confused, and then, scared for you.”

Stiles sighed. Yeah, he’d rather left a mess behind, hadn’t he? “Dad’s gonna be a mess.”

“I’m sure he’ll need some time to come to terms with your reason to run. I can explain it all away, darling. We can put this behind us and wait for Lunae to come.” Peter stroked the swell of the teen's belly. Lunae wasn’t kicking anymore, but he left his hand there on the off chance that she decided to announce her presence once more.

Stiles glanced down at his belly and admitted. “I was scared to do this on my own, but I didn’t know what else to do. I’ve been doing alright.”

“I’m sure you have been darling, but you don’t have to do this on your own. You’ll have me and the rest of the pack, your father. Lunae and you will be well looked after.”

Stiles looked back at the wolf and smiled. “Provided that dad doesn’t kill you.”

Peter grinned. “He can shoot me if it makes him feel better, but it just won’t get him anywhere.”

Stiles snorted. “Don’t tell him that, he’d do it on principle.” He was quiet for a moment before asking. “How are we going to tell him?”

“Hm?”

“About us,” Stiles questioned curiously. “Telling him magic made Lunae is one thing, that he can just...Adapt to, but telling him that we’re giving this a go.”

“Consequences of sharing a pup. We’ve grown close over expecting her.”

Alright, that wasn’t so far-fetched. Stiles nodded his head. He supposed they’d just have to play it by ear, though he wrinkled his nose and gave the wolf a wary expression. “What about Derek?”

“My nephew will just be glad that we’ve returned, that you and Lunae are safe. I don’t think he’ll have any particular feelings on the subject so long as he knows it’s what you want.”

“Hm...Well, that’s easy enough to deal with.” Stiles shifted, his body protesting in its tiredness, but the sensation of Peter’s come growing far more than tacky had him wrinkling his nose. He told the wolf plainly. “I’m going to take a shower now.”

Peter smirked. “Alright, darling.” He watched with pleasure as the teen got up from the bed and wandered towards the bathroom. His eyes lingered on the closed door a moment, just until he heard the water start, before they twisted back to the soiled blankets of the bed. They’d have to change the bedding; their mating had definitely sullied it. He grinned at the notion of painting the teen with his essence, even after this shower, he’d still smell heavily of Peter. It would fade by the time they went home; there wouldn’t be any trace of them having mated upon his flesh then...Provided they didn’t mate again before they left on Saturday.

It was a tempting thought to know that he might have the teen again so soon. There was no one here to stop them from entertaining each other's bodies, and having the teen once more was just too good a thought. He shook his head; such thoughts could be entertained later. He twisted and leaned over the bed to dig through his pants, finding his phone. He stretched out

on Stiles' bed and quickly found his most used contact. He put the phone to his ear as it rang and smiled when Derek answered and questioned.

"You have him?"

"Yes. He's showering at the moment, we're coming back on Saturday."

"Saturday?"

Hearing his nephew's confusion, he stated. "There's an event taking place in town that he's a part of; he doesn't wish to miss it."

"Ah. But he's alright?"

"Yes, he's fine. Lunae has grown quite well, nephew, and even better, she's kicking now."

Derek's voice rang with happiness. "You felt her?"

"Yes." Peter crowed in delight. "Once the event is over, we'll be heading for home."

"Did you find out...About Lunae?"

Peter wasn't surprised that his nephew was curious; they'd all warred with what Lunae might have been. "She's nothing dark. Magic had its way, nephew, but she's just a wolf pup." He heard Derek sigh in relief. "The time necklace is at fault for everything."

"Where is it?" Derek growled.

"I have it." Peter soothed his nephew; he glanced over the bed at his pants and frowned. Might be best if he went and hid that in his car now that he was thinking about it. "He won't be using it again. I've had a long talk with him about what happened. He was afraid of us finding out that Lunae was mine, afraid to answer how magic had to do with her."

Derek sighed. "If she's just a wolf pup, we'd have no reason to be upset."

"I know. He didn't really think things through. The black dog's message showed him his departure, and he felt that he had no choice but to follow that path." He glanced at the bathroom door when Stiles came back out, his eyes lustfully ate up the sight of the pregnant teen who was naked. "Regardless, it's taken care of." He smiled when Stiles twisted to frown at him, only to blink in surprise when he realized he was on the phone.

"Who are you talking to?"

Peter smiled. "Derek."

Stiles nodded his head, thought a moment, and said. "He knows we're not coming back today?" He got a nod, sighing in relief, he muttered. "Good." He turned about and rifled through his clothes to find some comfortable clothing to lounge in now that he was clean.

Peter smirked, his attention going back to his nephew when Derek spoke to him.

“He’s acting like everything's fine.”

“Hm, not so.” He replied to his slightly irritated nephew. “There was a very visceral reaction to my presence.” He chuckled when Stiles snorted and muttered, ‘Sure, let’s just call it that and not the shit show it was.’ He heard Derek chuckle upon overhearing Stiles. “Things are handled.” He said in amusement as he watched Stiles get dressed.

“Alright.” Derek chuckled. “Keep that fucking necklace away from him. We’ll see you on Saturday.”

“Goodbye, nephew.” Peter ended the call and smiled at Stiles when the teen gave him a wary expression. “He’s just concerned about you.”

Stiles nodded his head before waving at the wolf. “Go shower, that bed is disgusting.”

Peter chuckled. He slid free of the bed and grabbed his clothing, most notably his pants, to ensure not only that he could get redressed but that the time necklace was well out of Stiles’ reach. He didn’t truly fear the teen using it again, but it was best to be cautious. He walked into the bathroom and set about getting himself clean from their mating, for once, feeling quite uplifted now that he had the teen once more in his vicinity.

Chapter 23: Taste this

Chapter Summary

Stiles and Peter have a sweet moment in the apartment and Stiles says goodbye to the bakery.

Chapter Notes

We're nearing the end folks, I hope you're all prepared for the happy ending.

“Okay, try this.” Stiles held out the spoon to the wolf. He watched carefully as Peter leaned down and tasted the spoon for him. He appraised the wolf’s thoughtful expression as Peter swallowed the tasting of the filling he’d been playing with. “Well?”

“Good...But a tad too sweet, pet.”

Stiles grumbled, sampled it himself, and stoutly agreed with the wolf. “Damn it.” He thought a moment before he went rummaging through his fridge, and he smiled upon finding the lemon juice. He twisted about and dumped an alarming amount into the bowl.

“Um...Darling?”

“Trust me.”

Peter smiled despite having reservations about tasting that much lemon juice. He watched as Stiles whisked it into the filling for a few minutes before the teen tasted it with a hum. He smiled despite not trusting this exploration as Stiles held out the spoon to him once more. He tasted it only for his eyes to widen; he worked the flavor around his mouth before swallowing. He looked at the spoon in surprise. “That’s fabulous.”

“I knew it!” Stiles laughed as he set about prepping the other part of the dessert.

“How on earth do you know how to do that?”

“I’ve worked at a bakery for over two months, Peter. They taught me all sorts of shit, and once I got the hang of stuff, I found I really liked it.” Stiles shrugged as he went about tempering the chocolate on the double boiler. “So I started learning more stuff on my own, and now I can just...Do this.”

Peter smiled at the rather lax explanation he'd gotten. He watched as the teen took the small round cake he'd made and thickly layered it with the chocolate cream he'd created before layering some of the custard-like filling he'd tasted before. Then, another piece of cake was topped with a final layer of the chocolate cream. Stiles appraised his creation with a shrewd expression that he couldn't help but find quite cute. The teen finally nodded and then surprisingly handed him the plate.

"Wh-"

"Taste it."

Peter chuckled and accepted the fork he was offered. He took a handsome bite of it, taking the cake from the fork, and he gave a small moan at the combination of flavors that hit his tongue as he chewed. He swallowed the bite and stared down at the cake that Stiles had made in his rather small kitchen. "Darling, this is amazing."

Stiles grinned and snatched up a fork of his own to sample it now that the wolf had said that he liked it. He hummed as he sampled its flavors, rolling the taste around in his mouth a moment before saying. "Probably could use a dash of cinnamon."

"Darling, it's perfect as it is."

Stiles shook his head. "No, there's something missing."

Peter huffed at the teen's refusal to accept that the dessert was perfect as it was. He took another bite of it and couldn't find any fault in it, but he happily leaned against the kitchen counter and watched Stiles fuss about. It was clear, at least, in his eyes that Stiles was quite talented. He smiled, enjoying the cake as well as the pleasant sight of Stiles getting lost in something.

He watched as Stiles prepped another cake; this time, however, he added a layer of cinnamon between the cake layers and the filling. Peter waited for the teen to finish off this particular cake before Stiles sampled it with a hum. He chuckled when the cake he was currently eating was stolen from him and exchanged with the new one. When Stiles gave him a perceptive look, he took a bite out of it, and he hummed. That was quite a difference now that he had it upon his tongue. "Just as good, sweetheart, definitely adds something to it."

Stiles nodded his head; he was pleased with it, but it still wasn't quite right. "It's close to what I want, but somethings still missing."

"I can't imagine what, pet." Peter took another bite of the new cake, savoring its flavors as he watched Stiles sort through his various ingredients and the prepped cakes he'd made. It was an odd delight to see the teen so passionate; he'd only ever seen him this way when they were doing research, but this was somehow all the more entrancing.

He raised a brow when the teen topped the cake with the filling, then drizzled a layer of the chocolate over the top of it. The chocolate began to harden in moments, leaving quite a spectacle in its wake. Peter smirked as his cake was stolen and he was handed the new one. He appraised its beautiful appearance before taking a bite of it, very flavorful, more robust,

given how the filling was so creamy. He nodded his head and said. "I think you're onto something, darling."

Stiles grinned and took a bite for himself. "Hm...Oh!" Stiles went rummaging through his ingredients, ignoring how Peter laughed at his sudden inspiration. He found the flavoring he wanted and separated a bit of the chocolate sauce, whisking in some of the flavoring before he went about adorning another cake. He stole the present one from Peter, discarding it in the sink before handing the new one to the wolf. "I think that's it."

He hadn't tried it yet, but he just had a feeling. He watched eagerly as Peter took a bite of the new cake; the unadulterated moan the wolf gave had him hopping on his feet. "Great!" He took a bite for himself after he'd seen the wolf's great response to the cake. He hummed, pleased with how the added flavor of coffee had sparked all the flavors together. He nodded his head and said. "Yep, this is it."

Peter smiled and then teased. "Am I allowed to finish this one?"

Stiles laughed and nodded his head. "Sure." He set about making another one so he could show Eric tomorrow, he'd have the final say on whether or not it was worthy of the mayor's gala, but somehow, Stiles felt it would pass with flying colors. He stared at the dessert once it was done and grinned, quite pleased with himself. He twisted and chuckled upon finding that Peter had already eaten half of the small cake. "You like it, huh?"

"Oh, incredibly so." Peter nodded his head. "If you're going to spoil us with these desserts, we're going to have to go on longer runs."

Stiles laughed. "Just wait until I make you croissants. I sucked at making them when I first started working there, but now they're quite fun to make." He leaned on the kitchen counter and said. "I can make all sorts of flavors, but I do like the chocolate ones the best."

"Chocolate is always good." Peter intoned as he finished the last of his cake. He handed it over to Stiles when he asked for it and watched as the teen began to clean up things. "You're quite talented, pet. Have you thought of doing this at home?"

"At home?" Stiles glanced at the wolf. "What? Find another bakery to work at?"

"Hm, or open one of your own."

Stiles snorted. "I do not have the funds to do that, it's hell a expensive to open a bakery. There's a lot of start-up costs for shit like that."

"But you're talented, love."

Stiles rolled his eyes. "Lots of people are talented...I mean, sure, I could probably find a bakery at home that might hire me."

"They'd be a fool not to." Peter reasoned aloud.

Stiles hummed; he still had doubts about his capabilities. He only had the staff at Eric's bakery to say that his stuff was good, well, and the customers, but he still had feelings on all

of that. He finished tidying up before he gave the wolf his undivided attention. "Working for myself would be neat though...I know I can't be an FBI agent, not with Lunae. I can't even imagine leaving her to go off on cases and stuff." He shrugged. "I think that was part of what I grieved when I found out I was pregnant."

"Understandable." Peter intoned in a soft tone.

"But, I do find joy in this...So yeah, maybe I can find someplace to work at home. I could be with the pack then, and Lunae would have all of you."

Peter gave an open smile to the teen. "Good. The pack is going to enjoy this new skill of yours."

Stiles chuckled. "Yeah, I'm sure it will surprise everyone." Then he groaned. "Oh god."

"What? What's wrong?"

"My dad! Do you know how much he's going to want to cheat on his diet with this shit?"

Peter laughed at the horrid notion that his father's diet had caused Stiles. "Darling, I think you can curb his enthusiasm, you always have."

Stiles hummed. "True. I mean, I did sabotage his lunch on more than one occasion." When Peter gave him an odd look, he smirked. "I froze time to check in on him at the station. I found him cheating on his diet, so I dumped a shit load of chili flakes into it."

Peter laughed loudly upon hearing what the teen had done while time was frozen. "Oh, darling...I don't foresee him favoring that."

Stiles snorted. "No, he was not happy, but he didn't know it was me, so it all worked out." The wolf chuckled in response. "I did stupid shit like that a lot. Oh, I saved a few people."

"Saved?" Interest piqued, Peter questioned. "Saved how?"

"A lady was about to get demolished by some dudes SUV, I got her out of the intersection."

Peter smiled upon hearing one of Stiles' many uses for time. "You saved her life."

"Yeah. Did that a few times, I just walked around town and saw what people were up to. Intervened in a few things, I always paid for anything I took, but I enjoyed being able to go places without people constantly being around me."

"I can't blame you there," Peter remarked. "That would be a fanciful thing."

Stiles hummed before saying. "I wonder...I mean, it might be possible."

"What?"

"You have the time necklace."

“Yes, and I will retain custody of that until we decide what to do with it.” Peter shrewdly stated.

Stiles huffed and rolled his eyes. “Listen to me. I don’t know if it’s possible or not, but there’s a chance that it would work. We might be able to walk through time together if we both had a hand on it. Then you could see what it’s like.”

Peter hummed; he was oddly curious about that. He reached back and dug out the necklace. He wrapped the chain around his wrist before asking. “How does it work?”

Stiles walked over and showed the jewel. “You just press down on the jewel, then time is frozen for two hours.”

“Only two?”

Stiles nodded his head. “Yep.” He flipped the jewel over and showed the wolf how a small dial was ticking down. “It shows you how much time you have left. The necklace has to recharge after you use it, so you can’t just use it back-to-back.”

“How interesting.” Peter wrapped his arm around the teen and smiled. “Let’s find out.” He pressed the gem and then frowned when nothing happened.

Stiles smirked at the perplexed expression Peter wore. “Come on.” He grabbed Peter’s hand and walked towards his front door. “Times frozen.”

“I felt nothing.”

“Time doesn’t need a sensation to work.”

Fair enough. Peter let Stiles draw him outside. They stood at the top of the stairs, and from their viewpoint, Peter could see people frozen in place. A garbage collector was mid-way tossing a garbage can into his truck. Some kids were frozen where they’d been drawing with chalk on the sidewalk. Birds were frozen in the sky, and the distant sound of the ocean was the only noise to be heard. “How interesting.”

“Pretty neat, right?”

Peter looked at the teen and smiled. “Very intriguing pet, but we won’t be playing with time anymore.” He made to undo time only for Stiles to wave at him to stop. “What’s wrong?”

“Inside! If we just teleport about, people will freak out. We were inside my apartment when time froze. You have to be back where you started.”

“Ah.” Peter let Stiles lead him back into his apartment, shutting and locking the door before the teen nodded at him. He pressed the gem once more and watched as Stiles walked to his balcony. The teen twisted about and nodded.

“Times working.”

Peter smiled. He carefully put it back into his back pocket. "Well, that was very intriguing. I have all the more questions for you about it. We're going to destroy it after Deaton finds a way how."

"NO!" Stiles held out his hands at the wolf. "No, Peter. Time has to have its way. You can't break that. I don't even want to think of what time would do if you broke its necklace." He saw the confusion on the wolf's face and sighed. "We'll take it back where it belongs, the magic shop."

"You want to return it? I think you're a little past its return date, pet."

Stiles snorted. "The Chiranjeevi will take it back."

Peter frowned; he recognized that term. "What is that?"

"The shop owner, he's a Chiranjeevi. He's immortal, he and time are best friends, or so he says." Stiles shrugged. "He told me when I went back to see him that time always returns to him. So he's expecting the necklace back, it's safe with him...I mean, I don't agree with him selling it to people and laughing it up at their consequences, but boredom is a bitch, so whatever."

Peter scowled. "And this Chiranjeevi didn't harm you?"

Stiles shook his head. "We had a long conversation when you and I went to get the quartz crystal. He's pretty chill, to be honest. Lonely, I would say."

Peter hummed. "Fine, we'll return the necklace to him." The smile Stiles offered him showed plainly how much that relieved the teen. "Until then, I'm retaining control over it."

Stiles snorted. "Fine. Just don't mistakenly sit on it."

Peter chuckled. "I'm sure I'll take notice if you suddenly freeze if I sit down on it."

"Stranger things have happened." Stiles teased the werewolf. "I mean, you did come back from the dead."

Peter smirked. "Touche."

Stiles laughed at the one-word retort he got for pointing out such a thing. He wasn't surprised when Peter drew him back to his bed; it was his only real piece of furniture. They got spread out on it, the fresh linen pleasant to the nose as they snuggled close. Such a polarizing thing from what he'd thought he'd ever had. "Well, you're gonna have to entertain yourself tomorrow while I'm at work."

"I'm driving you there, you're not walking there at five in the fucking morning."

Stiles gave a furrowed expression before questioning. "How long were you stalking me?"

"Overnight."

Well, he supposed it was good that the wolf hadn't been stalking him for longer. "Fine. Though it's really not that bad of a walk. The ocean smells good."

"All the same, I'll feel better by escorting you there."

Stiles nodded his head. "You can come inside for a moment and see where I work, but you can't stay."

"That is fine, pet. I can come back here and wait for you to get off work. Two, correct?"

Stiles smiled at the wolf, knowing his schedule despite having just gotten there. "Yeah. Well, normally, I might need to work a little later to finish all the desserts for that day and the demonstration."

"Fair enough. They have a phone there, I wager. Call me if your schedule changes."

"Sure." Stiles stared at the wolf a moment, lost in his handsome face. "You know this is all rather strange to me."

"What's that, darling?"

"Well, I ran away from home, and through some fucked up game of werewolf hide and seek, you found me. You don't hate my guts like that horrible voice in my head has been screaming at me for months now...And I got to have you, and we're going home. I never thought any of this would happen."

"Hm. I can see how that might be startling, but I wasn't about to let you go now that I'd found you again. I know myself well enough to know that there was nothing you might have done to see me hate you, love."

Stiles huffed at the wolf's confidence. "You should hate me."

"Well, I don't."

Stiles nodded his head, yes, he'd heard that a few times now, and it was still so strange to him. "Well, us sleeping together was a big surprise as well."

"You'll get used to it as it happens more often."

"As it happens more often?" He parroted with amusement.

Peter grinned back at the teen. "Oh, I plan to have you every way I can, and I can get quite inventive, pet."

Stiles swallowed tightly at the lustful promise in those words. "I mean...I'm not against that idea."

Peter chuckled. "Good." He reached out and stroked the cloth-covered swell of their pup. "Once she comes, we can be more adventuresome. I wouldn't wish to put a strain on your body while you're carrying our pup."

“Just what kind of sex do you have?!”

Peter laughed at the confusion the teen had. “Oh, I’m quite adventuresome, darling. You have no idea how much fun we can have.”

Stiles colored upon hearing that, upon the intent behind those words. “Well...I mean, what we did before was pretty fucking awesome, so I don’t really think it would be all that different going forward.” He frowned at the smarmy little grin Peter adopted upon hearing that. “Out with it! What are you talking about?”

“I’ll show you in time,” Peter promised the curious teen as he rubbed the teen's swollen belly. “But some have to wait until after she’s been born.” He frowned and then looked at Stiles with a somewhat concerned expression. “Have you been seeing a doctor about her?”

Stiles sighed. “I didn’t really have the cash for that, but I went to a walk-in clinic when I had some stomach pain before. She was fine, they think it was just my organs getting used to being shoved about.”

Peter growled upon hearing such a thing. “You’re seeing a doctor the moment we get home.”

Stiles smiled at the firm growl and determination in the wolf's tone. “Alright.” He didn’t argue; it would probably be smart to get checked out now that he was getting farther along. “I’m sure we’re healthy, but yeah, it wouldn’t be a bad idea to get checked out.” The wolf nodded in response to what he’d said. Stiles smiled at Peter. “You can come to the appointment if you want, probably be boring as hell, but who knows, you might learn something.”

Peter grinned at the invitation to attend the teen's upcoming appointment for their pup. “I’d love to, darling.” His hand stroked the beautiful curve of the teen's belly, fascinated with the proof of their pup. He cherished being able to feel her, then, an idea hit him. He shifted about, ignoring Stiles’ questions as he gently laid his head upon the teen's belly. “Shh.”

Stiles frowned. He stayed silent, even as he was confused as to what Peter was doing. He wasn’t sure what he could hope to hear by laying his head upon his belly, but he waited patiently for the wolf to end whatever it was he was doing. The small smile the wolf adopted had him all the more curious, and when Peter lifted his head, he asked. “What was that about?”

Peter grinned back at Stiles. “I was hearing her heartbeat.” The shock on Stiles’ face had him nodding. “Wolves in general ignore such things. We have to be closer to hear someone's heartbeat, and there’s little point in listening to someone's heartbeat. It’s far more important to hear if someone's lying...But she’s just in your belly, it's very easy to focus on her and hear her heartbeat.”

Stiles glanced down at his belly, his hand gently coming down to cradle. “What does it sound like? I-I heard her on the ultrasound, but that was months ago.”

“It’s beautiful.”

Stiles smiled softly, looking up, he questioned. "It sounds normal, right? Like, there's nothing wrong with it?"

"Seems perfectly healthy, darling, but we're going to get you two checked out regardless." Peter soothed the teen who glanced back down at his gravid belly with a small smile. Oh, how he did love this teen; he knew it was wrong. He was older than Stiles by quite a few years, but he couldn't deny himself the teen, not when Stiles said this was what he wanted. He'd do battle with whoever back home had a complaint against it; he wouldn't let any naysayers steal Stiles away from him now that he'd just gotten hold of him. The teen was his, and he fully intended to keep him for himself.

Stiles pulled the metal door open and gently tugged on Peter's hand, drawing him into the kitchen of the bakery. Everyone was already hard at work for today's treats, but they paused when they took notice that it wasn't just him walking in. He smiled and waved at Peter. "This is Peter, he's Lunae's father." The surprise on everyone's faces preluded the group coming over to greet the werewolf. Peter was charming as ever, and Stiles got a kick out of listening to him smooze the group of pastry chefs. He glanced to his right when Marcy approached; she was wearing a frown. Her gaze was intently locked on Peter, oh dear. He'd always told Marcy and Eric that things were too complicated at home, that it was just best that he leave to start over. And if he had to gue-

"Why'd you come here?"

Peter glanced at the new woman and said. "To get Stiles. It's time for him to come home."

Marcy frowned, glancing at Stiles a moment before she looked back at the stranger. "He didn't seem eager for that."

Peter huffed, a little surprised by the woman's sharper tone, but no less amused by it. "It's complicated, sweetheart, but things have been settled."

Marcy's eyes narrowed. "I am not your sweetheart."

Stiles snickered when Peter inadvertently put his foot in his mouth for sweet-talking the woman. "Marcy." He interjected before there was bloodshed. "That's just how he talks, he's not fucking with you." The woman blinked back at him in surprise. He nodded to back up his statement. "It is."

"Oh."

Peter smirked at the surprised woman. "I'm afraid that it's rather a penchant of mine, no offense meant." The woman nodded her head back at him. He reached out and trailed his hand down Stiles' back. "Things were complicated at home, Stiles felt that leaving was the best course of action...I beg to differ, though I understand why he left. Still, it is long past time that he comes home; our family has been worried about him and Lunae."

Marcy frowned back at the man and glanced at Stiles. "You really want to leave?"

Stiles smiled, not at all surprised to find that the fiery woman wanted to make sure that it was his choice to return to Beacon Hills. “Yeah. It’s time to go home. I came in to whip up those desserts for the mayor’s gala, but Peter and I are set to go home tomorrow.”

Marcy sighed, upset to hear that the teen was leaving them. “Well, thank you for not bailing on us at the last minute.”

“Wouldn’t dream of doing that to you.” Stiles grinned back at the woman. “I owe you a lot. I came up with a pretty decent recipe.” He glared at Peter when the wolf snorted.

“Decent? That was fabulous, and you know it.”

Marcy laughed when the man chastised Stiles for downplaying whatever dessert he’d crafted. “Stiles has a tendency to ignore just how good his treats are.”

“Yes, I’m coming to understand that.” Peter turned his head towards Stiles and smiled. “I’ll return later this afternoon to pick you up.” He leaned over and kissed the teen chastely before turning to leave.

Stiles watched the werewolf head out, turning back around, he wasn’t surprised to see the calculating expression Marcy wore. “Trust me. This is a good thing.”

Marcy nodded her head. “Alright then. So, what masterpiece did you make?”

Stiles chuckled before lifting up the bag that held the pastry box in it. “Wanna taste?” She grinned and nodded eagerly. “We gotta get Eric so he can taste it as well.”

“Oh, we don’t need him...There’s more for me if we ignore hierarchy.”

Stiles laughed as he walked over to one of their work tables. He pulled out the pastry box from the bag and opened it. The awed noise Marcy made brought a smile to his face as he stared down at the dessert. “Let me get a fork.”

“I can eat it whole.”

Stiles chuckled as he went about fetching a fork. Bringing it back, he handed it to the woman. “Try and taste it, not inhale it.” He waved, clearly dismissing such a thing. He watched as the woman took a good forkful out of the cake. The woman hummed when she placed the bite into her mouth. Stiles smiled when Marcy moaned as she chewed. “I take it you like it?”

Marcy swallowed and pointed her fork at the cake. “How dare you leave us after showing me this magnificent specimen.”

Stiles shrugged amid chuckling. “Sorry.”

“Ugh, how am I ever going to forget the beautiful things that you come up with?” Marcy appraised the dessert from all angles and muttered. “And worse, you’re abandoning us without the recipes for everything else, aren’t you?” He looked up to find the teen was smirking, proof yet that he was sticking to his sly little plans of keeping his beautiful recipes in his head.

“Sorry,” Stiles repeated with a small grin. “I’ll go get Eric to taste this, don’t eat it all!”

Marcy watched the teen head off to go and retrieve her husband, huffing, she stared down at the cake in front of her. “The mayor doesn’t deserve this.” She stabbed another hefty forkful of the cake and moaned again while eating it. “Dear god, why did his baby daddy have to come find him?”

Stiles carefully placed the last dessert into the pastry box, ensuring it was centered inside the box to prevent it from being jostled about and accidentally damaged in transit. He closed the box with a pleased smile and stared at the tables that had been swarmed with the cakes he’d made and decorated for a teasing sample for the public of what was going to be at the mayor’s gala. He felt quite accomplished to see it all laid out before him. He twisted when he felt someone’s hand on him. He smiled at Marcy and said. “I’m oddly proud of this.”

“You should be.” Marcy smiled back. “You did an amazing job, Stiles. All of those cakes were beautiful. I’m sure the mayor is going to be beside himself when he tastes them. Eric wants to see you.”

Stiles nodded his head. “Sure.” He left the tables of his proud accomplishment and walked down the short hallway to his boss’s office. He walked inside and smiled. “I just finished with the cakes, they’re all loaded up into their boxes and ready to be put out on the display. Did the whole demonstration and gave the recipe over to the staff. You’re all set for the event.”

Eric smiled back at the hardworking teen. “I can’t thank you enough for that, for sticking around to finish this.”

“It was no trouble,” Stiles replied honestly. “I didn’t want to let you down, and just because I’m going home doesn’t mean I should bail on things. It’s not like Peter or me had a rush about getting back.”

“All the same, this means a lot to us.”

“Just glad to help, I mean, you guys helped me out when I got here.” Stiles smiled back at his boss. “You gave me a chance despite me being wholly incapable of making croissants or using a piping bag.” Eric laughed in return for reminding the man of his earlier failings. “I found out that I really enjoy this kind of work, I think I’m going to find a bakery back home to try and work at.”

“Not a bad idea given your talent for it.” Eric twisted his head to his desk drawer and opened it, pulling out an envelope. He offered it to Stiles. “Your last paycheck, paid in full.”

Stiles smiled, but he took it only to frown when he realized just how heavy the envelope was. He opened it only to gasp at the amount of money inside it. “Eric!”

“I was already intending to give you a bonus for the mayor’s gala event,” Eric told the teen with a smile. “Consider this our fond farewell to you.”

Stiles gave the man a beseeching expression. "This is too much."

"It's not enough," Eric replied. "But I'd go out of business if I gave into my softer side too much. Take it, use it for the baby."

Stiles sighed and nodded. It was true that he could use this for a lot of baby things. "Thank you."

"Take care, and if you're ever in the area, drop by." Then, because he had to, he said. "I could give you an extra grand if you want to write down that recipe for those lemon-berry scones."

Stiles grinned at the man's attempt to bribe him. "Tempting, but no." The man's loud sigh had him chuckling. "If I ever come back around, I'll stop by." He promised the man, and he walked forward and hugged Eric when the man got up and approached him. "Thank you." He spoke with a tight emotion.

"You're welcome."

Stiles pulled back, clutching the envelope to his chest before he turned and left. It was somewhat hard to look back at the kitchen and know that this would be the last time he was there. It hurt; this was the only other place he'd ever called home. Smiling sadly, Stiles headed for the back door. He opened it and huffed upon finding Peter's challenger in the loading bay. He shut the door behind himself and walked over, easily sliding into the muscle car. "You know this is for deliveries."

Peter smirked. "Who's going to stop me?"

Stiles rolled his eyes at the wolf's cocky attitude. He glanced down at the envelope and said. "It's oddly hard to leave...I was only here two and a half months, but it really did kinda feel like home."

"Understandable, darling, but the pack and your father are waiting for us." Peter glanced at the envelope the teen was playing with. "What's that?"

Stiles smirked. "Because I was afraid of dad tracking me, I made a deal with Eric where I was always paid in cash." He lifted the envelope and said. "It's my last paycheck...And a bonus for doing the mayor's gala."

Peter smiled at the fact that the man who ran the place had been kind enough not to scam the teen out of what he was owed. "Good. I'm sure you can find something to spend it on."

"Marcy and Eric said to use it for Lunae."

"A good idea." Peter started his car and pulled out of the loading bay of the bakery, heading back to Stiles' apartment. They'd agreed to stay the night before heading out bright and early on Saturday. It would make for a long drive home, but Peter wasn't daunted by that fact; he was just excited to be bringing Stiles back home where he belonged.

"Should probably stop at a bank on our way out of town, to be honest."

“Hm? I don’t think that amount is any cause for concern, pet.”

Stiles smirked and shyly looked out the window. “Probably right, I mean...It’s only five grand...The ten I have at the apartment just seems to warrant that.”

“You have fifteen grand in your apartment?!” Peter growled. “Do you know how easily it would be for someone to rob you!”

“Ten grand.” Stiles held up the envelope; the glare the wolf spared him as he drove proved that Peter wasn’t impressed by the distinction there.

“Stiles,” Peter growled. “If anyone found out about you holding onto that much cash, you’d be in serious danger.”

Stiles shrugged. “Well, you’re here now, and I pity whatever bastard comes to my door with you around.”

Peter sighed at the teen's rather lax opinion on what might have taken place if Peter hadn’t found him. “What was your great plan? To find some hole on the beach to bury it?”

“I mean, that might work, but no.” Stiles smiled back at the irritated werewolf. “I was just planning on getting a little safe for it.”

Peter grumbled at the rather lackluster attempt to hide the teen's riches. “We’re going to the fucking bank.”

Stiles smirked out the window at the drawn-out tone Peter gave him in return. “I suppose we should call my dad and warn him that I’m coming home. I don’t think my showing up at home would give him a heart attack.”

Peter huffed. “Yes, let’s avoid that shocking return.” He pulled into the apartment complex and found an empty place for his car. Parking, he shut the car off and turned to face the teen who was being a brat to him on the ride over. “Anything else we need to tidy?”

“Gotta tell the landlady, that’ll probably cost me some cash to break my lease.”

Peter hummed. “Probably. Let’s go tend to it now so we can leave fresh in the morning.”

Stiles nodded, and envelope in hand, left the wolf’s fancy sports car and headed towards the office of the apartment complex. “I’ll warn you now, she smokes like a chimney.”

“Oh, how lovely.”

Stiles smirked at how disgusted Peter sounded. He truly pitied the wolf and his sense of smell because it was already noxious to him. Entering the office, he did his best to take shallower breaths through his mouth so he might not inhale the putrid stench of cigarettes. He heard Peter make an alarmed noise, so the wolf was no doubt aware of just how much this lady smoked. Coming to the front desk, he smiled at the woman. “I need to break my lease.” She glared in return.

“Break your lease? You’ve been here two fucking months.”

“I know.” Stiles smiled despite her glare. “I have to go home, and I won’t be coming back, so...I need to break my lease.” He felt Peter place a firm hand upon his back as he waged war with the woman who was giving him the darkest of glares. “I know I’ll have to pay something to make up for the fact that I’m leaving early.”

“You’re leaving ten fucking months early!”

Peter growled lowly at the woman's raised tone; it hurt his ears, and he didn’t relish her lashing out at Stiles. “We’re prepared to pay the cost of him breaking the lease.”

Huffing, the woman sat back in her chair and muttered. “It’s gonna cost you, alright.”

Peter’s eyes narrowed. “Just tell us how much.” He didn’t appreciate how she appraised the pair of them, as if she was gauging just how much she thought they had on them to spend.

“Seven grand.”

Stiles sputtered, shocked at the amount. “What?!”

“I’m losing money at that.” The woman barked. “I have to find someone else to fill that spot, and that could take months, when I’d already counted on you being there for a year. It’s seven grand, or I’ll sue you for breaking it.”

“Done.”

Stiles gave a shocked expression towards Peter when the wolf spoke up. “Peter!”

The Alpha glanced at the teen and shook his head with a soft smile. “It’s fine, love.” He dug out his wallet and threw a sleek black card at the woman. “Do it.” She grinned as she picked up his card, but he turned his attention to a flustered Stiles. “It’s far more worth it to cut ties and return home than deal with whatever petty lawsuit she might bring against you.”

“Peter, that’s seven grand!”

Peter chuckled. “I’m aware of how much it was.” He leaned over and kissed the teen softly, pulling back, he soothed. “It’ll be fine.” He turned and accepted his card back and took pleasure in stating. “I want a receipt.” The woman huffed, grumbled, and then went about printing out a receipt for the proof of his canceling Stiles’ lease. “We’re leaving tomorrow morning.”

“Good for you.” The woman grouched. “Put the keys in the key drop-off.”

Stiles nodded his head. “Okay.” He let Peter draw him out of the woman's office; the fresh air of the ocean was a nice reprieve from the woman's temper and the noxious smell of her cigarettes. “I cannot believe you just paid that.”

Peter chuckled at the shock in the teen's voice. “As I said, darling, far better to be free and clear rather than sticking around here to deal with some petty lawsuit.” He shook his head

when Stiles tried to give him the envelope of cash. “No, I don’t need you to pay me back, Stiles. I’m your Alpha, I’d bail out any of the pups if they were in trouble as well.”

Stiles sighed, alright, well, that did make him feel a little better to know that Peter wasn’t just singling him out because they were having a baby together. “It was too much.”

“It’s done with, and that’s all that matters. Let’s go find whatever you wish to bring with you.” He escorted the teen up the flight of stairs to the teen's apartment. Entering, he allowed Stiles to shut and lock the door as he glanced about. There wasn’t much here, nothing that particularly stood out to him as something that needed to be brought back with them, but he’d let Stiles decide that. He twisted and did say. “I do hope you’re not anticipating us carting all that cooking equipment with us.”

Stiles laughed, his sour mood lifting upon hearing that ludicrous statement. “Good god no.” Peter grinned back at him. “I don’t have much that I really want to take.”

“Gather whatever is important to you, sweetheart.”

Stiles nodded, going to his closet, he dug out the duffle bag that he’d used to run from home, he set about putting his clothing into it before walking over to the nightstand to pick up the two photos he’d brought with him. From there, he wandered to the kitchen and, after a deep rummage through a corner cabinet, pulled out another thick envelope.

“That’s where you hid ten grand?”

Stiles twisted and smiled. “Yep.” The groan the wolf gave was hilarious, and he felt no guilt whatsoever for disappointing him. “To be fair, some thief would have to dig through a shit ton of baking stuff to get to it.”

“Yeah, most thieves don’t delicately sort through shit; they swipe everything to the floor and search for the goodies.” Peter reminded the teen even as he scowled at how the teen went about putting everything back while holding onto the envelope that had the teen's life savings from his time with the bakery. “They did pay you well, though.”

“I got bonuses from the contracts I completed.” Stiles reminded the wolf. “I mean, they paid well regardless, but the bonuses were what got me the most cash. I didn’t have anything to spend it on, I figured I’d need it for the hospital stay when I had Lunae.” The wolf's growl had him walking over to lay his hand upon Peter’s chest. “That’s not going to be needed now.” The wolf shook his head, his growling tapering as he was reminded that Stiles was going home with him.

“No, we’ll make sure you’re covered for the birth. It shouldn’t take long to reactivate your healthcare at home.”

Stiles shrugged his shoulders. “I mean, I didn’t die or anything. I just was out of town for two months, it’s probably all the same.” Peter nodded in return. “Regardless, that’ll be pretty easy to fix, and then I can get an appointment to ensure that Lunae and I are healthy.”

“Yes, that will be a relief to me.” Peter glanced down at the teen's belly. “I’m sure you two are fine, but I will feel better once someone can verify that.” He wrinkled his nose before admitting. “Though we’ll still have to go through with that pesky ritual for Deaton.”

Stiles snorted. “To prove Lunae’s just a baby.” Peter nodded. “Fine, whatever...So long as it’s not going to hex our kid, he can wave his magic wand.”

Peter chuckled at the teen's assumption that the druid had some sort of magic wand. “He’s not powerful for a wand.” He teased.

Stiles smirked in return. “I do have to admit something I did to him.”

“Oh?”

“I went with Scott at one point to talk with him about things...He did his typical doom and gloom shit that I hate, and then got huffy when I picked up this stupid jar of sparkly rock dust.”

“You mean the very precious and rare jar of pixie ash?”

Stiles waved his hand in the air to dismiss that. “Whatever, it looks like glittery sand. My point is, he got huffy, and I got fed up, so I froze time and then proceeded to walk around and play with ALL of his shit.”

Peter laughed. “You just played with everything he had?”

“If it was shakeable, it got shook.”

Peter smirked. “That wasn’t very wise, darling.”

Stiles shrugged. “I got the sick satisfaction of smiling smugly at him after I restarted time to him, being confused as to why I was suddenly behaving.”

“I’m sure.” Peter chuckled once more at the thought of what the teen had done while the druid was yet unaware of his actions. “Well, as amused as you might have been playing with people, those days are behind you. We’ll return the necklace to the magic shop.”

Stiles nodded his head. “Yeah, probably a wise thing to do.” He wasn’t sure what the Chiranjeevi would say to him when he brought it back, but he was curious to talk to the man again. “It was useful, but there’s a cost to it.”

“Most magic has a cost, sweetheart.”

Stiles smiled; he knew that better now than he ever had before. “Yeah.” He glanced about his apartment before settling into the knowledge that there was nothing else he wished to take with him. He took the two envelopes of cash from the duffel bag and put them inside before zipping it up. He twisted and smiled. “I’m all set to go tomorrow.”

“Good,” Peter replied in a pleased tone. “And now we have nothing to do.”

Stiles frowned at the pleased tone the wolf used when saying that. “And that’s a good thing?” He watched the wolf stalk towards him, his eyes widening when the werewolf said.

“I think I can figure out something for us to do.”

Chapter 24: Going home

Chapter Summary

Stiles and Peter head back to Beacon Hills. The sheriff gets some answers about why his son left.

Chapter Notes

Just one more chapter left, I hope you'll enjoying the wrap up of this story.

Peter glanced over at the teen, a pleased smirk on his face as he watched Stiles sleep. He'd tucked him out quite well with a very productive round of sex. How he'd delighted in unraveling the teen once more, seeing him cry out to him in the throes of passion. It was quite a delight to sample the teen's flesh once more, to have him wrapped tightly around his cock as he pleased both of them. He'd run the poor human ragged, and enjoyed the soft afterglow when they'd spoken of things that they'd never dreamed of speaking about.

They'd been forced to change the bedding, for them both to shower, given the dark delights they'd shared with one another, but now, far too early in the morning, Peter was getting to watch the teen sleep. He sat up on his elbow, watching the teen take slow, even breaths. He was captivating, enthralling in ways that no other had tempted him. They'd all been a means to release the lust he had for the teen, a manner to soothe his wolf when it was denied what it quested for.

Now, however, he had everything he wanted. Reaching out, he gently shifted the blankets on Stiles so he could lay his hand on the teen's naked flesh. He smiled as he felt the burgeoning wealth of the flesh housing their pup. He chuckled when he felt her kick a moment later. "Far too early to be up just yet, pup, let your mother rest." The pup ignored him, kicking a few times. He glanced at the clock on the wall. It was nearly time to get up, to head home at long last. So, he gave in to temptation and leaned forward to kiss the beautiful dome of his pup. Kissing it a few times before he growled into the flesh, delighting in how Lunae kicked harder upon feeling and hearing his growl. He felt Stiles shift beneath him, but continued to play with his pup.

"Did you just fucking wake her up?"

"She was already awake," Peter informed the now irritated teen as he lifted his head from Stiles' belly to smile. "I was just saying good morning."

Stiles groaned and twisted abruptly onto his side. "It's Saturday, it's too fucking early. I'm allowed to sleep in on Saturdays." He huffed when Peter climbed over him to snuffle him. Stiles couldn't fight the smile that breached his lips as the werewolf fawned over him. "Peter."

"Time to head home, darling."

Stiles sighed, he twisted his head to stare up into the wolf's eyes and muttered. "You couldn't hit snooze even once?"

Peter grinned at the paltry complaint. "You can sleep in the car."

Stiles grumbled but nodded his head. "Fine."

Pleased, Peter rose and quickly got into his clothing, quite eager to return so he could get into some fresh clothes. His showers at the apartment were the only reason he hadn't rushed out to buy new clothing while staying here. He watched with lustful eyes as Stiles rose naked and prepared to get into the clothing of his own. If they'd had the time, he might have mated with him again, but he figured he could always entertain that delight once they were safe at home. Stiles was bound to still be tired from slaking his lust last night.

Stiles twisted about once he was dressed to find Peter leering at him. He huffed at the wolf's apparent lust for him. It was...Shocking to see it, but nonetheless a beautiful dream. He'd been quite shocked when the wolf wanted to fuck him again, but damn if that hadn't been just as good as the first time. Peter was quite passionate in bed, and he hadn't left Stiles waiting for pleasure that was for damn sure. If that was how their lovemaking was always going to be, then he was gonna die a happy man.

"Ready?"

Stiles smiled and nodded. "Yeah, let's go home." He let Peter take the duffle bag, and after locking up the apartment, aware that the manager would freak the fuck out at the fact that they were just abandoning everything rather than moving out, Stiles took a small amount of pleasure in returning the keys to the drop box. Fuck her and her seven grand. He followed Peter to his challenger and climbed in. He buckled himself in and glanced about the luxurious interior of the muscle car. He waited patiently for the wolf to start the car before saying. "After Lunae comes, I wanna see how much fun it would be to have you fuck me in here." The reverberations of that growl went so very deep inside him, Stiles smirked out the window. "I think it would be fun, if not a little messy."

"It's worth it," Peter growled at the decadent thought the teen had granted him. "Once the pup comes, it'll be easy enough to do, and detailing my car will be a fair trade for that."

Stiles chuckled as Peter began heading down the side street that would take them to the main strip in Lincoln City. He glanced towards the ocean as it peeked out through various buildings and scenery. It was as they were drawing close to the bakery that he said. "We should stop at the bakery and get something."

"You want to buy a dessert this early in the morning?"

Stiles huffed. "They have breakfast items, Peter. You had the scones."

"Hm. True. Alright, pet, we'll stop." He had an idea that this was just Stiles' way of saying goodbye again, but he wouldn't fault the teen for wanting to do so. The people at the bakery had become a second family to him, something he was grateful for, seeing as he and the pack weren't there to watch over Stiles. He pulled effortlessly into a parking spot and dug out his card, handing it to the teen. "Pick something out for me, I trust your judgement."

Stiles smiled and nodded as he took the sleek black card from the wolf. He exited the car and headed for the bakery. He'd get to say goodbye once more and get them a treat for the road. It was going to be a long drive back to Beacon Hills, and having something this early in the morning would just help tide them over through the long drive. He stepped into the bakery, glancing behind himself to see Peter glancing out the driver's side window at the town, and smiled to himself. He twisted back towards the bakery whose line was long, but not abhorrent enough to stop him from purchasing something. Once he had some tasty treats for them to snack on and had said goodbye once more, he returned to the car with a pastry box in hand. He settled into the passenger side and told the wolf. "I got you an apple strudel croissant."

"Sounds delicious."

Stiles grinned as he handed over the breakfast treat and a napkin. "Be careful, it can get messy." He dug out the orange zest scone he'd gotten himself and happily munched away on it. Delighting in the light buttery texture and mourning that he didn't have a cup of coffee to go with it. He twisted towards Peter and smiled at the pleased expression on the man's face while eating the croissant. "Like it?"

"Very good pet."

"I can make those." Stiles grinned when the wolf groaned.

"You can make this?!"

"Yep."

Peter glared at the teen. "Darling, you're going to ruin us."

Stiles chuckled and shrugged. "That's nothing, just wait until I show you some of the other stuff I know."

"I can't wait." Peter grinned as he finished off the last bite of the flavorful treat Stiles had gotten him. He glanced at the pastry box and asked. "How many did you get?"

"Just two more."

Nodding, Peter started the car back up. He pulled out onto the main strip and, with a grin, revved the engine of his sports car and took off down the road. It was time to take Stiles home.

Peter glanced over at the passenger side when Stiles groaned. He smiled. The teen had been asleep for two hours, and he'd wondered if the teen would sleep the rest of the way home. He couldn't fault him; the drive was peaceful, and the muscle car made the road quite smooth. "Have a good nap?"

"What time is it?"

"Hm. Three."

Stiles sighed. "How much farther?"

"Another two hours, darling."

Stiles nodded his head as he stared out the window. He bit his lip a moment before asking. "Can I have your phone?"

"Sure." Peter dug it out with ease and handed it over to the teen. "Who are you calling?"

"Dad."

Peter smiled and stayed silent as he listened to the teen call his father. This was long overdue, and he was sure the sheriff would be beside himself to hear that Stiles was coming home. He could hear the nerves in the teen's voice when he said the simple 'Hi, Dad.'. Assured that Stiles would find his strength in a moment, Peter enjoyed listening to the conversation.

"Hi, Dad." Stiles smiled when he heard the loud shout of his name. "Yeah...I'm using Peter's phone at the moment."

"You're with Peter?!"

"Yeah, we're on our way back."

"Back home?"

Stiles smiled and said. "Yes, Dad, back home. We should be back in two or three hours, depending on traffic."

"Oh my god...Are you okay?"

"I'm fine. Tired of being in a car, but that's pretty normal given how long we've been driving."

"How did he find you?!"

Stiles huffed. "Werewolf bulletins exist." He smirked when Peter laughed. "The pack told their allies that I was missing, word traveled through the various packs, and someone caught sight of me and told Peter."

"And he didn't tell me?!"

Stiles grimaced. He spared a glance towards the wolf, who tilted his head towards him. He smiled. “Yeah..I think he was just excited to come and find me; he didn’t mean to keep you out of the loop.” The smirk Peter gave him had him glowering back at the man.

“But he convinced you to come home. Where’s that fucking necklace?”

Stiles snorted. “Peter has it, I’m not going to run again, Dad. Peter and I talked about everything, and we can explain it all once we get home...Er, scratch that, I want a bed for a few hours before I explain shit.”

“That’s fine, son. But you’re really okay?”

“Yep, Lunae and I are fine.”

“Where were you?”

“Lincoln City, Oregon.”

“Oregon?”

Stiles smiled to himself. “I went to the beach.” He heard his dad sigh. He was sure that his father would have been distraught no matter where he’d been, but hearing that he hadn’t been all that far away, just a day's travel, was probably hard for him. “Anyway, I’m on my way back. I’m not sure where we’re going fir-”

“You’re coming here!”

Stiles made a strained noise. He glanced at Peter and saw the wolf scowl. “Sure, Dad...We can see you first.” Peter smirked back at him before returning his attention to the road.

“Won’t be a problem, but I’m serious about wanting a nap.”

“That’s fine.”

“Good. Well, I’ll see you in a few hours, I guess.”

“Give Peter the phone.”

Oh, dear. Stiles chuckled weakly. “He’s driving.”

“Now, Stiles.”

Shit. Stiles held out the phone and muttered. “He is not happy.”

Peter hummed as he took the phone and put it to his ear. “Sheriff.”

“You went to find him alone?!”

Peter grimaced at the tone; it rattled his ears. “I was afraid that he’d run; there wasn’t time to alert everyone and band together.”

“Bullshit. Did he even know you were coming?”

No, but that was beside the point. “I couldn’t be sure that the wolf who saw him wouldn’t approach him.” The dry expression Stiles gave him had him smiling.

“I’m not buying it.”

Well, it had been worth a shot. “Regardless, I’ve retrieved him and sorted out the mess of why he left. We’ll be back in town in a few hours.”

“Why’d he really run?”

Oh, how sensitive that topic was. “We’ll explain everything once we get there.”

“I want answers, Hale.”

“Noted, and you will get them...After Stiles has had a chance to take a nap. I can answer your questions while he rests.”

“Fine.” The sheriff growled. “Just get here.”

Peter hummed when the line went dead. He put his phone on the dashboard and smiled at Stiles. “It’s fine.”

Stiles glared. “He fucking threatened you, didn’t he?”

“Hm, no. He did speak of how upset he was that I didn’t inform him of your whereabouts, though.”

“Yeah, I’m sure.” Stiles dryly replied. “Well, that will be a fun reunion. Do you think we should call Derek and warn him?”

“He knew we were returning today; there’s no reason to rally the pack before we’re already in town.”

Stiles nodded. That wasn’t a bad idea. He could imagine how wild the pups would get, and Derek wouldn’t like being forced to rein them in. He glanced down at his belly, at Lunae. “They’re gonna freak when they see how big I’ve gotten with her.”

Peter chuckled. “They’ll be quite shocked at her growth. Derek’s quite eager to see you.”

“To glare at me, no doubt.”

“Hm. A possibility, but he’s also quite worried for you.” He spared a glance at the teen and reassured him. “Glaring or not, he was just worried about you and Lunae. I’m sure that once we explain things, everyone can relax. It might take some time for them to get over their fears of you disappearing again, though.”

Stiles nodded his head; he could understand that. “I’m not going anywhere.”

Peter smirked as he kept his eyes on the road; the truth in that statement did bring him quite a lot of comfort. He knew the pack would be relieved once Stiles said the same to them. He

smirked when he saw the road sign that indicated they were nearing home. It would feel good to be back in their territory, now more than ever, as he was bringing Stiles home. It would be complete once more.

Stiles groaned as he got out of Peter's car. As comfortable as the expensive muscle car was, he was in need of a break. He smiled as he stared at his house. It had been so long, but he supposed it hadn't been all that long. Just two and a half months, but time had seemed so much longer. He glanced to his left when Peter wrapped his arm around him and began to shepherd him towards the door. He felt a tad awkward after being gone so long. Did he knock? Well, that was rather stupid.

Huffing, ignoring the questioning noise Peter gave him as they came upon the door, he muttered. "It's fine." He opened the front door and was not surprised to see his father spring out of his recliner. "H-" Stiles smiled when he hadn't even gotten out a hello before he was yanked into a crushing hug by his father. He wrapped his arms around his dad and sighed. This felt rather nice after all he'd been through. "I'm home." It was stupid, but he hoped that it might assuage some of his father's fears of him leaving again.

"Don't you ever do this again."

Stiles huffed. "Well, the odds of me getting knocked up and having a time necklace are pretty slim, so I think we're good." He smiled when his father pulled back with a scowl. "I'm joking." He promised.

Noah sighed. He gave a passing glance to the werewolf who had somehow managed to track down his son and drag him home. His eyes went back to his son, and he smiled. "You never should have left."

Stiles shrugged his shoulders. "It was just too much to deal with."

Noah frowned in response to that. "What was too much to deal with?"

Stiles waved at his belly and did chuckle a bit when his father's eyes widened as he took notice of how much Lunae had grown inside him. "I mean, being pregnant is daunting on its own, but magic having to do with it just made it a tad worse...Keeping all of that a secret, having Derek and Peter find out as they did." Stiles swallowed, glancing at the werewolf. "I just couldn't face all of that."

Peter smiled and stroked the teen's back. "Yes, but that's all behind us. You're back home where you belong." He glanced at the sheriff to see the man still wearing a small frown; yes, he was sure he had more questions. "Stiles, do you still want to lie down?"

"Fuck yes." Stiles ignored how both men chuckled at that. "I want a bed, it was way too long a drive."

Noah smiled. He stepped forward and hugged his son again. He sighed in relief at having him in his arms again. "You can go rest in your bedroom." He felt his son nod and slowly released

him. "Then we need to talk."

Stiles smiled and muttered. "Not much more to say, Dad." He let his hand come down to gently embrace his belly, feeling for himself the heft of his baby. "But sure, once I get up, we can talk." He glanced at Peter and asked. "Are you sticking around?"

"Yes." Peter nodded; he wasn't prepared to let the teen out of his sight. "I'm sure the sheriff and I can have a...Productive conversation."

Stiles frowned at that manner of speaking; he stoutly reminded the wolf. "He has a gun."

Peter chuckled at the reminder. "I'm well aware of that fact. Go rest."

Sighing, he turned and, in a bored tone, muttered to his father. "Please don't shoot the father of my baby, he's kinda irreplaceable."

Noah smirked at the droll tone his son used when asking such a favor. "Go rest."

Nodding, Stiles made his way to the stairs, climbing them, he turned around the banister and entered his room. It was rather like walking into a time capsule; his bed was made, though. His father must have tidied things up after he'd left. He smiled softly as he walked further into his room. He took off his sneakers and groaned in absolute relief upon sitting down on something that wasn't a muscle car's interior. He flopped over onto his side and muttered. "I could die happy right here." He smiled as he stroked the swell of Lunae. "But a nap will work instead." He twisted about and got comfortable, closing his eyes before he murmured. "So long as I don't hear a gunshot, they're good."

"I don't buy the excuse that there wasn't time," Noah informed the wolf with a stout glare as they took their seats in the living room. He kept his voice down despite his irritation, not wanting to disturb his son's rest.

Peter smiled in return to the man's cross statement. "I'm aware of how you feel. I just felt that Stiles might do better if he weren't bombarded by everyone. It took some convincing on my part to get him to listen. Even more for him to finally explain himself to me as to why he ran."

Noah nodded despite wanting to say more about that. "Why'd he really run?"

"As he said, he was afraid of how we'd react when we found out that magic was why Lunae was made. That us finding out that Lunae was mine would somehow turn the pack against him, I still don't quite grasp that one, but it's what he said." Peter replied coolly. "The black dog's vision showed him leaving, and he felt he had no other choice than to listen to that."

"Black dog?"

Oh. Right, they'd never felt the need to explain that. Stiles had felt it wasn't something his father needed to worry about, and now, it was rather biting them in the ass. He smiled tightly and said. "Yes...Well, one thing at a time." The unimpressed glower the sheriff gave him

made it known that the man wasn't feeling in a forgiving mood. "A black dog is a messenger, a sign of something dark being amiss. It can mean that one is meant to be dragged to hell, or give prophetic visions of one's downfall. It's rare, but they can give messages of hope and healing. They can guard people, but those cases are not prevalent. Stiles came to the loft one day after he encountered one; they stalk their prey before delivering their message or dragging the person's soul to wherever it belongs. Deaton fashioned a talisman to ensure the black dog couldn't hurt Stiles while it delivered its message."

He saw the slow rage that was forming on the sheriff's face and said. "Stiles didn't wish to worry you, as we were fully intending to subvert whatever vision it gave him; however, it gave a rather unfortunate vision to the teen. All it showed him was Derek and me fighting, of us giving Stiles a strange expression, and then his departure from town. A black dog's message has a finite time before it becomes a reality, but we had no idea how to subvert that path. We were still figuring things out when everything happened." Peter sighed and shook his head. "Stiles was too afraid of facing everyone, of explaining the beautifully strange way that Lunae was made. Fearful that we might think that she was something evil or twisted...And admittedly, that was where our minds went at first."

Noah looked away, ashamed as he knew that they'd all entertained that thought as they tried to wrap their heads around Peter being the baby's father when the wolf was adamant that he'd never slept with Stiles. Derek had confirmed this for him numerous times, so whatever magic had made Lunae was beyond his scope of understanding. He frowned and glanced back at the wolf. "What magic made Lunae? Why?"

A harder question, but Peter didn't falter under the man's impressive glower. "The time necklace is powerful; it is what caused Lunae to be made. Stiles didn't understand the ramifications of playing with it, and as a result, time itself decided to intervene in his meddling."

"What is it? Is...Is it something dark? Is it sentient?"

Peter shrugged. "Given how Stiles has reacted to it, I think he believes it is. I don't hold that sentiment, but I cannot fault him for thinking that some all-powerful magic would hold such sway over him. Regardless, Lunae is mine, and she is not a dark entity."

Noah frowned. As relieved as he was, he was confused. "Why a baby, though?"

He knew he was treading on shaky ground, but Peter approached the topic as he knew that sooner or later, they'd have to explain things to the sheriff about their relationship. "Stiles has harbored feelings for me for a while now." He saw the incensed expression the sheriff wore and quickened his pace towards an answer. "He didn't think anything could come of it; time must have latched onto that, the necklace, or whatever force it is decided to grant him what it felt was the just reward for Stiles's misusing the necklace."

"So it punished Stiles by making him pregnant."

"I wouldn't say punished. Stiles does not regret Lunae, nor do I. I think time was just giving him something that he'd never entertained having for himself. A piece of me." The sheriff didn't look very pleased to hear that, but he didn't waver under the man's glower. "Stiles' and

my relationship is complicated, Sheriff. Magic didn't influence Stiles; Lunae wasn't something he willed into being himself, but it was the reason he ran. He was afraid of how I'd take the truth of that magic, making our pup. He was afraid of how you'd react to the news, all the questions we'd all have that he feared answering. After all, admitting you'd fucked around with time isn't a light affair."

Noah sighed, no, it wasn't. "You have it? The necklace?"

"Yes." Peter nodded. "Stiles already admitted that he has no desire to use it again to run. He spoke the truth to me; he isn't going anywhere now that he is home." He saw how that relieved the man. "He does, however, wish to raise the pup with me." He saw how that rankled the man. "It's my pup, Sheriff, no matter how she came about, I am her father. I cannot and will not walk away from that truth, and more so that Stiles wishes me to be there."

"If it was magic, you're not really her father." Noah scowled when the werewolf laughed.

"Magic might have spurned her into being, but my sense of smell doesn't lie. My scent is all over the pair of them; she's mine through and through. You can't hope to keep me out of this; the pack will protect them, and we will help raise Lunae. Truthfully, this is a good thing. Our pack is strong and is quite excited for the pup, I know I am."

Noah sighed, as much as he'd hoped that the wolf would distance himself from the whole affair, that didn't seem likely. He'd have to talk to Stiles privately about the whole thing. "So he was at the beach?"

Peter wasn't surprised that the sheriff changed the subject; the man had known that he wasn't winning their argument. "Yes, a quaint little town. He'd found a job at a bakery."

"A bakery?"

Peter grinned. "He's picked up a new talent. He can bake."

Noah chuckled. "Stiles can bake?"

Peter nodded his head. "Quite well in fact, he's aware that his desire to be an FBI agent is behind him. That with Lunae, he couldn't go into that training lightly, and he admitted he doesn't wish to be away from her. However, he is going to seek out a bakery here to work on his craft." He glanced towards the man's kitchen. "You're also liable to get a few kitchen gadgets as he seems quite tempted to explore things on his own; his apartment was full of things." He looked back at the man and smirked. "I tasted quite a few of his creations; they were divine."

Noah huffed. "What was he making?"

"Croissants, though I haven't tasted his. He made a chocolate cake that was quite decadent, and the scones were perfect."

"Stiles can make scones?" Noah frowned at the strange new talent his son had picked up. "Alright, well, I look forward to that, I guess."

Peter smirked at the man's confusion. "I'm sure he'll find employment soon enough."

"It's not really an issue at the moment," Noah admitted. "I'd rather he focus on being healthy with the baby."

"Ah, yes, he needs an appointment with a doctor; he admitted to me that he hasn't seen anyone about Lunae since he left here." The bitten-off growl the sheriff gave was quite convincing for a human.

"He hasn't?" Noah growled. "What the fuck was he doing? Just hoping everything was going to turn out all right?"

"As he said, he didn't have the money for such things. He was afraid that if he went to see someone, you'd manage to get wind of where he was through the insurance records." He wasn't surprised when the sheriff groaned. Yes, Stiles had thought of everything when he was hiding. "That's behind us. He can get an appointment. I'm sure they're healthy, but it's a worthwhile thing to ensure Lunae and Stiles' health."

"He's going to that fucking appointment if I have to handcuff him."

Peter smirked. "I don't think such measures are required." He glanced towards the stairs when he heard movement. He smiled softly when Stiles came down the stairs with a yawn. "Have a good nap?" The teen nodded as he made his way to the couch to sit beside him. It was hard not to keep a hand on him, to not just wrap his arm around him, but being under the sheriff's critical gaze stayed him.

"Much better," Stiles admitted with a soft smile. "And I didn't hear any gunshots, so I figure you two got along." Peter chuckled, but his father glowered at him. "Well? You cannot say that you're jumping for joy at any of this." The sigh his father gave had him nodding. He looked at Peter and questioned. "Did you tell him?"

"Yes, he's aware of it all, sweetheart."

Stiles smiled back at his dad. "I'm sorry."

Noah smiled back at his son. "Don't you ever do something like that again."

"I promise." Stiles nodded. "I'm not going anywhere."

"Except the doctors."

Stiles huffed and gave a sour look at the wolf. "I've heard that argument, thank you very much," Peter smirked back at him, rolling his eyes. He looked over at his dad and teased. "He's a nag about the baby, I don't think I shared that with you." His father smirked even as he heard Peter give a small growl. He looked back at Peter and said. "We should go see the pack."

Peter nodded his head. "Yes, we should."

Stiles got to his feet and told his dad. "I'll be back later, I promise."

“I’ll ensure he gets home,” Peter reassured the sheriff, having sensed his anxiety about Stiles being left to wander. The man nodded back at him, gently prodding the teen forward with a gentle hand on his back. He walked with the teen out of the house.

“How’d he take it?”

“Well, all things considered. I didn’t touch on our current relationship as I felt that might be a bit too much at the moment.”

Stiles snorted. “You think?” He gave a bored expression towards Peter. “That is something that we will be taking our time with. I do not want to give my dad a heart attack by springing the fact that we’re together, let alone fucking each other.”

Peter smirked. “That’s fine, darling. Come, let’s go see the pack.” He escorted the teen to his car, making his way to the driver's seat. He climbed in and started the muscle car. He pulled out his phone quickly and typed into the pack's group chat for them to meet at the loft in an hour. That would give them time to assuage his nephew's fears and cover their tracks without the pups intruding. Shoving his phone into his pocket once more, he pulled out of the driveway and sped towards his nephew’s apartment.

Chapter 25: It's nice to be home

Chapter Summary

Stiles returns to the pack and shares his new talent with them.

Chapter Notes

This is it, folks. I hope you all enjoyed the story.

Stiles gently embraced his belly as Peter pulled open the loft door for him. He smiled upon seeing Derek. He gave a wave and wasn't at all surprised when the Alpha stormed over to him and hugged him. "Hey, Sourwolf." He felt as well as heard the wolf growl into their hug.

"Don't you dare do something that stupid again!"

Peter chuckled as his nephew tried to reinforce what the boy's father and he had. "He's heard that two times already, but by all means share your thoughts." The glare Derek gave him had him smirking.

"I'm sorry," Stiles muttered into the wolf's shoulder. "I should have told you." When Derek pulled back, he offered a frail smile and muttered. "I just didn't know how to explain things...And after what the black dog took place, I-I didn't know how to change things."

Derek frowned. "The black dog."

"Our fight, nephew." Peter reminded Derek. "He just didn't share the whole message with us."

Derek glanced back at Stiles. "What was the whole message?"

"That after you'd fight, I'd leave town."

Derek growled upon hearing that. "Stiles, if you'd told us--"

"I know." Stiles smiled somewhat bitterly. "I know that now."

"Well, it's all over and done with, no sense in thinking too hard on it." Peter trailed his hand down the teen's back. "He's back where he belongs, and he won't be going anywhere, right, Stiles?"

Stiles huffed, aware of what Peter was doing. He looked pointedly at Derek and said. "I'm not going anywhere."

Derek smirked upon hearing Peter goad the teen into telling the truth to him. "Good." He looked up at his uncle and glared. "You left us in the dark."

"I did." Peter didn't shy away from what he'd done. "But instinct was rather adamant that I find him and bring him back, truly it served us well. I have no doubt that if I'd given him the opportunity to run, he might have."

Stiles glared at the wolf when Derek growled at him. "Thanks for that." He smiled back at Derek. "I'm not going anywhere now." Then, much to his joy, he found something to sidetrack the growling Alpha. He reached out and took up Derek's hand and pointedly said. "You can't growl at me when I can do this." He laid the wolf's hand on the side of his belly. Derek was confused for all of a moment before the wolf's eyes widened. Stiles smiled when he felt the baby kick. "Say hello to your cousin."

Derek smiled as he glanced down to where his hand was gently laid upon Stiles' belly. The flutters of the pups' kick were shocking, but a welcome reprieve from his irritation at the teen for running. "That's amazing."

"It is, isn't it?" Peter smiled as the teen shared that joyous thing with his nephew.

"I'm hoping she keeps kicking for when the others get here." Stiles playfully said. "You can't get mad when she can do that for you to feel."

Derek snorted even as he enjoyed the flutters of Lunae against his palm. He looked back at the smiling teen and dared to question. "You ran because we found out that Lunae was Peter's, that she was made of magic." The teen nodded, sighing, Derek muttered. "We wouldn't have cared, Stiles."

"I cared, though." Stiles smiled sadly. "I was scared, and after I'd already seen the black dogs' message, I didn't know how to combat it. It was my worst fear coming to light, you were finding out what I'd been fighting so hard to keep to myself."

Derek sighed. "Yeah."

"It won't be happening again," Peter reassured his nephew. "I have the necklace, and we'll be returning it to where it belongs."

Derek frowned. "The magic shop?" Both Stiles and Peter nodded. "Why?"

Stiles huffed and muttered. "It's just where it belongs, trust me." Derek nodded his head in return. "I figure we'll go there tomorrow or the day after. I want to get it returned."

"We will, darling." He stroked the teen's back and watched as Derek pulled his hand back, either because Lunae had stopped kicking or because he felt awkward to be touching Stiles for so long. "We'll see that it's handled and there will be no more meddling with time, right, Stiles?"

Stiles glared back at Peter and his confident tone. "Bite me."

"You said no when I offered."

Stiles burst out laughing at the wolf's reminder of when he'd told him to fuck off in the garage when he was insane. "You were insane!"

"I'd like to think that I was just aware of how special you are."

"You were insane." Stiles retorted with a simple-minded tone, and he looked back towards an amused Derek. "He'd agree with me." He heard Peter sigh and knew he'd won the argument.

"Well, the offer still stands." Peter crooned, smirking when Stiles twisted his head to give him a short expression.

Derek shook his head as he watched Peter and Stiles argue about whether or not the teen should take his uncle's offer to turn him. "Even if he wanted to, you'd have to wait for Lunae to be born."

Stiles looked back at Derek. "Really?"

Derek nodded. "The change could kill her."

Stiles stroked his belly and smiled. "Well, I don't want to anyway, but that's a very good reason to just not do it." His hand stroked over his baby a moment before he told the werewolf. "I'm sorry I made you worry."

Derek huffed. "We were more than worried."

"Yeah, probably." Stiles agreed, he was sure that the pack, that his father had been besides themselves at the knowledge that he was missing. "On the plus side, I can make it up to you."

"How?"

"I can make scones."

Peter laughed at the teen's barter that his learning how to bake made up for his absence. "Darling, as amazing as that skill is, that does not make up for us missing out on Lunae's growth or protecting you."

Stiles smiled and shrugged. "Better than nothing."

Derek frowned. "Scones?" The teen nodded his head. "Alright...When did you learn to bake?"

"I worked at a bakery."

Right. Peter had said that. "Right...And you learned to bake." Stiles nodded; he glanced at Peter, somewhat cautious. "This isn't like him deciding to try and use runes, is it?"

“HEY!”

Peter grimaced at the loud shout Stiles gave when his nephew insulted him. “He’s very good at baking, they’re amazing.”

“Huh. Alright.” Derek glanced back at a scowling Stiles and told the teen. “I’ve never really had a scone before.”

Stiles smiled at the news. “You’re going to love mine.”

Derek smirked at the rather cute pride Stiles had in making scones of all things. He glanced past the teen when he heard the elevator proceeded by the loud arguments of the pups. He smirked and looked down at Stiles. “The pups are here.”

Stiles blew out a breath. “Great.” He twisted, allowing Peter to keep an arm on him despite having reservations about the pack cluing into them being more than just pack mates. He smiled when the loft door opened and the rest of their pack entered. “Hey.” He was not surprised to find himself being hugged tightly by Scott. He hugged his best friend back and said. “I’m back.”

“Where the fuck were you?!”

Stiles chuckled at the loud question. “The beach.” When they pulled back, he shrugged. “In Oregon.”

“Oregon?” Boyd frowned.

Stiles nodded his head at the teen's confusion. “I wanted to get as far away as I could; I ended up there.” The pups did not look pleased to hear that honesty, but there was no sense in lying to them. “I’m sorry I made you worry.”

“We were more than worried.” Erica huffed as she crossed her arms over her chest. “You were missing!”

Stiles nodded his head. “I know. I just didn’t know how to explain things to everyone.” He saw the questions on their faces and wasn’t surprised when a litany of them came.

“Why’d you really leave?”

“What magic made Lunae?”

“Did you really control time?”

“Were you just going to stay gone forever?”

Stiles glanced at Peter and smiled, aware that the wolf in question had agreed to take on the majority of the questions as he knew how to carefully lie to the pack. The wolf smiled and interjected.

“Let’s sit down, it’s a rather complicated story.” Peter gently ushered Stiles towards one of the chairs in the room. Once he was assured that the teen was comfortable, he sat on the arm of Stiles’ chair and began the slow process of explaining their little white lies, the careful manipulations that would see their pack accepting why Stiles had left. With his skills at deceit, it was all rather easy. He let Stiles answer a few questions, but made sure that he was the one who manipulated the truth where it was needed.

Stiles smiled when all of the pack's questions had been answered. He felt a bit better to know that everything that needed to be said was said. Now, the dark truth that he’d bared for months was laid out, maybe not in its entirety, but enough. The pack had the answers they wanted, that they deserved, and now everyone could move on. He stroked the swell of his baby and smiled. It was good to be home.

Stiles let Peter hold open the door for him as he stepped inside the magic shop. He smiled when the Chiranjeevis looked up from the book he was studying, when the door chimed. The man smiled upon seeing him. Stiles walked over to the checkout stand and glanced at Peter as the wolf came to stand beside him. He held out his hand, and with a small frown, the wolf held out the time necklace to him. Stiles dangled it a moment before gently offering it back to the Chiranjeevis. “Time is done with me.”

The Chiranjeevis smiled. “You’re sure?”

Stiles nodded his head. “I faced its punishment, and it brought me home.” The man took the necklace from him, appraising it silently a moment before it looked back at him with a perceptive expression.

“You learned things.”

“A lot,” Stiles admitted freely. “It wasn’t an easy lesson what time taught me, but as hard as it was, it was worth it.”

“Time is like that. It can teach you many things if you’re prepared to listen.” The man set the necklace down on the counter. “You brought it back of your own free will, though, and that speaks quite well to who you are.”

Stiles smiled. “Yeah. I knew this was where it belonged. I still think you’re a bit of a douche for selling it to ignorant people, but it’s not my place to meddle with time.”

The Chiranjeevis chuckled at the teen's insult. “I’m just passing it along to those time wishes to meet.”

Peter growled. “Time didn’t decide for him to purchase that; it was Stiles' mistake, and you allowed it.”

The man tilted his head at the angry werewolf. “And yet, he’s better for having known it.” Looking back at the teen, he questioned. “How is your story now?”

Stiles chuckled as he recalled their earlier conversations. “Longer than I thought it would be, but I think it’s turning out alright.” He stroked his belly gently and said. “I mean, I never thought that I’d be gung ho about having a kid this young, but I love her.”

“I’m sure your story is most interesting. Do come back and share it.”

“He’s not sharing anything with you.”

Stiles smiled when Peter grumbled about that wouldn’t be happening. “Sure.” The way Peter growled at him had him patting the wolf’s back. “A good story’s worth quite a lot.” The Chiranjeevis smiled back at him. “Well, good luck pawning that off on someone else.”

“Oh, time is never idle for long. I’m sure it will find a new owner soon.”

Stiles huffed at the man’s confidence that he’d find another buyer for the time necklace. He glanced at Peter and smiled. “I told you he was chill, if not a bit of a douche.”

Peter huffed when the man before him, one who didn’t smell of a creature, despite Stiles’ assurances that he was one. “Yes, well, Darling, let’s go.” He eyed the man curiously a moment before stating. “Be careful with who you meddle with.”

The Chiranjeevis smirked. “I’ve faced many things, wolf; time has seen me through all of them.” The growl the wolf gave was cut off by the teen who patted the wolf’s arm and gave him a nod; he inclined his head. “Use your time wisely.”

Stiles smiled. “I will.” He pulled a still grumbling Peter out of the shop. He looked up at the werewolf and said. “It’s done, times back where it belongs.” Peter sighed, but in a resigned fashion nodded. “Let’s go home.”

Peter snuffled the decadent scent of himself, layering the teen as Stiles gave a soft moan as he trailed vibrant kisses along the teen’s flesh. He savored every taste of the teen that he got, every chance that he could lay his hands upon him and soak in the beautiful splendor of the teen’s supple flesh. Now, the teen layered thickly in the scent of himself, the heady aroma of sex coating the pair of them, the wolf gave in to his further desires to fawn over the teen. He felt Stiles’ arm come up to wrap around his naked shoulders, the teen gently embracing him and allowing the wolf to continue loving on him even as the teen calmed from their rampant lovemaking.

He’d delighted in taking the teen again, this time in his own bed, pleased to note that the smell of their mating would linger as he wouldn’t be forced to wash everything right away. He could soak in the euphoria of smells that radiated from their flesh, as it was, he felt the moisture of his come against himself as he gently pressed some of his weight upon the teen while covering him in trailing kisses. He’d marked the teen well after filling him full of his seed, the stark aroma of his having come across the pale flesh was decadent to his sense of smell. His wolf was well satiated from both the rigors of mating and the ability to scent their claim upon the teen’s flesh.

He trailed his kisses back up the teen's neck to wrap around and give him a hearty kiss. He pressed upon the teen's mouth, soaking up the moan Stiles gave as he plundered his mouth with fervor. He growled into eating up the teen's moans, savoring the taste of the teen whom he had been granted the chance to mate with once more. He pulled back from their heavy kiss with a grin as Stiles opened his eyes, the teen's body having calmed from the great expenditure of energy their mating called for.

Stiles smiled up at the wolf who had been teasing his flesh for the last ten minutes despite them having just had a round of sex that left his body feeling weighted in the best of ways. "That was nice."

"Hm. I'd have you again if you weren't pregnant."

Stiles huffed. "I think you're forgetting that I'm human, pregnant or not, it'd take a while before I could go again." He smiled when Peter leaned down and nuzzled him once more. He soaked in the gentle affection and shivered when the wolf's voice trailed to his ear.

"I can be very persuasive, darling."

Stiles smiled softly as he stroked the wolf's back. "I'm sure you can be, but I have limits." He groaned when the wolf licked his neck before nibbling upon it with his human teeth. "Fuck...Peter, stop, I can't." He felt the wolf chuckle and slapped his back. "Don't be mean."

"Sorry, sweetheart." Peter kissed the piece of worried flesh, which was sure to turn purple, and that delighted him quite well. He was sure the teen could find some paltry reason to avoid the pack's questions on such a mark. And if that should fail, well, they had to inform the pack about them sometime. He grinned at the notion of telling them the truth so soon after he'd returned Stiles to them. He felt and heard Stiles sigh; the pleased scent of the teen was quite telling. He shifted, coming to lie beside him rather than looming over him. Stiles curled up onto his side, facing him. Peter reached out and stroked the teen's face. "You're beautiful, sweetheart."

Stiles smiled at the wolf's compliment. "You're biased because I'm having your kid."

Peter snorted. "You've always been beautiful, I'm just all the more aroused at the sight of you for seeing you round with my pup." He reached down and stroked the handsome swell of their pup, smirking as his hand skirted through some of his cooling essence upon the teen's flesh. "Now, I just want to have you again and again, and once she's here, we'll take caution so I don't put another in you."

Stiles huffed. "Yeah, one kid is enough...At least for now." He smirked when Peter looked up to growl at him at the promising tilt to those words. Stiles shrugged his shoulders and admitted. "I could see wanting more kids."

"I'll give you as many as you want, darling."

Stiles smirked at the promising words. "I'm sure you're up to the task, seeing as we only slept together once and got Lunae." Peter's proud little grin had him rolling his eyes.

“I’m sure we can have all sorts of fun making the next one.” Peter grinned at the notion of siring another pup on the handsome teen. He’d relish the chance of mating with him for the purpose of siring a pup; he’d make sure it happened, take the teen over and over again until he was ripe with Peter’s seed. Peter growled at the thought.

“Why are you growling?”

“Just a pleasing thought.” Peter silenced himself with a small smirk as he continued to stroke Stiles’ belly. Lunae was quiet, though he wagered she might have awoken during their mating at some point. He did so love to feel her kicking, to feel the verifiable proof that his pup lived heartily inside the teen. He watched on, entranced as Stiles stretched a moment before the teen sighed.

“I need a shower.”

Peter hummed, true enough with how painted in Peter’s abundant release he was. “Sure, darling.” He watched with lustful eyes as the pregnant teen rose and made his way to Peter’s bathroom. He sighed, lying on his back, and smirked to himself. This was the start of something beautiful, something that he’d never dreamed he’d get. Stiles was his, and he’d make sure the teen didn’t regret giving him this time to prove his worth to the teen. He’d satisfy him in all ways and cherish their pup and look forward to the next.

Stiles smirked, watching on with a pleased grin as the wolves all bit into the scones he’d prepared for them. They’d thought it odd that he’d said they had to bite into them at the same time, but the round of moans had him laughing. He’d been looking forward to their reactions to his baking, and given that round of moans, they were impressed.

“Oh, my god.” Erica cried out. “What the fuck...How is this so fucking good?”

Isaac grinned as he chewed up another bite. “This is amazing.”

Boyd nodded his head even as he went about eating the rest of the scone that Stiles had prepared for them.

“Dude.” Scott swallowed another bite. “When did you learn this?”

“While I was away, I worked at a bakery, and they taught me all sorts of stuff.” Stiles smiled proudly when Erica snatched up another scone after finishing her first. He glanced at Derek, who had been quiet, to find the Alpha staring at the scone in his hand with a frown. “What’s wrong? Do you not like it?”

Derek looked over at the teen and said. “It’s great. I’m just confused as to how the fuck you did this.”

Stiles chuckled at his friend's confusion. “Just enjoy the fucking scone, Derek.” He heard Peter laugh from where the wolf was perched on the arm of the chair he was seated in. “Just wait until I make you all croissants.” They looked back at him eagerly, and he smiled. “I can

put chocolate in them.” The groans that prompted had him chuckling. He glanced up at Peter and said. “I think they like the sound of that.”

“Just a hair, darling,” Peter smirked as he bit into his own scone, which was just as flavorful as the ones he’d partaken of in Stiles’ apartment. He savored the treat, all the while being very amused as the pack acted surprised that the teen could have picked up such a skill while away from them. He hid his need to chuckle as he watched his nephew stare at the scone with the same furrowed expression while chewing another bite. Yes, Stiles had rather mystified them all with this skill; he glanced down at the teen to see him smiling quite proudly for having surprised the group with his baking skills. How he adored the teen, treasured him all the more now that he knew he could have him. He chuckled as he twisted his head back towards the pups when he heard Isaac cry out.

“It’s lemon!”

Stiles laughed. “Yeah, I made a few flavors.”

“Oooh, I want a lemon one.”

Stiles chuckled as he watched them sort through the tupperware that he’d used to bring over the scones. At least he knew they were a hit with the pack; it did make him feel an odd sense of pride to know they appreciated what he could do. He liked sharing the things he could make, and with how much wolves could eat, it was sure to be a useful skill for the pack. He made a mental note to make some croissants with ham and cheese; the savory treat would probably go off well with the pack.

As he sat there surrounded by the pack, his family that he loved dearly, he couldn’t help but feel that time had given him a great gift for facing its punishment. He had a beautiful baby on the way, he had Peter, his father, and the pack. He’d gotten back what time had taken from him at the start, and he’d gotten Lunae and Peter. He wasn’t sure why time had given him all these things when he’d misused it at the start, but he figured that it was best not to question time. It had its way with everyone sooner or later, and for whatever reason, it had seen fit to grant him all of this. He knew returning the necklace might have played a role, that time had known that he’d do the right thing if he’d been confronted. He had no doubt that time had played a role in it all; the power of its might was well understood by the teen now.

As he stroked the swell of his baby, he smiled. In just a few months, he’d have a healthy baby to share with his father and the pack. He could resume life in Beacon Hills; he’d already scoped out a few bakeries and inquired if they needed someone. He wasn’t sure if it would pan out right away, but he was patient, and he could always bake at home until he landed something. He felt at peace with it all. He glanced up at Peter and smiled when the wolf looked down at him. They shared a smile with one another, one that didn’t require words to understand one another. Stiles sat back and enjoyed the chaos of the pack enjoying his scones. It was good to be home.

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